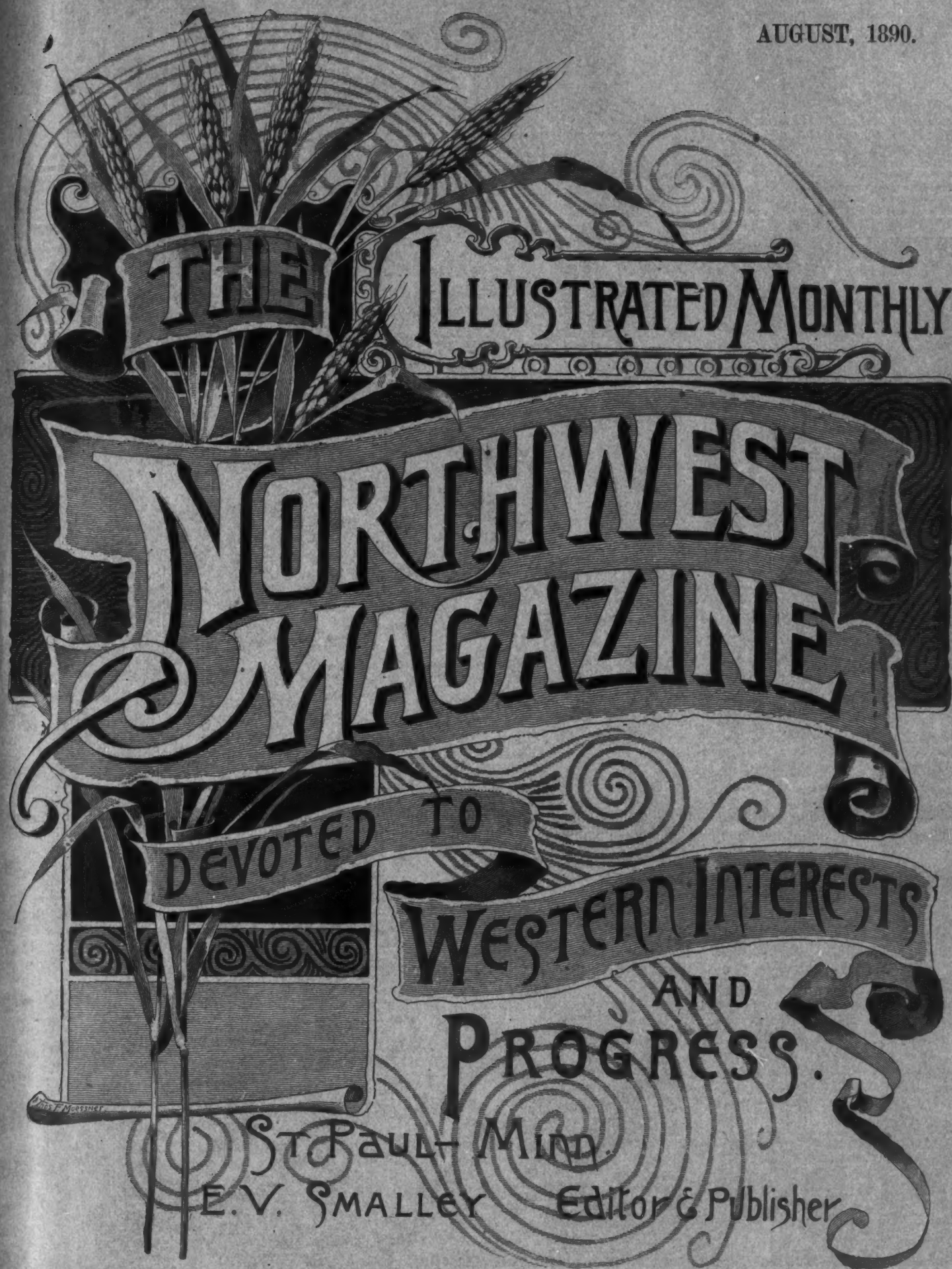


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AUGUST, 1890.



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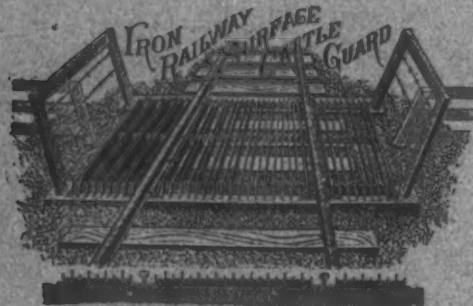
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# THE NORTHWEST

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## THE FLATHEAD INDIANS.

A Visit to their Agency and to the St. Ignatius Mission.

I was never more sleepy in my life. All the other passengers slept as if there weren't a guilty conscience aboard. Even the train's roar had subsided into a low grumble at its ceaseless round of toil. The hours wore like Scotch plaids; so long were they that I had sullenly begun to feel that I might as well resign myself, that we should never arrive anywhere, but just go on forever and ever as we were. At this point I switched off the Northern Pacific for a train of thought which spun along, I trying to imagine how a soul would feel journeying, solitary and awed, from star to star, when terrestrial lights twinkled merrily and a train man hoarsely yelled "Missoula." So we were somewhere. The hour to Arlee was easily passed fussing with my belongings, and at something like one of the clock I stood in the cool night air and followed a tall figure, through a darkness which was palpable, to a carriage. Five miles of mystery and Montana's electric air, then the barking of dogs from an Indian's tepee, then the cheery lights from the agency, then the cordial voice of Maj. Ronan himself welcoming me to the Flathead Indian Reservation; lastly, a homey room, strewn with the beautiful, long-haired white skins of the Rocky Mountain goat, with white curtains at the windows swaying invitingly, and an old-fashioned feather bed to whose embraces I yielded myself with a sigh of content and immediately lost myself in that unknown which is ever so near us. This was the beginning of it all, a week so novel and delightful that—"Lord keep our memory green."

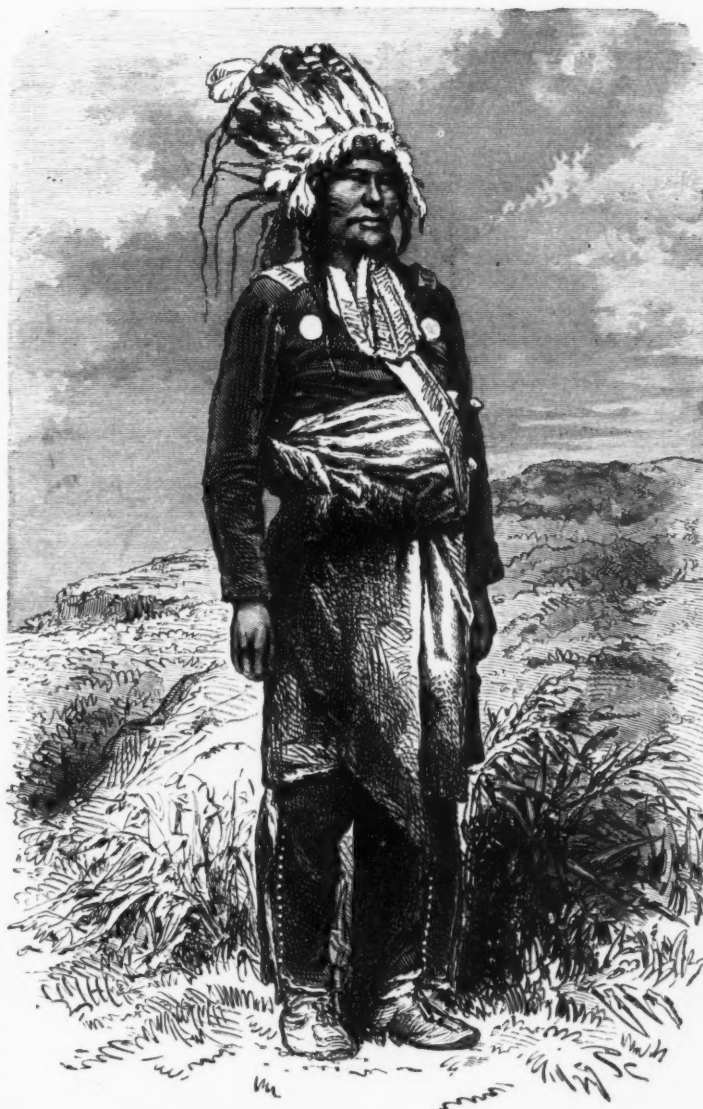
The next morning was Sunday. Just as the sun ray had laid its fingers across my eyes with "Guess who—it is the day," the sweet little brown-eyed daughter of Maj. Ronan brought me in some hot water, and the sunny haired one timidly handed me a bouquet of the exquisite wild flowers which grow in such profusion thereabouts. Afterwards, I found those two little acts to be the keynote of the household harmony—"Helpfulness and courtesy."

What New York club man sat down to a better breakfast? Mountain brook trout just out of the icy water and venison, not to mention plenty of gay conversation and fun over Wong, the Chinaman, who was constantly rushing in and out noiselessly like a celestial Mercury. "Wong likes meals conducted on strictly business principles," laughed Mrs. Ronan; "hold to your plate until you have done, or he will whisk it off while you are talking. I cannot break him of the habit. Often in the midst of a story he will swoop down on the Major's plate and before you realize it his cue is disappearing through the door." "Clough?" broke in Wong at this juncture. Yes, we were and went out on the porch to view the land scape o'er.

Where is there a lovelier one? Agent Ronan's house stands in the center of the large fenced enclosure and there are cottages for the doctor, the head farmer and the clerk of the Reservation, barns, the storehouse, and the saw mill, all painted white, neatly kept and flower-surrounded, an object lesson to the Indians who are constantly about. Without, near at hand on a little eminence, stands the little white mission church, the embodied reason for the difference between the dirty tepee near by and the homes within the gates. Before the agency spreads the beautiful valley of the Jocko, level as a floor, green carpeted and almost covered with wild flowers. Seems to me no where else in the world are there so many as just there, and so various, and so brilliant. At the right runs the energetic Jocko, leaping hastily over the rocks and singing all the time. His name just suits him. You cannot see the river at all till you come plumb up to its steep bank. Evidently old Earth is growing warped and the Jocko tries to fill up the crack. Shutting in the valley on every side are the mountains, ever changing in their beauty, snow capped in the distance, with deep lakes resting in their hollows and cold streams leaping down their sides. How beautiful it all is.

As we sat there, Indians began to gather for service. They came afoot, the squaws carrying their papooses on their backs, or on the small Indian ponies which they tethered here and there. They all wore the brightest yellows, purples and reds obtainable and the braves, especially, strode along wrapped in their striped blankets, their long hair in tiny braids, with all the superiority of mind that a consciousness of being well dressed confers. As well be out of the world as out of the fashion. There was no stop-

ping to gossip on the way, no meeting of friends and inquiries as to the health while the braves discussed stocks for a moment or the squaws made mental notes on bonnets. Every one went straight to the little meeting house in singleness of purpose, glancing neither to right nor left, and thither, when the bell had stopped ringing, we followed them. "I shall be dust when my heart forgets" that service. The priest was away, so it was lead by dear old Michel, the half breed interpreter, though he looks full Indian. In white man's dress he sat up in



IN FULL DRESS.



front, his earnest face almost saintly, and stamped with a life of peace and good will, his sightless eyes turned upward as he sang. We had chairs near by, but all the Indians knelt or squatted on the bare floor. I must admit that I did little but watch the swarthy faces. I never saw a congregation so earnest and attentive. All the men were at the right, kneeling immovably, wrapped in dignity and blankets, looking straight ahead, not a glance toward the belles on the other side. Such of the braves as felt they could sing with the spirit and the understanding did so, but all the women sang. Among the latter were many who had children and little babies with them. The youngsters sat gravely on the floor, cut up no monkey-shines, whimpered never a whimper, and, in short, were so exemplary that I wondered if it were real inherent Indian piety or the fact that they wore no scratchy starched white gowns which they "musn't muss up" or stiff broad collars which make life on Sunday a burden to the American small boy. Only one youngster was at all restless, and he would have been a model of propriety to most white children at church. He fingered his beads and twisted his bracelets and occasionally hitched about. Then would his mother, without ceasing her chanting in Latin or changing a muscle of her face, calmly lean forward and punch him once, twice, thrice. He took it in the same way it was given and would reform for a moment, but the flesh is weak.

One of the young girls was really pretty. She wore a bright red calico gown, an orange silk handkerchief knotted about her neck, and her hair in two long dusky braids. She sang the prayers in a very musical voice, but her eyes were constantly wandering to the blood-red cut glass vinaigrette which hung at my waist. I'm afraid she was carnally minded. It was a touch of nature which made us kin. Next to her was a hideous old squaw with mournful eyes and a hare lip, who would have had small patience with the young girl's thought, yet she herself kept her shawl tightly drawn across the unsightly mouth lest I should see it. Poor old thing, so would I.

Those untutored Indians can do something I can't. They can sing the whole Roman Catholic service through in Latin without a slip, and they wound up by chanting some prayers in Indian, weird music that roused all the underlying barbaric in me. After service some of them sat down upon the grass, mothers standing their babies near them by driving the sharp ends of the cradle-boards into the ground. This custom of fastening children on these boards and lacing the buckskin flaps around them has undoubtedly much to do with the high death rate among them, beside being responsible for their growing up "pigeon-toed." Going among them, we saw a rather fine looking young fellow, tall and well built, who is the grandson of Clark, the great Montana explorer, with Lewis, in early times, who, you remember, married an Indian wife. I rather think this Clark considers his white blood a stain on the family escutcheon. He is very proud of his bright little three-year-old boy, however, who was attired gorgeously, his moccasins and clothes gaudy with bead embroidery, his neck hung with many necklaces, a brass political badge on his hat and a row of what appeared to be gold coins for bangles across his shoulders behind. Examining them, I found them to be "drink checks," each bearing the legend, "good for one drink."

Monday was one of those perfect days never seen, seems to me, out of the Rockies; and Major Ronan took me out driving to see the Indians in their homes. First we crossed the Jocko and followed along the irrigation ditch. This is Agent Ronan's pride and I don't wonder. He it was who planned and put through the whole thing and it cost but \$5,000, six miles including the flume. The water is obtained from the Jocko, and it falls three-fourths of an inch to the rod. From this ditch the Indians can irrigate their farms during the dry season, turning the water directly into the fields. "I hired the Indians for the work, and how they did work," said Major Ronan; "I paid them so much a rod. One of a family would dig till he was exhausted, then another would jump

in. They'd keep it up all night. I don't suppose there ever was another government job pushed like that one. About two years ago the commission came down to see it; Holman, 'the watch-dog of the treasury,' Cannon of Illinois, Ryan of Kansas, Peel of Arkansas, chairman of Committee of Indian affairs, Maj. Maginnis, Leedom, Sergeant-at-arms, and the financial clerk of the Senate. They were right pleased with the work."

Everywhere we went were dogs. "Yes," said the major, who's about as entertaining a talker as one meets in a day's journey, "when I first came here there was half an acre of wheat to two acres of dogs. I've got it down to half an acre of dogs to two acres of wheat and hope to get the proportion smaller yet."

From all the major told me that day I've arrived at the conclusion that the Indians have what is popularly known as a decided snap. In this Flathead reservation are 1,300,000 acres of the most fertile land in the world, well watered, hemmed in by mountains rich with minerals. About 3000 Indians live on this immense tract. If an Indian wants wood, all he has to do is to cut it and take it to the government sawmill at the agency to be sawed. If he wants a farm, all he has to do is to select the most beautiful spot he can find and fence in all he wishes. "But that's the great trouble with Indians," said the major, "they seem to have no conception of owning in severalty. They are genuine communists, have always held, and probably always will, that the earth is theirs as a tribe. When an Indian builds a fence he's made considerable advance towards civilization." Well, perhaps, major; I don't suppose there's a man in the country who has given more study to the question or knows any more about the Indian. I suppose fences are a sign of that meum and teum which is the basis of our boasted civilization, but the cry against capital from labor strikes against that fence like the sea against a stone wall. But to return; having his farm, the noble red man goes to the store house and obtains his farm implements, free, to work it. He pays no taxes, he has a physician furnished him, a perfect luxury of woe we would think, who, all through an illness, are confronted by doctor's bills which rustle so as to disturb our fitful sleep, and say ominously, "We'll sit heavy on your soul to-morrow," when we waken. No man prospers in the Indian's mountains—the gold and the silver are his also. But curiously, he seems to have a superstition against digging into the depths, or else a lofty disregard for filthy lucre, for an Indian is seldom a miner. The mineral lands are rich, too, on the Flathead reservation. One Indian came to the major not long ago with some good gold specimens. The Indian, too, has schools furnished him, religious instruction, even earthly food if he is unsuccessful with crops or too lazy to work. These and many other things incline me to cry out:

Oh to be an Indian  
And with the Indians stand,  
His "wrongs" to make life easy,  
And a little of his land.

Three tribes inhabit the Flathead reservation—the Flatheads, Kootenais and Kalispels. The first are called so, I suspect, for the same reason that Mark Twain named his dog Spot, because he hadn't any. I had heard about the heads of young children being placed between boards till they flattened, as Egyptians of old made dwarfs, and I revelled in the prospect of a novelty. Wisely, I did not refer to this nor to my half notion that I was taking my life into my hands when I went there. Riding from one well-kept farm to another, I laughed quietly to myself and even joked with "Francois" about his past scalping days, remarking that my hair was so long as, I feared, to prove quite a temptation. How he laughed! Talk about the solemnity of the Indian, its absurd. Many that I saw giggled like school girls.

Francois had a well cultivated farm and left his horses to come up to talk. "Flathead never killed a white man," said he. I asked him if he had any scalps left of those I had heard he brought home from the last fight with the Blackfeet. His natural

Indian pride struggled with his acquired Catholic horror, but he said, "Oh no." However, I think if no one had been around, he might have skirmished up one, and I do want a scalp awfully. "What is that queer kennel-like place," queried I. "The sweat house." It was long enough to lie down in and quite low. When an Indian has rheumatism he constructs one near water, covers it closely with skins, crawls into it and stays till he streams with perspiration and then plunges into the ice cold river. It is said to be a sure cure. I should think it might be—of all ills that flesh is heir to, including "the fever called living." Francois had a tepee, or "lodge" as they are called in Montana, near his little house. "The Indians always move into them at the first approach of hot weather," said Mr. Ronan.

As we drove to another farm, he told me something of the government on the reservation. It is mostly by the Indians. From among them are appointed three judges who are greatly respected, for authority has great weight with Indians. Seldom is a decision appealed from to Major Ronan, who shows his clear-headedness in making much of the judges. Fifteen Indian police bring offenders to justice. They are very faithful and, mounted upon their ponies, will run a man down much more persistently than St. Paul officers of the law.

By this time we had reached Antoine Moise's house. He is a son of the chief and one of the men who went to Washington a few years ago to make a treaty. He has the most beautiful farm I ever saw and is worth several thousand dollars in horses and cattle. Elk skins hung outside the door and within the little house sat his young wife embroidering some moccasins. She was really pretty, with the loveliest of shy black eyes and courteous manners. She spoke no English, but needed none to express her hospitality as she waved me to a seat as one to the manner born. In the universal language she told me her head ached. I loosened my vinaigrette and, trying to explain that she must not put it too close to her nose, handed it to her. What a whiff she got of strong ammonia! The tears rolled down her face. I showed her again and she seemed to enjoy it all the time we stayed. Antoine himself came in with a string of trout. "I got him," said Antoine triumphantly. He talked good English. Presently she said something, both glanced at me, and laughed. "What did she say, Antoine?" "She say how pretty you are." I never had a compliment please me more. "Tell her," said I, "that I can honestly return it."

They showed us over the little house proudly. It was papered with odd bits of wall paper, a few dishes, which seemed their special pride, were piled on a shelf, Antoine's Sunday vest was hanging from a branch of large antlers, a cross of fancy stones ornamented a shelf and a small clock ticked cheerily. His wife returned to the floor and her bead work, and I felt like a child who had to go home when I wanted to stay and play house too.

Judging from all I saw that morning, I say decidedly the Indian problem is being rightly solved on the Flathead reservation where the Indians are taught to depend on themselves. Everywhere we went, too, I could see the really affectionate feeling they bore toward Agent Ronan and am glad to know since my return that he stays another four years.

I wish I had space to tell you of the glories of the next day, when alternate rain and sunshine made the mountains too changeful and fascinating to allow me time for watching anything else; or of the curiosities shown me by the agency clerk, Mr. Adams, nephew of Senator Blackburn, including the jewel box Emperor Iturbide gave his father on the day of the former's execution; or of all the Indian legends blind Michel told me as I sat in his doorway and looked at the mountains. All these must wait.

The next day we drove twenty miles over the mountains, along the Jocko, which becomes fairly riotous when he thinks himself out of sight, through changing scenes of beauty which make me happy whenever I close my eyes, with meadow larks wel-



coming us on every side, and flowers fairly tumbling over one another in their haste each to be first to say "The Spring is here." And at last we came to St. Ignatius mission, the oldest in Montana. Here is a picture which at best can be but a mockery. The buildings are fine and large and white. They cluster in the beautiful valley, encircled by the Mission Ridge like a protecting arm. Still behind are the main Rockies in all their grandeur, which you can see near at hand even forty miles to the north where they suddenly pitch down to the Flathead Lake, as beautiful as any of the Swiss lakes of world-wide fame.

One ought to devote a whole article to the mission, it is so interesting, and yet must be slighted. We first visited the girls' school in which there are now 118 pupils. It is conducted by seven sisters, and eight lay sisters of the order of Providence. The house is like wax from turret to foundation stone.

room for a week and gave me all the pansies I could carry.

Across the street are four Ursuline nuns who have started a kinder-garden and already have thirty little Indian children under their care.

The largest academy building in Montana is the one seen in this picture of the Jesuit school for boys, now numbering ninety. It cost more than \$60,000 and is complete in every particular. Attached to it are small buildings for the various trades, and a boy may be apprenticed to any that he chooses, so giving him a good start in life. Two are now apprenticed as printers, three as shoemakers, etc. The boys have formed a base-ball team,—so do the vices of civilization engraft themselves upon the noble red man—a fire company, and a band of eighteen pieces. They are taught the theory of music and specially trained by one of the Brothers, and they meet for practice every week. I had shrunk from the thought

Reading—Easter.....W. Finnigan  
Dialogue—A Comical Incident.....The Girls  
Song—There's Something to do.....The Junior Songsters  
Recitation—The Little Bird.....E. Lacourse  
Solo—Why does mother stay so long.....A. Carlin  
Reading—Miss Pussy.....O. Morrigau  
Dialogue—The Little Rebels.....Nine Boys  
Song—Little feet so White and Fair.....S. Lanotot

#### A FARCE IN TWO ACTS.

Scene First.

(Office Room.)

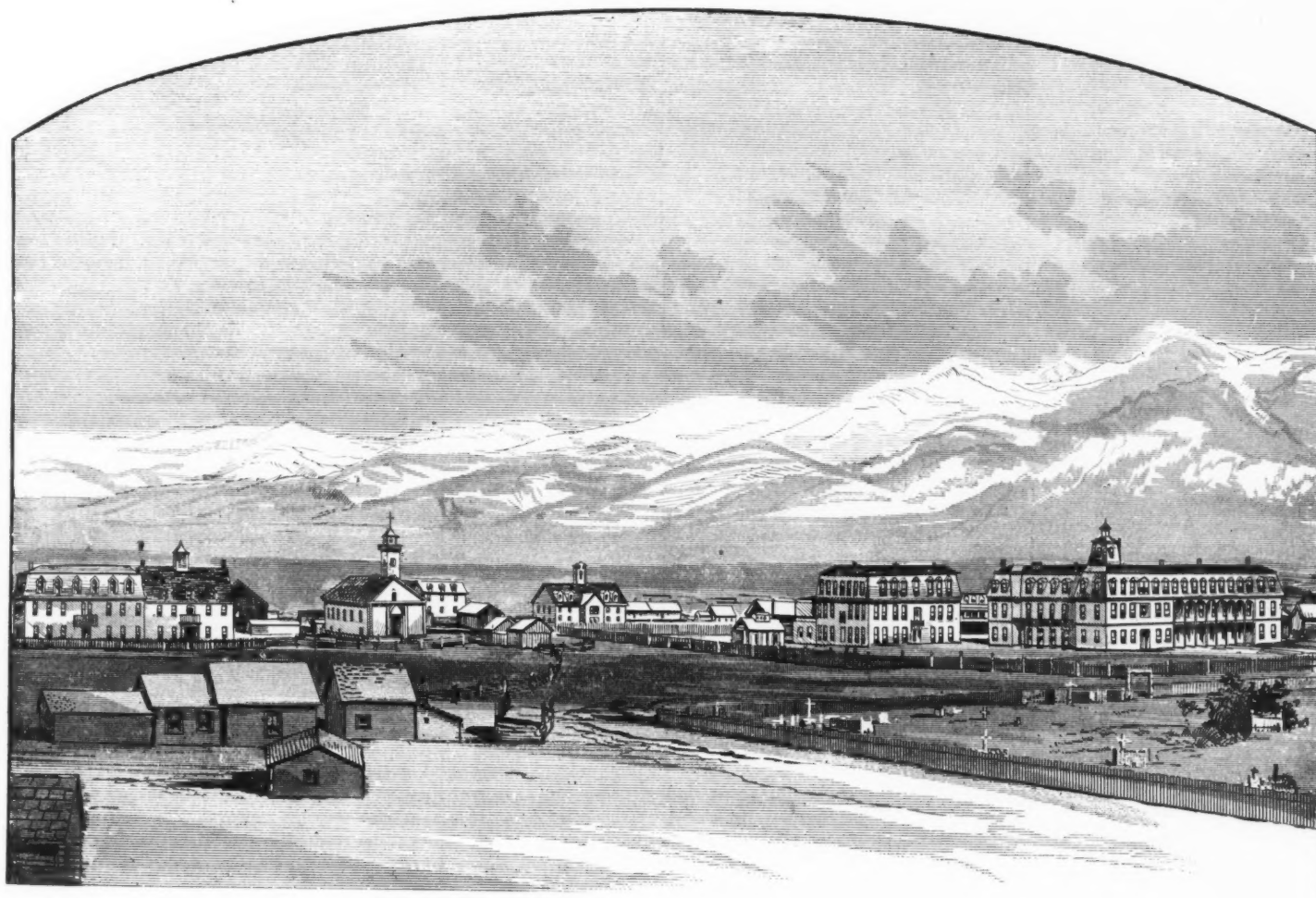
Scene Second.

(Lunatic Asylum.)

#### CHARACTERS—

Pompey.....R. McCloud  
Chas. Squeezepenny.....Plasco  
Doctor.....L. Paul  
Cloudy.....T. Bell  
Pump.....P. Trudo  
Old Squeezepenny.....B. Marengo  
Finale—Marching Through Georgia.....St Ignatius Band

One of the courteous fathers gave me this picture of the mission as I came away and accompanied me



ST. IGNATIUS MISSION, MISSION VALLEY—FLATHEAD INDIAN RESERVATION, MONTANA.

The Indian girls are taken when small children and kept till they are quite grown up when, as is hoped, marriage often occur between them and the boys from the Jesuits' school. They are taught to do all sorts of housework, sewing, weaving, etc., besides books. They have their recreation, their annual camping out under the sisters' care, their flower gardens, their music, for they are fine singers, and even their corsets, dear to their womanly hearts, each pair hung in the girl's individual closet with her card and name, which by the way is not Ramona, nor Juanita nor Alfaretta, but invariably, alas, Marie Something. Pillow shams, I regret to say, have struck the Indian nation. As with the boys, each pupil is paid for, to the order, by the government, \$125 a year. Indians, you know, are wards of the nation. As I came away one of the sweet-faced nuns accompanied me to the gate with an invitation to share their hospitality in their guest

of a band more than a German street band, but they really play well and enjoy it hugely. They have also got together a very creditable museum of Montana animals, birds, minerals, early relics and Indian curiosities.

A very novel entertainment was given by this school last Easter, so novel, especially considered as an Easter celebration, that I will give the program complete. It was printed by themselves.

#### PROGRAM.

Music—Bull Dozer Quickstep.....St. Ignatius Band.  
Reading—Resurrection.....R. McCloud.  
Song—Climbing up the Golden  
Stairs.....St. Ignatius Glee Club  
Dialogue—The Secret of Content.....M. Ripley M. McLeod  
Song—The Farmer.....The Wee Wee Tots  
Recitation—God is Good.....Ignace  
Duet—Music.....M. Irvine A. Bell  
Song—I'm going far away.....F. Matt J. Blodgett  
J. Morrigau.  
Recitation—What not to do.....L. Couture

to the little burying ground with its modest stones and quaint memorials. "Oh, they're dying off fast," said he, "this Indian people. Here are forty new graves this Spring. There was much suffering during the Winter and many ate their dead cattle. Pneumonia and scrofula and nursing their children till they are three and four years old. Yes, the Indian is passing away." But say, can anything more be done for them? PALMER HENDERSON.

But few persons who view a passenger train as it goes thundering past have an idea that it represents a cash value of from \$75,000 to \$120,000, but such is the case. The ordinary express train represents from \$83,000 to \$90,000. The engine and tender are valued at \$10,500; the baggage car, \$1,000; the postal car, \$2,000; the smoking car, \$6,000; two ordinary passenger cars, \$10,000 each; three palace cars, \$15,000 each—total, \$83,000.

## AN IDYL OF IRELAND AND MONTANA.

BY MARY E. MCCORMICK.

It is Easter in Castle O'Byrne, Ireland, and the grounds are bedded deep with the soft velvet of the shamrock. The beams of the Easter sun sift through the branches of the great oak trees, and fall with warm radiance on the gray old fortress, mellowing its decay. Generations of O'Byrnes have lived, loved and died within the castle since the days of Nial the Great. Princes, dukes, earls and petty lords have possessed it in its gradual degeneration, until now in its decay, Squire O'Byrne, the last of the old stock, lives with his daughter in the grand old ruin, and is landlord of the surrounding country side. Careless, improvident and fond of amusement, though kind-hearted and generous, is this last scion of the great O'Byrnes, Leinster. Scarcely ever at home he cares more for the attractions of city life than for the country quiet, so Dublin claims him oftener than Castle O'Byrne or his tenantry.

There is feasting and rejoicing to-day, however, for the Squire is home and has been as generous and open-handed as usual in his charity. Many a blessing from grateful hearts is his return for the comfort his gifts bring. In the servant's hall extensive preparations are going on, for a number of the Squire's friends are coming to dinner to-day. Cook, engaged in the mysteries of her craft, sports a new gown and cap, both of wonderful design. The butler, footman and valet each have new liveries, while the three pretty maids wear very smart gowns and ribbons.

"What brought ye down to the spring this morning, Catty?" asks Patrick, the footman. Catty, the pretty lady's maid—flushes up to the roots of her soft black hair.

"Sure, how did you know I was there?" she inquires, with a half angry glance.

"Well," says Patrick, with a trouble in his bright blue eyes. "I happened to be near there meself and saw ye."

"What were ye doing there, Catty?" inquired the others, but Catty, though her round rosy cheeks grow rosier, makes no reply.

"Sure," says Biddy, the cook, shrewdly, turning round from the range, "I used to do that meself, afore I was married."

"Well then, you tell us, Biddy darlint, if Catty wont," says Roger the butler, placing his arm round Biddy's capacious waist. That prudent matron immediately deals him a blow with the big end of her ladle that reduces him to propriety at once.

"Did ye know," says Biddy mysteriously and brandishing her implement of war, "that if any of ye looks into runnin' wather on Easter mornin' just as the sun comes up that ye'll see yer future husband or wife in the wather lookin' up at ye? That's thrue," she adds oracularly, "an its meself that knows it." All eyes are turned towards Catty.

"Who did ye see, Catty?" inquire several voices.

"Faith, she saw me," says Patrick, with a laugh. "For I knew and looked over her shoulder."

A chorus of laughter greets this statement, for Patrick's admiration for Catty is well known. Catty slips away and goes up to her young mistress's boudoir, furnished with every luxury money can buy or taste devise.

Kathleen O'Byrne is just eighteen and beautiful as Irish girls usually are. Pride of birth looks from the depths of her black-lashed eyes, blue as the lakes of Erin, and reveals itself in the stately carriage of a beautifully-moulded figure. Her skin is like satin, her hair black and rippling as the waters of Glendalough, while her delicately shaped hands and feet and the perfect contour of her features show that she, though "the daughter of a hundred earls," is above all to be admired. And admired she is, by every one. The acknowledged belle of Leinster, she has had every chance to marry well, but, strange perversity of maidenhood, she treats all her suitors alike.

Just the same mixture of cordiality and reserve nothing more. Kathleen looks up as Catty enters, bearing a great bouquet of Easter lilies. The lovely things, white as the snows that but recently covered them, and sweet in their fragrance as the odors of Araby, instantly claim her attention.

"O Catty!" she says, taking the bouquet from her hand, (Catty is her foster sister,) "What beauties! Where did you get them?"

"Desmond Harborn sent them, Miss," answers Catty, with a glance at the swift blush that mounts to her young lady's cheek at the name.

Kathleen sinks into a chair and buries her face among the pure white blossoms, inhaling their delicious fragrance, while Catty wonders if the handsome young steward can have anything to do with her young mistress's rejection of the best matches in the country. Desmond Harborn is of as high birth as the O'Byrnes, but reverses of fortune left him penniless. He at present occupies the position of steward on the O'Byrne estate, and it is through his good management that the present luxury of the Castle is kept up. Tall, with a handsome face, and splendid physique, he looks every inch an aristocrat, in spite of the steward's dress. Though educated far above most peers of the realm and capable by his nobility of character, strong mind and clear judgment of taking a prominent position in his native land or England, he yet keeps his place as Squire O'Byrne's steward for the sole and simple reason that he loves his employer's daughter. He well knows how hopeless is his passion, for even were it requited he has nothing but his steward's pay to live upon. So he stays on, deaf through the magic of Kathleen's beauty and sweetness to the voice of ambition. His pride stays him from betraying his love by either word or action, though temptation often assails him, when as her father's representative in his absence the affairs of the estate are discussed and arranged by Kathleen. Very often other topics, such as poetry, music, art or politics, come up and then in the interest resulting, the proud lady and the equally proud young gentleman forget the distance between them. Kathleen's reverie is broken by the voice of Catty who says:

"It is time to dress, Miss Kathie, dear; what dress will you wear?"

Kathleen selects an exquisite creation of Worth's; a pale moss green satin covered with Irish point. When she is dressed, the maid brings three lovely bouquets—a cluster of Marechal Niels, one of creamy pink buds, and a bunch of splendid bloodred Jacqueminots. Each bouquet is the gift of a rich and titled suitor. Kathleen considers the roses attentively and then looks at the pure white blossoms.

"Don't you think, Catty," she says at last, her cheeks growing a shade pinker, "that the lilies will look best on my dress?" A little sparkle comes into Catty's brown eyes.

"Yes, Miss, I do," she answers promptly. "Your lace is white, and besides on Easter Sunday the Easter lilies will look best." So Miss O'Byrne wears the lilies in her hair and on her corsage, and to three disappointed young men she says that lilies are more appropriate for Easter. Ah, Kathleen! Was there not another reason for your choice?

\* \*

Again it is Easter in Castle O'Byrne, but how changed from the mirth and festivity of a year ago! The sky is clouded, the wind howls around the ivy-covered walls, and bends the slender stalks of the primroses which grow in the old garden while the beautiful lilies lie prone and broken by the fierce gusts.

Since the Squire's death and the sale of the old place its whole aspect is changed.

Desolation marks it for her own. The old servants are gone with the exception of Patrick and Catty who have remained faithful. The former luxury of the rooms is gone. All has been sold to meet the demands of the creditors. In a comfortably furnished room, before a glowing fire sits Kathleen and her aunt. Misfortune has changed the girl but little. The same proud expression rests on her lovely fea-

tures, softened somewhat by the deep mourning she wears. All her jewels and rich dresses have been sold with the rest, and but for a small balance, she would now be penniless. Though the gentleman who bought the place has invited her to stay as long as she pleases, Kathleen has secured a position as governess in Dublin, where she and her aunt soon expect to go. She has had several offers from those who had remained faithful through her misfortune, but the memory of Desmond Harborn's last words, before he went to America has kept Kathleen from accepting. "Miss Kathleen," he had said, "I am going to America to try my luck there. In a year I will come back, and if you are still Kathleen O'Byrne I will tell you then what I do not dare to tell you now."

A bonny picture they made standing there in the afternoon sunlight. The girl so tall and straight and lovely, looking with a strange newly awakened feeling at the superbly formed young fellow, who held her hand so closely, and whose magnificent brown eyes expressed far more than the finely chiseled lips beneath the silken mustache. The gray old castle formed a fitting background which the soft September breeze lifted the dark curls from the broad white brow of Harborn, and tossed Kathleen's black tresses about in riotous confusion as if delighting to play in the silken meshes. As they looked at each other thus a sudden gust blew all the luxuriant ringlets against the young man's shoulder. He caught them suddenly and for an instant held them to his lips. Then with a final pressure of her hand he was gone. While the young girl sits there in a sort of half reverie, broken only by the sound of Aunt Kathleen's knitting needles, or the crackle of the fire, Catty comes in with a tray.

"What is it, Catty?" Kathleen asks absently. "Sure Miss, dear," answers that faithful little maid. "I just made some 'toasted cakes,' knowin how fond ye are o' thim. An' there's some nice tay, and Patrick's afther shootin' two ducks, and they're on cookin', and please Miss, here's a letter for ye," winds up Catty breathlessly.

"Its from Charlie in America," says Kathleen breaking the seal. She reads:

GRANTSBOROUGH, MONTANA.

"My Dear Sister Kathleen:

I have just heard of father's death, and that there was nothing left for you from the estate. My dear little girl, I am very sorry for you, and I want you as soon as you receive this to get ready and come out here to me—you and Aunt Katharine. I have the finest ranch, the largest herds of cattle and sheep and the best blooded stock in Montana. I have built a handsome house and am having it furnished for you. You shall come out and marry some Western nabob.

I have nothing to say against old Ireland, of course, for it was my home until my "wildness," as father called it, brought me to America, but I would not exchange my "slap up" (that's a Westernism) ranch for fifty estates in Europe. The West, and particularly Montana, is the place. I enclose a cheque for expenses. Bring Catty and Patrick and Tartar and Tiger, if they are still alive. Will meet you in New York. Affectionately your brother,

CHARLES O'BYRNE.

\* \*

It is a beautiful evening in the West—in Montana. The yellow light from the setting sun illumines a lovely valley, half surrounded by giant mountains, whose tall snow-capped crests reflect back the glory of the sunset fires, in purple, crimson, gold and emerald. A broad river winds and shimmers at the base of these mighty monuments, its silver course almost concealed by thick growths of pine, fir, tamarack and spruce, with smaller hedges of paler green vines and shrubs. As the eye turns from the mountains and river, it rests on wide fields of grain and extensive pasture lands, the former showing traces of the plow and harrow, and the latter filled with immense droves of cattle and sheep.

A wide yellow road leads through miles of farmland, to a great house built of yellow brick, sur-



rounded by trees and well kept gardens already prepared for their spring array of flowers. It is again nearing the lovely Easter time. The air is heavy with the scent of the hawthorn and syringa and the fresh earthy smell of ground newly ploughed. A mettlesome young horse stands at the block before the gate, with a lady's saddle on his back. He tosses his head, paws the earth restlessly, and then gives a whinney of delight as the great hall door opens and Kathleen, in her habit and lovely as ever, comes out.

She mounts the spirited animal and then—"Come Tartar, Tiger!" she calls in her clear voice.

Two great Irish wolf hounds rush round the corner of the house and with short barks of delight are off after their young mistress. The dogs, splendid specimens of their kind, fierce and bloodthirsty both by nature and training, yet gentle as kittens where their affections are bestowed, are the only pets Kathleen

will go back to Ireland and when he finds no trace of Kathleen O'Byrne he will come back to America and marry some lovely girl and quite forget Kathleen.

"If I only knew where he was," she thinks, "I would have Charlie write."

The last golden gleam has faded in the West. Kathleen turns her horse's head homewards and half ashamed of the direction her thoughts have taken, gallops home at full speed. At the supper table her brother says, "Kathleen, when I was out to-day I found a little spring almost exactly like our little spring at home. You know where the girls and boys used to wish on May Day and Hallow e'en, don't you?"

"Yes" answers Kathleen, with a laugh and a glance at Catty, who waits on table.

"Catty saw the face of her future husband two years ago on Easter morning."

"Is that so, Catty," asks Charlie. Catty blushes and laughs, but Patrick, who waits on his master,

or indulge in a mock fight. For nearly a mile she goes until she reaches a bend in the river, when she sees the bubbling waters of the little spring enclosed within a thick wall of green. She advances carefully to the brink and peers in. The first beams of the rising sun gild the little cup. Suddenly her eyes dilate. A face she knows, a pair of deep brown eyes are looking into hers. At the same instant a fierce growl from Tartar causes her to suddenly stand erect. Then—

"Desmond!"

"Kathleen!"

Dear reader, let us withdraw for a few moments. I am sure you would not like witnesses if you were Kathleen or Desmond. Five minutes later—"Desmond, why are you dressed so queerly?" asks Kathleen. The young man laughs and looks down at his suit of buckskin, heavy boots and wide brimmed "sombbrero." "Because, darling heart," he answered fondly, "I am a prospector and these are my working clothes. Don't you like them, sweetheart?"

"Yes," says "sweetheart" reluctantly. "Of course I would like anything of yours."

"Little darling," he says, "and then I have found a gold mine, 'Kathleen,' which will make me rich. Aren't you glad?"

"I don't care whether you are rich or poor," answers Miss O'Byrne with great sweetness. More bliss. Curtain. Two hours later:

"Well, Kathie, so you found your Fate at the spring, eh?" says Charlie.

"Yes," answers Kathleen, softly.

#### FATE.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart  
And speak in different tongues and have no thought  
Each of the other's being, and no heed.

And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands  
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;  
And all unconsciously shape every act,  
And bend each wandering step to this one end,  
That one day out of darkness they shall meet  
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life  
So nearly side by side, that should one turn  
Ever so little space to left or right,  
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face.

And yet with wistful eyes that never meet,  
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips  
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,  
They seek each other all their weary days,  
And die unsatisfied; and this is Fate.

#### A DREAM.

I wake, sweetheart, from dreams of thee,  
Thy voice still ringing in my ear.  
Oh! e'en in sleep it thrilled my soul  
So silvery sweet it was, and clear.  
Thy dear lips smiled upon me, love,  
As they had never smiled before.  
Alas! that I should find so soon  
It was a dream—and nothing more.

Methought I felt your gentle hand  
Softly caress my cheek and hair,  
With such a kind smile on your face,  
It never yet had seemed so fair.  
And ah! the new look in those eyes,  
How bright and clear their sunny gleam.  
It was too hard to wake so soon,  
And find that all was but a dream.

And "yes," sweetheart, you whispered low,  
One little word close to my ear,  
As if you feared the very air  
Would wish to listen what I'd hear;  
And all the ecstasy of love  
Seemed centered in that word you spoke—  
The rapture was too sweet to last,  
'Twas but a dream—and I awoke.

Who would not rather dream than wake  
To have such visions come and go?  
'Twere worth the heavy sleep of years,  
One moment's bliss like that to know.  
So, dear, though ne'er in life we meet,  
While you may never think of me,  
There yet remains one little joy  
While I can dream—and dream of thee.

HENRY EDWARD DEANE.



"I AM GOING TO AMERICA TO TRY MY LUCK THERE."

has brought from Ireland. They are Kathleen's constant companions, and have been ever since she came to Montana. When in the Autumn the young girl rambled among the woods and mountains, gathering leaves, ferns and mosses, Tartar and Tiger protected her from wild animals as fierce and savage as themselves. In the winter, when the young girl skated on the river or travelled for miles on snow shoes, did she fall through the ice, Tartar's strong muzzle and great strength rescued her from death, while did she lose her way the keen and unerring scent of Tiger directed her until she arrived safe at home. When she drove her brother's splendid bays, Tart and Tiger sat one on each side of her in the carriage. When she hunted or fished the two dogs proved equally good sportsmen, and the zest and eagerness with which they spied a "cover" or watched a big salmon just ready to bite, showed them to enjoy it as much as Kathleen. To-day, as they race at the neck of her horse, Kathleen looks away to the cloud-capped horizon, while she thinks of old Ireland and Desmond Harborn. To-morrow will be Easter. Nearly a year since he came to America. Soon he

thinking this a good opportunity says with a look at Catty which all understand:

"Yes, Master Charlie, its as thrue as Gospel. Catty saw her future husband in the spring and I'm the man she saw, sir," with great emphasis.

"Is that thrue also, Catty?" says Mr. O'Byrne, smiling, but Catty, discreet little maid that she is, utters never a word.

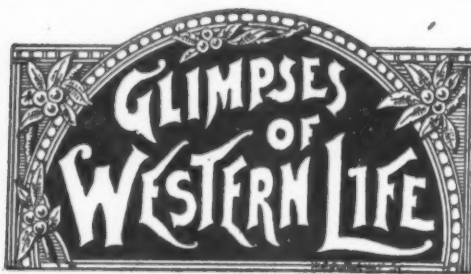
"So, Patrick, you are Catty's fate?" says Kathleen kindly. "Well I hope you will be a good fate."

"And sir," continues Patrick, "Catty and I was thinkin that if you and Miss Kathleen wouldn't mind we'd like to get married."

"Certainly, Patrick. Get married if you like. You have our best wishes for your happiness," says his master heartily. "And I think, Katie dear," he adds, "that you had better try this pretty enchanted spring to-morrow. You might meet your fate, too."

"I'll try," says Kathleen smiling.

Early next morning, before the sun has risen, Kathleen comes out with her two canine friends and goes slowly towards the river. Tartar and Tiger bound before her, stopping often to chase a squirrel



## OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

"You make my heart sing and you keep it singing."

Over and over and over again  
The same sweet strains in my heart are ringing;  
Over and over and over again  
I'm humming a song of my sweetheart's singing.

Few are the words of the song she sang me;  
Rhythmic the tones and the trill of the measure;  
Many the days since she sung them to me;  
Valued as priceless the words I treasure.

Over and over and over again  
The same sweet strains in my heart are ringing;  
Over and over and over and over again  
I'm humming a song of my sweetheart's singing.  
MATT W. ALDERSON.

## Exploding 3,000 Barrels of Giant Powder.

Anybody who does not realize the strength of condemned giant powder would feel amply repaid in making a trip to the scene of last week's explosion near Granite, and without seeing it no one can imagine the terrible work that 3,000 pounds of it can do when exploded at once. The ground is literally plowed up for hundreds of feet; huge boulders were reduced to atoms instantly; mammoth rocks were hurled high in the air, and some of them were thrown nearly a mile distant from where the explosion took place. In the town of Rumsey, three-fourths of a mile distant, most every window pane was broken in the Granite company's mill, and likewise in every other building in the place. Some of the inhabitants lost their balance from the great force, and a waitress in the hotel was capsized and slightly injured. In Granite, two miles distant, several windows were broken and the shock was similar to an earthquake; while in Philipsburg, five miles away, the concussion was sufficient to shake every building in town. The powder thus destroyed was the remainder of a carload purchased some three years ago by the Granite company from a firm in California, and after giving it a fair trial Captain Plummer, then superintendent of the Granite, condemned it; and it remained in their magazine until one week ago yesterday, when Superintendent Weir decided to dispose of it. Two fifty pound boxes were taken out and set fire to and did not explode, and then fifty more boxes were stacked up, saturated with coal oil and touched off, with the above result. The two men who were engaged in making the bonfire had taken refuge behind a large boulder some distance away, and while they received a fearful shock neither of them was hurt.—*Philipsburg, (Montana), Mail.*

## A Turtle Story.

J. H. Brohaska, the well known ex-conductor of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is noted for his fondness for dumb animals of every description, and if he had retained all the "pets" he has possessed at various times he would have a fair start in the way of a zoological garden of his own. Probably the most novel of all his experiences in this line—as related by himself—recently occurred on the lake near this city. Some time last summer, while strolling about Coeur d'Alene's suburbs, he came across two small turtles (lively little fellows of the water species) and succeeded in capturing them. He placed them in his coat pocket, took them to Spokane Falls, and there provided them with a miniature aquarium in his room and commenced their domestication and education. One of them the tutor named "Pat," and the other one he called "Pete." Pat had evidently at some

time in his life been a hod carrier, for on his back was a white spot, as if caused by a drop of plaster falling upon it. As winter approached and Mr. Brohaska was absent from his room a great portion of the time, he became solicitous for the welfare of his proteges, and finally determined to bring them back to the Coeur d'Alene lake and set them free. Accordingly they were again placed in his pocket and in due time returned to their native element.

A few days ago, while Mr. Brohaska and some friends were rowing upon the lake, the former espied a small turtle swimming upon the surface a short distance from them. He instantly stretched out his hand toward the uncouth voyager and called out: "Pete, Pete; come here old boy!" but as the summons was not obeyed, he changed the salutation to "Pat, Pat!" At the pronunciation of the magic name the little paddler stretched out his neck, turned his head, and as the call was repeated, changed his course and swam fearlessly to the boat, where he climbed into his masters' hand, was placed in the latter's pocket and has again become a citizen of Spokane Falls. Mr. Brohaska hopes in time to find "Pete" again and recover him in the same way.—*Coeur d'Alene City Times.*

## Coming to Idaho.

They are coming from the deserts of the din and dusty East, where to raise a stunted turnip is the prospect of a feast, where the farms are made of gravel and they plow with dynamite, where the festive chattel mortgage sings its dirges day and night; they are coming in their wagons, they are coming on the train, they are coming from the regions where they struggled long in vain; they are coming from the cabin, they are coming from the hall, they are coming to Idaho, where there's plenty for them all.

They are coming from the South-land, they are coming from the North, from the valleys and the mountains they in droves are coming forth; they are coming with their husbands, they are coming with their wives, they are coming with their hammers, they are coming with their knives; with their harrows and their planters and their guns, they are coming with their fathers and their mothers and their sons; they are coming, stout and slender, they are coming short and tall, they are coming to Idaho, where there's plenty for them all.

Where you needn't dig potatoes with a saber or a dirk; where, when rain is badly needed, then the rain gets in its work; where the rivers moan and murmur on their journey to the sea, where the breezes tackle corn stalks, big as fence posts on the lean; where the savage lately wandered in search for human hair, where his hoarse and howling war cry floating on the summer air; where a hundred braves would answer to the chieftain's battle call, they are coming to Idaho where there's plenty for them all.

Where the savage used to wander, yearning for a crop of hair; now the farmer takes his porkers to the nearest county fair, and the corn is daily growing where the greasy wigwags stood; where he burned the wailing captive, now the poultry scratch for food; and the people who are coming to this pleasantest of climes, show a happy knack of keeping with the progress of the times; they will find a country beaming from the springtime to the fall, if they land out here in Idaho where there's plenty for them all.—*Moscow Star of Idaho.*

## The Enterprising St. Louis Advertiser.

A writer in the New York Tribune says: One of the chief occupations of the private secretaries of the members of the Cabinet is to answer invitations to banquets, receptions, etc., from all parts of the country, which come to their chiefs. This formal recognition of invitations from comparatively unknown sources has become so common that I am not at all surprised at the action of the editor of a New York paper who inquired of his Boston correspondent recently if the burlesque letter of regret from the Czar of Russia read at an entertainment was genuine or not. One of the proudest moments in the lives of

many local statesmen is that in which they read to the assembled company the cordial letter of regrets sent by "Yours Respectfully," the Postmaster-General or the Secretary of the Interior. But the advertisers have taken hold of the idea now, and the day of the Cabinet officer's regrets is beginning to wane. Usually these invitations come from dinner clubs, or from people in charge of celebrations of some kind, and it is so well understood that the only thing desired is a letter to be read at the festive board that it is seldom that the Cabinet officer sees the invitation that is addressed to him. The private secretary disposes of it in brief space, with a graceful note of acknowledgment and regret, and the matter is dropped there. Not long ago all of the members of the Cabinet, and the President as well, received from St. Louis an invitation to be present at the opening of a "Park." The Secretary of the Navy and the Postmaster-General, through their private secretaries, answered the invitations, the signatures to the regrets being those of the private secretaries. They were surprised not long afterward to find at the bottom of a flaming real estate advertisement in a St. Louis newspaper a reproduction of their letters, with fiery headlines, which read:

"See What the Postmaster-General Says!" and "Read the Letter of the Secretary of the Navy!"

The "Park" was one of the many suburban improvements being planned in the vicinity of St. Louis and the "opening" was the first day's sale of property.

## She was From Castle.

Elbowing her way through the crowd in the Palmer house rotunda, a short, buxom woman, with a few silvery threads in her dark hair, walked up to the desk and threw down a gripsack with all the assurance of the veteran drummer, says the Chicago Tribune.

"I want a room at once," she said.

"Yes'm."

"I don't want the best in the house nor the worst. For \$5 a day you should give me comfortable apartments."

"Pleased to serve you madam."

Receiving her room she deposited a sum of money in the safe, read a few letters which had been awaiting her arrival, sent two or three telegrams, and found out just when the best train left for New York, all in short order.

This woman, whose business like manners astonished the clerks, was Mrs. J. F. Lakel, of Castle, Montana, and she has a remarkable history.

She was born in a California mining camp and was known all over the country as "Little Dot." Before learning to read she could assort the rock and pick out the good ore. Her first study was mineralogy, and, in fact, she would study nothing else. When a piece of new ore was found the first thing the miners did was to get "Little Dot's" opinion of its value. When a young woman she went to Europe for a course of study, but soon left the seminary for the practical fields of Newcastle and other mining places. A few years afterwards her father lost his mines and died, and "Little Dot" was left to look out for herself. She moved to Castle, Montana, and has been there ever since. Until a few months ago she was the only woman in the State personally engaged in mining. She is an owner as well as a partner in three or four mines. She knows her business from the beginning. She does her own assaying and is the superintendent of the properties in which she has interests. She goes down into the mines and gives all directions about the work.

In the hotel parlor yesterday she showed a number of specimens to a Tribune reporter and talked about sulphides, carbonates, galena, pyrites, free milling and smelting ores as volubly as a south side maiden would converse on "love sets."

"Why, Montana is going to be the greatest mineral country in the world," she said. "At White Sulphur Springs, sixteen miles north of Castle, the people are actually crazy on mining stocks. It reminds me of



the old days in California. Even the women at White Sulphur are excited over the boom. They are pawning their pianos, jewelry, furniture, and all their valuables to get money to buy mining stocks. On the market at White Sulphur are a number of mines that are 'humming.' Some of them that were put on at fifteen cents a share ten months ago are now worth \$125, and hard to get at that.

#### On Tillamook Rock, Oregon.

A mile from the coast a black rock rises nearly 100 feet from the ocean. It is Tillamook Rock. Nature placed it there as the foundation for a lighthouse. Deep water is all around it. Three sides are precipices. The path is very steep. On the highest point, after much work, a spot was leveled sufficient for a lighthouse fifty feet square. The entire surface out of water is hardly equal to a fair-sized town lot.

When the wind blows and waves beat upon that rock the spray goes over the top and runs down the other side in a torrent. Only when the sea is smooth is it possible for a boat to reach the rock. In October, 1879, four workmen, with hammers, drills, bolts, provisions, fuel, a stove and some canvas, were landed on Tillamook. A few days afterward five men and a small derrick were put upon the rock. The foreman of the party was drowned in trying to make the landing.

These nine men suffered for days the discomfort of shipwrecked sailors. When the rain was not falling the spray was dashing over them. They drilled holes in the rock, fastened ring bolts and tied canvas to the bolts. In this way they managed to save themselves from being blown away. The next step was to quarry out a little nook in the side which afforded most protection from the wind and waves. In this spot they built a shanty and bolted it to the face of the cliff.

Next they set about quarrying a flight of steps up the steep side, at the same time leveling off the top to get room for the foundations of the lighthouse. Part of the time they worked on staging hung from the top of the rock with the waves dashing below them. There were weeks at a time when almost nothing could be done. In January a tornado came. The waves dashed to the top of the rock and the wind carried the spray over so that a continuous flood poured down the canvas-covered shanty in which the quarrymen were huddled. This lasted for several days. It swept the supplies into the ocean and gave the shanty and its inmates a close call. At the end of sixteen days the half-starved men communicated their condition to the main shore. It was impossible for any boat to come to the rock in the sea that was running, but a line was cast loose from the rock and a ship picked it up. This line was fastened to the top of the rock and to the mast of the ship. Over it supplies were transferred to the little colony.

By May the quarrymen had cut down the sharp point of the rock to a height of eighty-eight feet from the sea level and had made a level spot for the lighthouse. Three masons were taken out from the mainland. A small engine and some more derricks were added to the equipment. In June the corner-stone was laid. Whenever there was a fair day a load of material was taken out. The rock, quarried, was

hewn into proper blocks before it left the mainland. A square, one-story building was constructed for the keeper, with room for the fog-signal machinery. From the center of this house the tower was raised forty-eight feet. This put the light 136 feet above the sea level. It was sixteen months after work began when the light was put into operation. Had the light been burning a month earlier an English ship would probably have been saved. The *Lupata* went ashore and twenty lives were lost within a mile of Tillamook. As the ship drifted in she passed so close to the rock that the workmen heard the creaking of the blocks and the commands of her officers, but the night was pitchy dark. The men on the rock lighted a bonfire to warn the ship but were too late. —*The Astorian*.



AN INDIAN SCHOOL IN MONTANA.

#### Siwash Canoes.

It has probably never occurred to many that the Siwash are the best boatmen, or rather canoeists, on the Pacific Coast, but such is the fact. It is very rare that a canoe is capsized on the Sound, even during the roughest weather. A Siwash will venture when steamers will not dare to leave their wharves, and he does not depend solely upon his paddle either.

He hoists a foresail and an aft sail that affords many square feet of surface to the wind. No white man would venture out in a skiff carrying half the amount of sail in proportion to her inches even in clear weather.

A stiff, spanking breeze is the Indian's delight, and a hurricane has no terrors for him. His canoe seems to fly from one white cap to another be-

fore the wind and will not in a whole day dip a pint of water. The utmost nicety of judgment, however, is required in handling a canoe. A white man makes a poor canoeist. He is scarcely a success as a passenger. It is often said jokingly, that it is necessary for him to part his hair in the middle to escape tipping over the canoe by a superabundance of hair on one side or the other of his head. An Indian, however, will stand up and paddle as unconcernedly as though there was no such thing as the possibility of a capsize. Practically he is a part of the boat and never loses his balance.

Siwash canoes are "dugouts," but dugouts of a different kind from those found on the Missouri, Arkansas and Mississippi Rivers. The latter are heavy and cumbersome, but the former are as light as a feather. An Indian will make a portage with one with a great deal less labor than a Canadian voyageur with a birch canoe.

"No white man ever made a canoe," said an old Skagit logger to a *Times* reporter while the two men were rowing across Lake Washington.

"How's that?" asked the newsman.

"Well I don't know; but I know they don't. I've seen it tried again and again on the Skagit, but the canoes never amounted to anything. The Indians always use a cedar log which they hollow out and shape with the utmost care. They frequently select a tree two or three miles from the water, but that doesn't prevent them from making their boat. It takes a very choice stick to make a large canoe, and the Indians are frequently weeks finding one to answer their purpose.

"As soon as a suitable tree is found," continued the woodsman, "they encamp on the spot and begin to get it down. As soon as it strikes the ground they begin to trim off the branches as far up as necessary for the length of the canoe. It frequently happens that the log is decayed at the butt. That portion must be cut off and the upper part used, but if there are bad places there too, another tree must be felled.

I have known the Siwash to spend a whole summer in making a canoe, but when it was done, it was done to a nicety.

There wouldn't be a flaw anywhere in their work. I suppose one reason why white men don't make canoes successfully is that they do not take the time. An Indian's time is of no value to him and he can well afford to spend a year if necessary in making a canoe,

"It must be a job to get a large canoe to water after it has been made several miles back in the woods," said the reporter.

"Yes, it is, but the Indians do it just the same; they drag them sometimes a long distance, and never injure them by bumping them against rocks or trees. —*Seattle Times*.

The Palouse Country in Washington and Idaho will soon become noted for its artesian wells. Pullman has two, one flowing about fifty and the other sixty gallons per minute; and Moscow takes the lead with four, three of which flow from twenty-five to fifty gallons per minute, the fourth one forces out a six-inch stream equal to fifty inches of running water.



### THE SUBURBAN TIME CARD.

Each time I meet my own best girl  
On the early suburban train,  
With her big brown eyes and hair that'll curl  
In spite of the wind or rain,  
And this dear girl each morning  
Makes it joy just to be alive.  
And she smiles so sweet while she shares her seat  
On the 7:45.

She works down town the whole day long,  
At a desk that's close to mine,  
And pleasant thoughts of the future throng  
On my mind as I write each line,  
And at night when our work is over  
It is bliss enough, I ween,  
To sit by her side and homeward ride  
On the train at 6:15.

*Boston Traveler.*

### About Finger Nails.

A white mark on the nail bespeaks misfortune.  
Pale or lead colored nails indicate melancholy people.

Broad nails indicate a gentle, timid and bashful nature.

Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails.

People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome.

Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy and conceit.

Choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails.

Nails growing into the flesh at the points or sides indicate luxurious tastes.

People with very pale nails are subject to much infirmity of the flesh and persecution by neighbors and friends.—*Medical Classic.*

### The Poplar a Good Tree.

The *Union* says that "the citizens of Walla Walla, who have been so industriously cutting down the poplar trees that have so long shaded its residence streets and have aided much in giving Walla Walla the name of having more magnificent foliage than any city in the State, will be interested in the statement made by Wm. R. Smith, Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens, at Washington City. He says: 'The poplar, like its first cousin, the willow, is an anti-malaria tree, absorbing miasma and giving off a botanic odor. Our American poplar is now planted about Rome to prevent malaria, being there known as the black Italian. The essence of willow is given for ague. As an anti-malarial agent, the poplar is equal to any eucalyptus tree of Australia. Nature provides it and the willow about swamps and along streams to prevent disease, but the people unwittingly removed them. These trees are being planted on the reclaimed lands along the Potomac.'

### Persons Who Turn to Air.

Nearly two hundred people mysteriously disappeared from the city of Philadelphia during the year ending with the opening of the present month. This is a remarkable exhibit, and one which reminds the writer of an article which appeared in a French scientific journal two or three years ago, wherein the author advances the theory that death is occasionally actual dissolution. It is a disease, the writer referred to maintains, but one from which there is no suffering; there is no illness or warning of approaching end; the patient suddenly ceases to exist, and as suddenly fades from sight. He says he has actually witnessed this phenomenon, and that he was at one time walking with a friend who suddenly vanished and has never reappeared. With such conclusive testimony

he has little doubt that many persons searched for have actually melted into thin air. He further states that at the moment his friend disappeared a strong sulphurous odor pervaded the atmosphere.

### Paper Pillows.

During the Franco-German war the ladies in England were busy making paper cushions which they sent to France to be used for the wounded in the hospitals. Hundreds of thousands of these cushions were sent and were of great service. Now all England is crazy on the subject of paper pillows again. They tear the paper into very small pieces, not bigger than one's finger nail, and then put them into a pillow-sack of drilling or light ticking. They are very cool for hot climates and much superior to feather pillows. Newspaper is not nice to use, as there is a disagreeable odor from printers' ink; but brown or white paper and old letters and envelopes are the best. As they are torn stuff them into an old pillow-case, and you can see when you have enough. The easiest way is to tear or cut the paper in strips about half an inch wide, and then tear or cut it across. The finer it is, the lighter it makes the pillows.

### A Ridiculous Invention.

There is always some inventor who is burning midnight oil to discover a method of doing away with the old-fashioned horse and buggy.

A manufacturing concern in Munich advertises a light pleasure carriage that is propelled by gas generated from benzine. The motor, which is invisible from the outside, is in the rear of the carriage and over the axle. The benzine is carried in a closed copper receptacle under the seat from which it passes in drops to the generator. On a good roadbed that is nearly level the carriage is propelled at the speed of ten miles per hour.

Hundreds of attempts have been made to show the people who enjoy riding in the old-fashioned way that by the new method they can enjoy themselves more, ride faster and at a less cost, but there is always some new danger connected with these experiments. Imagine an outfit like the one described in the above article—a buggy with no shafts and only a copper dingus under the seat, loaded with benzine, smelling like a tank of car oil in a railroad yard, and imagine a young fellow taking his girl out riding in such a concern as that, no horse to look at, no lines to drive, no flies to keep off the horse, no nothing, but just a buggy and a girl.

The romance is all taken out of the affair. The girl would have to put her handkerchief to her nose in order to ward away the smell from the benzine under the seat.

Of course the young fellow with no horse to drive could use both hands to explain to the girl the beauties of the scenery, etc. That might be an advantage, but in such a moment as he thought not he would forget to touch something connected with the can of benzine and the concern would stop right in the wrong place and when he attempted to start it he would pull the concern too far out and the car would blow up and the air would be full of scared boy, frightened girl, tall stockings, coat-tail blown off, Spring bonnet hanging to an adjacent tree, polonaise blown up, and they would have to hire a farmer to bring them back to town and the next six weeks would have to be used up in explaining how the thing occurred.

There is nothing like the old-fashioned horse and buggy. A horse that knows the road and a driver that don't care how the horse looks, that is the kind of an affair for this country.—*Chicago Herald.*

### Care of the Hair.

"Don't wash your hair." This is advice given by a woman who has been at the head of a leading hair-dressing establishment for the last twelve years. She says further: "I believe the average young woman drowns the life of her hair by frequent washing in hot and cold water. We send out about twenty young women who dress hair by the season, contract-

ing for the entire family. They plan to give each head a combing twice a week, and, by special arrangement, make house-to-house visits daily. Not a drop of water is put on the hair, and every head is kept in a clean and healthy condition. We pin our faith to a good brush, and prefer a short-bristled, narrow brush, backed with olive or palm wood. We use the brush not only on the hair, but on the scalp as well. A maid has to be taught how to dress and care for the hair by object lessons. This instruction is part of my duty. In teaching one novice, I operate on the other; the first thing to do when the hair is unpinned is to loosen it by lightly tossing it about. The operation need not tangle it, and as the tresses are being aired they fall into natural lengths. Instead of beginning at the scalp, the first combing should start at the end of the hair. In other words, comb upward to avoid tangling, breaking and tearing the hair out. This racking of the hair will remove the dust. After this the scalp should be brushed thoroughly. By this I mean that a full hour should be spent, first brushing the hair and then the head."

### The Right Title.

All women out of their teens are entitled to be styled "Miss," says a recent writer. "Miss" is merely a diminutive and is properly confined to young girls, just as "Master" is commonly confined to school-boys, says the New Orleans *Picayune*. In the days of Pope "Mrs." was the common appellation of unmarried ladies. Sir Walter Scott, too, speaks of Joanna (unmarried) as Mrs. Joanna Bailie. There are nowadays plenty of spinsters—and young spinsters, too—who insist on being addressed as "Mrs." and at one or two places in Sussex, curiously enough, the married lady is "Miss" and the unmarried lady receives the title of "Mrs." The same custom is found in many parts of Ireland. The form "Mrs." was at one time applied indifferently to persons at all ages. Nowadays our servant girls expect to have their letters addressed as "Miss," though there are a few that have more sense. There is a story told of a certain maid-of-all-work who transferred her savings, upon the advice of her mistress, to the Post Office Savings Bank, and she was asked how she did it. "The young lady gave me a book; ma'am," she said, "to write my name in, and her wrote my name in another book; and her says to me: 'Are you Mrs. or Miss?' 'Neither, ma'am,' I says; 'I am a servant.'" That young woman respected herself and her calling. She had not been educated at a boarding school.

Among the servants generally the cook, whether married or single, expects to be called "Mrs." So do housekeepers, though unmarried. In point of fact, Mrs. or Mistress is a title of respect that the plain "Miss" is devoid of. Why actresses who are married women should seek to disguise that fact by allowing the misleading prefix of "Miss" to be attached to their names is a mystery that admits of no intelligible explanation. Are they ashamed of their husbands? There are many well-known exceptions to this habit of disguise and masquerade, but fifty per cent. of the theatrical "Misses" are entitled by law and custom to the term generally recognized as distinguishing the married women. Only about five per cent. of the entire profession admit that they are married and are not ashamed to publicly own it on the theatrical programs.—*New York Press.*

### How to Catch Suckers.

The world is full of suckers and an advertisement is the great hook by which to catch them. It is folly for Congress to make statutes to prevent lotteries and other swindles because the ingenuity of man is infinite. Laws to forbid and punish are like cutting at the roots of noxious bushes—a thousand new ones start for every one cut out. Among the thousand and one substitutes for the forbidden ways, here is one most productive to its originators: Two or three gentlemen locate a city. They advertise that a lot will be given to all who send ten cents, on or before a certain time. Thousands bite. Deeds are sent to each applicant, to his sisters, cousins, aunts, etc.,



conditioned that three or four dollars must be sent to pay for the recording. The county recorder and the town company furnish abstracts. Two persons may call themselves half a dozen and fill various offices. From this time on the town company has, perhaps, several thousand clients or proteges, whom they can tax annually, and thus secure an admirable income. There are not less than a hundred such institutions now thriving. No one can say they are illegal, unreal or fraudulent, for their imitation of real towns and cities is perfect. On the broad prairie anywhere, within any point almost, surrounded by an area of hundreds of miles as level as a table, a site on a railroad is selected, a company organized by law, and an office erected and a depot, perhaps. The artist is set to work delineating, and all is done regularly. This is one of the latest plans of living by one's wits.

#### The Charm of a Frivolous Woman.

The frivolous woman is much more necessary to the nation than a president. She is as delightful as fresh soda and as easily shut off. She is a rest after the cares of the day and her frivolity becomes charming if she couples prettiness with it. Frivolous women seldom do the mischief in this world. Women who affect frivolity seldom do. Everybody would lose by the disappearance of the frivolous woman. Business would stop, no classes for general culture would be formed and women would be as uninteresting and as tiresome as most of the men. The charm of a frivolous woman is the same as that of a baby, irresponsibility, and yet there have been frivolous women who, when the time came, could do great things, could endure pain without wincing—could smile and make the best of poverty—or, putting their dainty shoulders to the wheel, could help the household cart out of the deep mire into which it has gotten.

A frivolous woman is like yeast—she rises equal to the occasion, and that's all you want her to do. Bring a man home from a dusty day, put him down to the dinner-table and he would much rather hear the idle chat—chat that is at once amusing and interesting, of a frivolous woman than the weighty argument on political economy that is always possible to the woman with an iron frame. Women framed in iron mentally and physically, who couldn't bend to a frill or curve to a frivol, are the women who make men think that women are wiser not to know anything. Let a woman know everything under the heavens that she wants, but let her learn when to use this knowledge. Fired at a tired man, it is a boomerang that will come back and strike her dead.

It was a frivolous woman who said, "I have been going to a class in literature all Winter and I don't know how to pronounce Goethe yet. A woman who wears her hair off her forehead and affects a reformed style of dress speaks of him as 'Getty, the divine writer.' Another one who wears a stiff turban hat, with not a bit of bang showing from under it, calls him 'Guty' (it rhymes with duty), and says he really knew the meaning of love. A young lady who has been culturing herself ever since she left school, and who from great culture, presumably, is the color of a lemon, and would stand a training with sulphur and molasses, admirably refers to him as 'Gutty,' (rhyming it with putty) the prince of Germans. A stately lady whose point lace is a thing of beauty calls him 'Go-eeth,' and she's frowned upon by another woman who addresses him as if he were present in spirit as 'Geeth.' The nearest achieved by

any class rhymed with 'dirty. For my own part I always say Go-eth in contrary to com-eth, as the nearest that I can come to it."—*Terre Haute Express.*

#### The Color of Water.

What is the color of pure water? Almost any person who has no special knowledge of the subject will reply at once: "It has no color." Yet everybody knows, either through hearsay or by the evidence of his own eyes, that the ocean is blue. Why the ocean looks blue is a question that few who have crossed it have ever sought to solve, and there are, probably, many travelers who, though they have seen most of the famous rivers and lakes in the world, have failed to notice the remarkable differences in color which their waters present. Even the ocean is not uniform in color; in some places its waters are green, or even yellowish. Some lakes are distinctly blue; others present various shades of green, so that in some cases they are hardly distinguishable from their level, grass-

and streams arise from the presence in the water of mineral salts of different degrees of solubility and in varying quantities. Water containing carbonate of lime in a state of almost complete solution remains blue, but if the solution is less complete the water will have a tinge of green, which will grow stronger as the point of precipitation is approached. Professor Spring concludes that, if lime is added to blue water in which so much carbonate of lime is already dissolved that the point of saturation is approached, the water will become green. In proof of this he cites the fact that the water near the shores of lakes and seas, when it comes in contact with limestone, is generally of a greener hue than elsewhere.—*From Nature.*

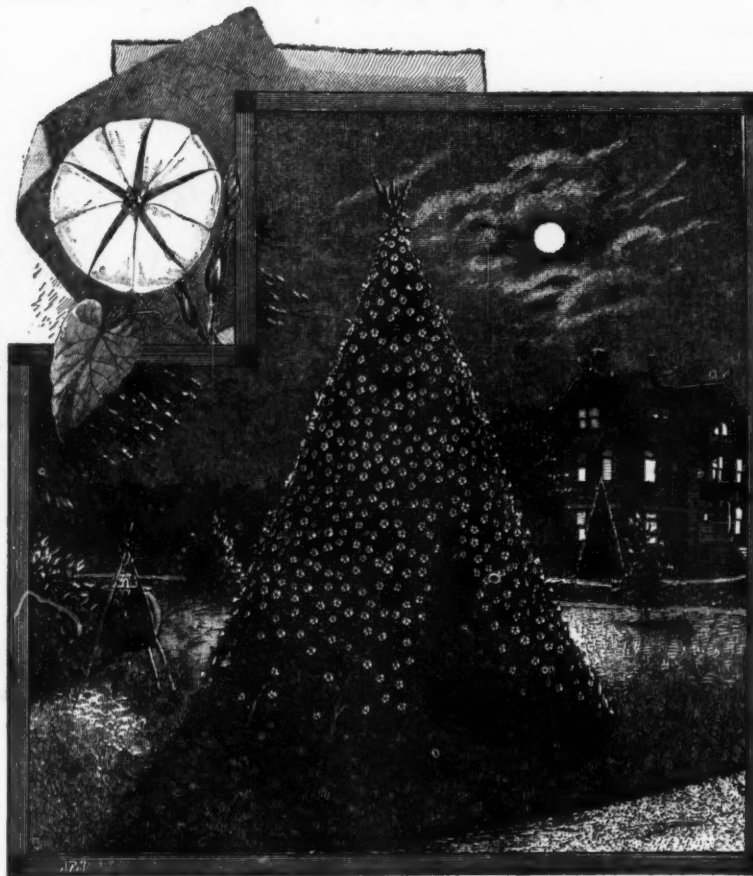
#### The Wonderful Nest of the Baltimore Oriole.

The skillful nests of the vireos have yet their matchless pattern in the work of that prince of weavers, the "hang-bird," or Baltimore oriole, whose swinging, pendulous nest is a masterpiece, not only of textile art, but equally of constructive skill whether from an engineering or architectural point of view. What sagacious perception of means and intelligent discrimination in their employment are here disclosed! The trite maxim that "the strength of a chain is only that of its weakest link" would seem, on a superficial glance at the nest, to be entirely ignored by the oriole, the attachment of the nest often seeming to exhibit a daring dearth of material and in singular contrast to the elaborate density of the weaving below. A closer examination, however, shows a most sagacious compensation in the economy of this apparently weak portion, for here it will be found in almost every instance the toughest fibre in the entire nest has been concentrated in most cases that have come under my observation; and in three specimens now before me, consisting of remnants of strings; fish-line, strips of cloth securely twisted and looped around the forked or drooping twigs, the loose ends below being intricately interwoven among the gray hempen fibres of which the body of the nest is composed, the whole structure being literally sewed through and through with long horse-hairs.

Remembering Wilson's investigations into the similarly compact nest-fabric of the orchard oriole, from which he disentangled a strand of grass only thirteen inches long, but which in that distance was thirty four times hooked through and returned in the meshes, the relation of which fact led an old lady acquaintance of his to ask whether "it would not be possible to teach the birds to darn stockings," I was led to test the darning skill of the hang-bird which uses the horse-hair in true regulation style. With much labor I succeeded in following a single hair through fourteen passes from outside to interior in the length of about ten inches, which I was then quite willing to assume as an average as to the total, which would doubtless have reached at least thirty stitches. When this is multiplied by the hundreds of similar sinews with which the body of the nest is compacted some idea may be formed of its strength.—*From "Bird Cradles," by W. H. Gibson, in July Scribner.*

#### A New Fuel.

Blocks of solidified petroleum were recently exhibited in Paris. They can easily be cut with a knife, are non-explosive and inexpensive, burn slowly when touched with a lighted match, and are, their inventor thinks, destined to gain wide use as a fuel.



THE MOON FLOWER.

covered banks; a few are almost black. The Lake of Geneva is azure-hued; the Lake of Constance and the Lake of Lucerne are green; the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The Lake of Brienze is greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blue. New York has both green and blue lakes. The colors of rivers differ yet more widely. The Rhone is blue, and so is the Danube, while the Rhine is green. The St. Lawrence is blue. These various hues are not caused by mud, or any opaque sediment, such as that which makes the Mississippi coffee colored, but belong to the waters, like the golden color of tea, without greatly impairing their transparency. The cause of the difference in the color of lakes and rivers has engaged the attention of many celebrated investigators of nature, such as Tyndall, Bunsen, Arago, Sainte-Claire, Deville, and others. Recently Professor Spring, of the University of Liege, has carefully investigated the question of the color of water, and has reached some interesting conclusions. According to him, absolutely pure water, when seen in masses of sufficient thickness, is blue, and all the variety of color exhibited in lakes

## WESTERN HUMOR.

## A COUNTRY IDYL.

"Have you dug your grass?" asked the city chap  
Of the staring farmer man,  
For he thought he would not crush the swain  
Beneath his social ban.  
"How was your crop when you dug your grass?  
Did the weevils hurt your peas?  
And did the canker-worm destroy  
Your young cucumber trees?"

"I love, good sir, the country air;  
From the town I would fain see,  
And lose myself in rural dreams  
'Neath the potato tree.  
I would pluck the turnip from its vine,  
Through the parsnip meadow push,  
And rest beneath the grateful shade  
Of the bending cabbage bush.

"Oh, I would fain be a simple swain  
And drive my yoke of cows,  
And rest at noon beneath the shade  
Of the rutabaga boughs.  
Oh, I'd hunt the woods for the cocoanut bush  
The whole of the lifelong day,  
Or start at morn with the rustic hoe  
To dig the hills for hay.

"And, if at noonday I grew faint  
With my labor's strain and rush,  
I would mix the milk-weed's luscious milk  
With the mushroom's luscious mush;  
I would pluck the pineapple from the pine—  
But why has your color fled?"  
But the farmer fell with a sickening thud—  
The farmer man was dead.

S. W. Foss.

## All the Comforts of Home.

"Now, here is an advertisement that looks promising," said a young man who was looking for lodgings.

"What is that?"

"It says 'all the comforts of home.'"

"Don't chance it. It means that you can smell onions frying in the kitchen, be invited to help amuse the baby and have the pleasure of hearing some weak-voiced girls play and sing hymns on an organ all Sunday afternoon."

## The Early Bird After the Worm.

First Village Maid—"Did you know the new minister had arrived?"

Second Village Maid—"You bet; I seen him get off the train and followed him home from the station, and what do you think? When he stepped in the mud I saw that horrid Miss Sniffkins whip out a string and take a measure of his foot mark, and I hear the mean cat has already set to work making him a pair of embroidered slippers."

## A Wail of Toe.

A little corn on a maiden grew, listen to my wall of toe, caused by the pinch of a too tight shoe, instead of a three or number two, it grew. Listen to my wall of toe. As time went (as time will do) listen to my wall of toe, the corn waxed red, the maiden blue, "twas ten times worse than the grippe" (ker-chew) too true! too true! Listen to my wall of toe. She had a seat in the end of a pew, listen to my wall of toe, and a man with his seat in view, put his cow hide boot on her kangaroo. Oh whew! Oh whew! Listen to my wall of toe.—*Oakesdale Sun.*

## Not a Successful Farmer.

The editor of the Walla Walla (Wash.) *Journal* has tried farming, and is disgusted. He says: "The basest fraud on earth is agriculture. The deadliest *ignis fatuus* that ever glittered to beguile and dazzled to betray is agriculture. We speak with feeling on this subject, and we've been glittered and beguiled and dazzled and deceived by the same arch deceiver. She had promised us bees, and they flew away after putting a head on us; promised us early potatoes, and the drouth has withered them. She has promised cherries, the curculio has stung them; they contain living things uncomely to the eye and unsavory to the taste. She has promised us strawberries, and the

young chickens have devoured them. We were in the sheep business, and a hard winter closed down on us, and the lambs died in the shell. No wonder that Cain killed his brother. He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is he did not kill his father, and then weep because he did not have a grandfather to kill."

## Touched a Tender Spot.

Beauville Man—"Gawktown ain't much o' a place, no how."

Gawktown Man—"That's so."

B. M.—"Ye ain't more'n five hundred folks down thar."

G. M.—"Gol darn me ef ye ain't right."

B. M.—"No church in the hull town."

G. M.—"Nary."

B. M.—"Not any school house, nuther."

G. M.—"That's the truth."

B. M.—"Ignorant folks you all is."

G. M.—"We don't know a heap, that's a fact."

B. M.—"An' we all's base ball nine kin wallop

thing after we took off his specks. Couldn't see 'em, you know."

"That was a curious case," said another, "but no more curious than the case of my old friend Brayfogle. Brayfogle was a great dreamer. He used to say that it was his greatest delight to go to bed and dream of his childhood's happy home. But, do you know, gents, he couldn't see his childhood's happy home or any of his old folks unless he went to bed with his glasses on."

## A New Western Journal.

The Endicott *Trumpet* is a bright little journal just started down in Whitman County, Wash. A few extracts from its initiatory number will serve to give an idea of its general make-up:

## INTRODUCTION.

The *Trumpet* is here to stay. We don't propose to be dictated to by anybody, and whenever we say anything that doesn't please our readers they know just what they can do. It is democratic in politics, and shall always be until such fellows as Newt Livingston



## MURDER WILL OUT.

Col. Flopup (in a voice calculated to reach the next room)—"Ah; Rev. Dr. Windy, delighted to see you; you're just in time for a little game of whist." (To small son) "Robbie, didn't I ask you to get us another pack of cards?" Robbie (in an impatient whisper)—"Yessir. But you did not say whether I was to get your Sunday pack or the others."

the everlastin' spots of'n you all's measly club."

G. M.—"Hold on thar. Now yer gettin' insultin'. I don't care nuthin' 'beaut the town, but when you run down our base ball club, thar's got to be trouble.

## Curious Cases of Short-Sighted People.

They were talking about near-sighted men.

"Did you ever see old man Bowersox?" asked one.

"Now, Bowersox was the nearest-sighted man I ever saw. He used to have the delirium tremens and would have the biggest fights with boa-constrictors, green monkeys, pink rats and that sort of thing that you ever heard tell of.

"One day he was having a life-and-death struggle with a whole menagerie and it was taking a dozen of us to hold him. Somebody sent for his wife and the minute she entered the room she yelled:

"Take off his spectacles."

"We hadn't thought of that, but the minute we took 'em off old Bowersox heaved a sigh of relief and got well on the spot. Never a snake or a blamed

get control of the party and then it will kick. Our fighting editor can be found any time in the office, at the corner of Mill and Canyon streets.

## THE TOWN LIAR.

The town liar complains that nobody will believe him. You can't blame anyone but yourself, brother Brown. A man that would say the *Trumpet* is not a great paper doesn't deserve the respect of decent people. Mr. Brown ought to consider himself fortunate that he has not been burned in effigy and drummed out of the country.

## NOTICE TO CITIZENS

If you intend to subscribe for the *Trumpet* you had better hand in your names before our next issue, for we propose then to show up all the worthless cuss that refuse to help their town.

## THE NAME OF THIS PAPER.

A friend of ours wanted us to call the *Trumpet* the Palouse Owl, but it wouldn't work. When we have nothing more to do here than to sit on a sand hill and hoot we'll move to another field.



## GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

I was driving the cows from the pasture,  
In the sweet dewy gloaming, long ago,  
When a step coming fast and faster  
Caused my cheeks to tingle and glow.  
For that springy step I knew very well,  
And I walked a little slower—just a mite,  
An instant, and his arm—oh! I can never tell  
How the old story was told that night.

And we walked so slowly that the cows,  
Lowling very gently, said, "It is late,"  
And the whip-poor-will sang in the boughs  
Of the larch that grew by the gate.  
And we were loth to part, till the stars  
Came out twinkling in glee, I thought,  
Then he slowly let down the bars  
And in silence the milk-pails brought.

Oh, thoughts of a lover all my own!  
I stole away from mother's searching eye,  
Safe in my room, in the dark and alone,  
To commune with the star-lit sky.  
Oh love's young dream, how pure and sweet!  
Beyond everything in life's weary way.  
Then guard the heart, its pure wells keep,  
For love, true love will come some day.

Yes, yes, I am going to tell what he said,  
When he asked me to wed him long ago,  
With the stars just daring to twinkle overhead  
And the cow's impatient low.  
Well, he overtook me where dark shadows grew,  
And his arm was—oh, my dear, light the lamp,  
The gate just clicked, there's some one coming thro',  
'Tis your grandfather out in the damp!

HARRIET L. INMAN.

Olympia, Wash., June, 1890.

## WILD WESTERN ROMANCE NO. 25.

BY HUGO A. WETMORE.

The molten-golden notes of the grease-goose had died away, and the bovine frog was languidly hisping his "tit-willow," when a tall, lithe form drew near to the triangular seat by the Indian mound at White Bear Lake, one dusky evening near the latter end of the nineteenth century. Observing that a portion of the seat was occupied by a strange lady, the individual sat down.

"Do not fly," he said, "I will not harm you." Then waxing bolder, he went on: "I can faintly discern in the moon's pale ray that your hair reaches to your collar, and I conclude that you are a school teacher from down below, traveling on advertising mileage and sending back crisp letters to the home paper?"

She vouchsafed no reply, and he knew that his diagnosis had proved correct.

"I suppose this is your first trip; that you are jaundiced, and that you are longing for some one to escort you over to Ramaley's ice-cream palace and fill you up with frozen sweets, garnished with Injun traditions?"

She allowed her long, drooping, dark eyelashes to fall affirmatively, and as they swept her damask cheek the powder was lifted therefrom and conveyed to her nostrils, like the pollen from the mullen-flower.

He coughed a dry little cough.

"I am very fond of cream," she said, with a mysterious twang to her voice, "but I want no Injun yarns."

"You have written to your paper about the squaw who used to boil maple molasses on the island?" he asked?

"Yes," she answered; "I found an old stereotype containing that story, and shipped it as freight."

"And you have written up the bear story of Mah-tomed?"

"I have."

"And you have told your readers how the aborigines gather wild rice, and how John Mathels was shipwrecked in shoal water, and how William Leip was saved by a pickerel?"

"I have told them all about it. But there is one thing that puzzles me," said she, brightening up, "and that is why a neighboring lake should have been called Bald Eagle."

"Oh, I can explain that," said he. "You see, as the Indian records show, these two lakes were originally one, and possession of the vast sheet of beautiful water was disputed by a bear and an eagle that

used to come here to fish. They had many a desperate fight, sometimes upon one island, sometimes upon the other. The bear, of course, was the stronger vessel, and could he have gotten hip-lock on his antagonist, there is little doubt in the mind of J. Fletcher Williams how the contest would have resulted. But what aggravated the bear was the fact the eagle was too fly for him. Furthermore, the eagle could climb a tree faster than the bear. Furthermore, the eagle was the longest-lived bird."

"I see it all," said his companion breathlessly, adding, "or rather, I am taking it all in."

"Well," he continued, "time rolled on, the bear died while waiting for the eagle to die, and the lakes in Minnesota commenced drying up. What had once been one lake became two, with a fertile marsh between. The eagle was monarch of all, and used to alternate between the two bodies of water. After some years he got so old he couldn't fly, and he used to walk back and forth. Still later he grew so aged he couldn't walk with comfort, and he happened to settle permanently at the other lake. It was well for him, for the fish were so plentiful there that he didn't have to dive for them; he could merely reach in and pick them out."

"He didn't get any younger?"

"Of course not. All this time he kept on growing in years. At last came the white man, leading his conventional Indian bride. They saw the eagle wading about in the water, and they named the lake after him."

"But why did they name it Bald Eagle?"

"Because the eagle had grown so old that he was bald."

## AT THE LAKE.

Have you ever visited the Hermitage, on Lake Minnetonka? Then, while the sun hangs like a ball of fire and the very earth seems red hot, let me tell you of the day I visited it. From New Orleans, from St. Louis, from Davenport and from Dubuque, came little parties that consolidated at the White House, and from thence branched off into fishing and rowing parties, with amusement galore, but we all joined again for a long cruise in the little steam yacht Virgin. The lake lay still and blue, dreaming in endless curves and bays between its cool green shores. A more perfect June day never shone, and a better crowd never—ah, that is, we all had a high sense of our own—appreciation. Now, a steam yacht is—well, it is propelled by steam in the first place, and in the second place it is a lovely means of conveyance over still waters, but—you know, of course, that a ship has to have ballast, and I dare say the ballast should be properly distributed; so small wonder that a tiny little yacht should feel the one-sided effects of the Davenport heavy weight, especially as he continually shifted from side to side to avoid the sun. However, the staunch Virgin outrode all such trouble, and threw out or in her gang-plank, and we went ashore at "The Hermitage."

Up through a winding, shaded walk, over moss-grown rustic steps of stone, through a still, fern-carpeted grove to the cottage beyond. Beside it gleamed out yellow roses, like bits of sunshine taken captive, and above it the giant trees nodded and whispered. We were honored guests, honored indeed by the privilege of inspecting the museum-like contents of this cottage by the lake. Here has been gathered together the accumulations of a lifetime, ranging from badges and medals to the huge hornets' nest captured, no doubt, in some stormy tussle; from the bone ring carved while in Libby Prison to the photograph of the dead soldier brother, whose life went out on some lone boating excursion on this same smiling Minnetonka. Here is the bed with dainty pillow-shams and sachet bag, just as he left it before that fatal ride, and out yonder, at the foot of a gnarled old tree, is that other bed, smoothed and spread by other hands, the tattered little flag at its head.

Here the living brother spends his summers, and holds communion with the outer world through the

medium of his pen. I believe in all the after years, when I read an article signed with his name, I shall feel the cool, damp air, hear the soft rustle of brooding branches, and see the imprisoned gold in those rose tangles. If the summer's heat grows burdensome; if life wearies and perplexes you; if you want to read strange lessons of life and of death, of silence and of sound, go visit the Hermitage.

MAUDE MEREDITH.

## SCHOOL TEACHERS IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

During the week ending July 12th the National Educational Association convened in St. Paul, and after finishing their work the members dispersed—north, east, south and west; some to their homes, and others to spend the rest of their vacation among the popular resorts of the Northwest. The lakes immediately adjacent to St. Paul and Minneapolis received their full share of these. The park region of Minnesota was largely visited, among the attractions in this section being the beautiful Lake Minnewaska and Detroit and Battle Lakes, all of which offer enjoyments in the way of scenery, boating and fishing. Large numbers went to the Yellowstone National Park, Pacific coast and Alaska.

The most popular resort of those distant from St. Paul, however, judging by the number of visitors, is the Yellowstone Park. Never before was an opportunity presented by which this resort could be visited so conveniently and so cheaply. The results show that these advantages were not lost upon members of the Association. The marvels of nature in the park it certainly can be said are rivalled by the work of man in making it accessible to the world. Little more than twenty years ago this region was in the hands of the Indians. The road that was cut by General Howard when pursuing the recalcitrant chief Joseph and his band still remains. But few whites had passed beyond the Red River Valley, and the lives of these were constantly menaced by the savage hordes that surrounded them. Mark the change—but little more than two decades have passed, and at the present time there exist between the great lakes and the Pacific coast numerous towns of from five to twenty thousand inhabitants. The Indians are confined to reservations, and civilization rests secure.

In Yellowstone Park the results of these influences are found in the excellent hotel system, the perfect line of stages, the government roads, and other features which render a tour through this region so thoroughly enjoyable and easy of accomplishment. The visitor, comfortably housed and fed, with easy modes of conveyance, is able to view the sights of this region with the highest possible degree of pleasure; and combining these enjoyable features with the wonderful natural scenery, the phenomena of the hot springs and geysers, the remarkable canyons and beautiful lakes, the Yellowstone Park will be more and more, as the time passes by, a "national" resort in the fullest sense of the word. This interesting region is reached only by the Northern Pacific Railroad, whose incomparable service and equipment have earned for it a widespread reputation.

## THEIR OWN MAKE.

The Elko Free Press has the following: That was a laughable joke on the couple who went out walking a Sunday or two ago, wheeling their first born in a new baby carriage. They noticed people smile as they passed by, and wondered what was the matter. The wife finally said: "I'll walk ahead a little way and you see if anything is wrong with my dress." Nothing to smile at there, and the husband called her back and said: "Now let me walk ahead and see if my pants are busted," and he walked on, wheeling the buggy before him. A quiet little laugh brought the husband to a sudden halt before he had gone twenty feet, and he blushed all over as his wife pointed to the trade mark on the back of the baby buggy. It read, "Our Own Make." They had forgotten to tear it off when the buggy was unpacked.



## THE STORY OF A MARCH.

## Gold Seekers Against Redskins.

*From the Helena, Montana Independent.*

"By the way, I see that John Anderson has got his back pension of \$6000," said Jim Gourley the other evening, in a cozy club room on Main Street; "You don't know him? Well, he's one of the nerviest colored men I ever saw. He went all through the war as a soldier, and I am glad he has got his money. I'll tell you about an expedition he and I were in down in the Yellowstone Country. It was in '74, and I don't think there was ever a march made into the heart of a hostile Indian country that ever equalled it. The country was alive with Sioux Indians and yet we made that march, losing only one man out of 146. We were in search of gold. In one fight we had the best warriors of the Sioux nation pitted against us.

"In the first place, it had been stated by a man by the name of Vernon that he had found gold in paying quantities in the Wolf Mountains, and by the efforts of citizens of Bozeman and the prospecting element that got excited about the report that rich placer diggings had been discovered, a company of 146 men were got together about three miles below where the Bozeman tunnel is now located, on Trall Creek. The outfit consisted of about twenty wagons and I should judge about 100 pack horses, and almost everyone in the party had a saddle-horse. The Company was organized about the middle of February, 1874, by the election of Benjamin Franklin Grounds as captain, an old Texan, who had also seen service in California in the early days in the Rogue River war. Grounds was a born commander. Not a man in the party ever questioned his authority. I think it is probable that no man ever lived who excelled him in the qualities which he possessed as a leader of men; his every action showed his absolute control over every man. No matter how difficult the duty that was to be done, when Grounds gave the order, the work was done without flinching and done cheerfully. In several instances it seemed to be inevitable death for those who were commanded to perform some duty, but the men never hesitated, simply going ahead as ordered. Grounds afterwards died in the Black Hills in the fall of 1877. The outfit over which he had charge was composed of ranchmen from the Gallatin Valley, citizens of Bozeman, hunters and trappers from the Yellowstone, and prospectors and miners from various portions of the Territory.

"There were twenty-five or thirty quite young men who had never seen any Indian fighting, and after the first two fights we had lots of trouble to keep them from charging on the Indians at all times. In fact, they had no more fear of a band of Indians than of a band of antelope; they didn't seem to know that an Indian could hurt them.

"There was also about fifty or sixty men who could fight Indians; men who knew Indians and all their methods, and who even knew their habits of thought.

"The prime object of the movement was to open up the Wolf Creek country, where, as the party then supposed, rich placers could be found. About the time the expedition commenced to move the weather got to be intensely cold, and we had a good deal of trouble in keeping our herd together. We made the Sweet Grass all right, but the first night we were there we kept the cattle moving all night long so they wouldn't freeze to death. This was done at the expense of having several men frozen. From this camp we moved on until we got to the Yellowstone, opposite the mouth of the Porcupine. The most trouble we had on the way down was caused by heavy snow drifts. Through these we had to shovel our way, and occasionally we struck hard steep hills where it would take about fifty men with ropes attached to the wagons to help pull the wagons and teams up the hills.

"About the first of April the party crossed the Yellowstone on the ice and during the day trouble commenced. Two of our party had got quite a distance ahead of the advance guard, when a party of

about a dozen Indians, in Indian fashion, stripped, and made a dash to cut off our two men. It happened that the advance of our right flankers discovered the movement of the Indians and made a dash for the Indian robes, blankets and outfit, which they captured and then turned their attention to the Indians, with what success we could not tell, but some of them were probably wounded, and they were left naked on their horses. For an outfit like ours, and with no better knowledge of the country than we possessed, for two or three days we had a hard, difficult country to protect ourselves in. On the road we had to make camp in the bottom of a deep gulch. We camped early and made such disposition as we could for defense. It was here that four or five of the party, on going ahead to look out the road for the next day, were attacked by another party of Indians from a low ridge in front of them, and probably saved themselves by charging the Indians, instead of running from them.

"It was here that one of the party, who was more anxious to secure horses than prudent in his method, rode up to get a horse that had been put out for a decoy and when the Indians got him where they wanted him, they opened fire on him and wounded him in several places. Then riding up on him commenced circling around him and beat him with their whips, but the plot was discovered in time by some of the pickets, who got close enough to get in some good shooting at the Indians and drove them off and prevented the Indians getting either the horse or the man, who afterwards got well. That night they attempted to surprise our pickets, but failed, our men getting in the first fire, and although we did not get any Indians we got blood. One more hard day's travel and we crossed the Rosebud River. On the river bottom we crossed a fresh Indian trail of 400 or 500 lodges of Indians who had passed up the river that day.

"Then the music commenced, and a great many were pulling their hair and wondering what they were doing in that country. We made our camp on a bench about 500 yards from the Rosebud, on the east side, dug breastworks and arranged for the freest possible use of the two guns we had—one a twelve-pound howitzer and the other a twelve-pound Napoleon. Unfortunately, however, we had but little ammunition which could be used in the Napoleon. We had two picket posts in holes dug for that purpose, two men in each hole, to cover the coulee below us. The coulee was about thirty feet from the breastworks. Another picket post was put out for protection from the river bottom, at the point of the bench we were camped on, and near the mouth of the coulee our earthworks ran along.

"About two o'clock in the morning the pickets from both holes were driven in and the coulee occupied by 300 or 400 Indians, with other Indians at points in two or three directions, who probably intended to cut us off in case we made an attempt to run. Shortly after getting into the coulee they commenced firing on us, riddling our wagon sheets, tents and lodges. A party of them occupied the picket hole near the mouth of the coulee, and from that point they had a very good chance to shoot into the mouth of our corral, which couldn't be better protected on account of the formation of the country. They killed twenty-one of our horses during the night. We might have held them down by continuous shooting, but only fired every time we saw the flash of a gun, as we didn't want to waste any ammunition, and thought we could better afford to lose some stock.

"About gray daylight in the morning we discovered that the Indians occupying the picket holes were doing the most shooting. One fellow we saw lying behind an ash stick which he was rolling up ahead of him as a protection from our shots. About this time it grew lighter and the Indians in the coulee commenced to shoot a little lower than they had been, and shot one of our men through the wrist while he was lifting a stick on top of the earthworks so as to make a hole underneath it to shoot through. It was

not very long before we had ten Indians shot above the eyes, and the others in the coulee commenced to shoot at random, holding their pistols over the edge of the coulee. While they were doing this a number of their hands were shot off in that game. This we afterwards learned from a half-breed who was with them at the time. We soon found that the Indians had to be charged out of this coulee, and a party of about thirty men got ready. Before this, however, we turned our attention to the Indian who was behind the ash stick. We thought a shell from the howitzer would settle him, but the gunner from his position couldn't take a sight at him. So, in order to help him out, we commenced shooting all around in order to keep them down while the gunner jumped on top of the gun so as to get the location accurately, and while we held the Indians down he sighted the gun, cut his fuse and loaded the howitzer, and the next minute turned the gun loose. There was an explosion as the shell struck the stick, and we afterwards found pieces of blanket and Indian, and saw patches of blood. Instantly on the discharge of the piece there was a scattering of Indians, and the charging party of thirty men jumped on top of the Indians in the coulee. They were the worst lot of paralyzed Indians I ever saw. They staggered around like a lot of fool hens, and didn't have strength enough to run. We got thirteen of their scalps that time and following up the charge captured twenty-three of their horses, making us good for all they had killed. We laid over at that point the next day but took the precaution to put a picket post across the coulee, so as to prevent any further occupancy of it by the Indians while we were there. We also loaded a lot of rifle shells, such as we thought would fit their guns, by extracting part of the powder and adding a little giant powder in its place, and scattered these around so that the Indians might find them. We also captured a large lot of their pemmican in the coulee and dosed it pretty strong with strychnine. We afterwards had some proofs of its effects. Two men who had followed us up to get news of us discovered four Indians laid away in a tree with no signs of any wounds on them.

"Here the party had a bitter trial; those who didn't know much about Indians were anxious to take the back track and get out of the country as quick as they could, but a small number of the party who knew better, and were aware that any attempt to turn back was infinitely more dangerous than to go ahead, finally persuaded the others to keep on. We then continued our way up the Rosebud nearly to the head waters, made a camp and laid over a day with the view of looking up a road through the Wolf Mountains. A party of thirty men went out to hunt up a road that day, and the Indians expecting we were going that way had ambushed the road for the train; and we afterwards learned they claimed that they had those thirty men completely in their power but wanted to capture the whole outfit together.

"We next crossed over to another fork of the Rosebud where there was open country and made camp on a low hill that was almost surrounded by a valley. In this camp about nine o'clock in the morning, while our horses were turned out to graze, the Indians in three columns made a dash on the herd. Fortunately, perhaps, our horses were worn out, and so many had the epizootic that they failed to stampede them. They came after them in Indian fashion, swinging their blankets, whooping and yelling, making all the noise they could. But our men were too prompt in getting around the herd and turning the stock into the corral. We didn't lose a horse. We captured one of their horses, his rider having been shot off, and the horse running and joining our band.

"Here we had one very exciting little scene. An Indian had been knocked off his horse by a bullet, being creased, not badly hurt, but came too about the time some of the boys were trying to get his scalp off. As there was no other way out of it, Anderson stuck his knife into the Indian and then took his scalp. One young fellow who had been listening to the stories of the old mountaineers and frontiersmen



around the camp-fires on the way down the Yellowstone about the scalping they had done, used to comment on the brutality of such a thing, and would get disgusted as he heard the stories told. It so happened that he was one of the parties who attempted to scalp the Indian on this occasion, but failing to do that, cut off the Indian's ears as a memento. He was a nice, well educated boy, and had been a druggist in Bozeman. While this was going on there were not less than 300 Indians within 400 yards shooting at them. It was a very dangerous piece of work. In an attempt to secure the scalp of an Indian that had been knocked off his horse, one of our best men, Zack Yates, got shot through the heart, dying almost instantly. In packing him to the corral we concealed his death as well as we could, but hardly hoped to do so completely, because the Indians are very apt to discover such things.

"Here we buried Yates in the breastworks so that the Indians couldn't find him.

"After the fight was over we proceeded to hitch up, and pulled out as though nothing had happened. We crossed the Rosebud that day and made camp on a level bench about 600 yards from the creek, where we thought we were pretty safe. We laid over there a day to recuperate our stock. The travelling was fearful, the wagons rolling up great coils of gumbo, so that we had to stop every little while and cut it off with axes and shovels.

"We next travelled about three miles over to a little point close to Long Creek. While we were resting the stock here we dug a grave and proceeded apparently to bury a body. We thought that the Indians knew that they had probably killed one of our men. But instead of burying a body we buried a loaded shell, over which we placed log chains and a few sticks of giant powder and such other missiles as we thought would take effect in case the Indians attempted to open the grave. The gunner fixed the primers and laid a board over the shell and other things, and arranged it so that if any one attempted to lift the board up at either end, it would be certain to explode the charge. We afterwards found out that four or five Indians were killed there in trying to open the grave. That morning we were very well aware that we had to fight during the day from signs we had seen and information brought in by the pickets and scouts. In the camp on the point overlooking Long Creek an amusing incident occurred. The Indians attempted to cut off two of our pickets, who were Galtatin Valley farmers and had lazy horses under ordinary circumstances. The Indians were well mounted, but had no chance to catch up with those two men, who came into camp on the dead run, although several of our men were going in the direction of the Indians just as fast as they could go. The men from the camp drove the Indians back, however, and re-established the outpost.

"We moved from this hill and got down into the creek bottom, and about a half mile from where we struck the bottom had to cross the creek. This was really the most dangerous point of the whole expedition. From the coulee on the left, and in the rear of where our train was, about 300 yards from the train, four of our party held a point behind a small hill at the mouth of the coulee. From this point the Indians evidently intended to make their attack. While that point was being held, about thirty Indians were seen coming into the coulee, and undoubtedly had they not been held in check they would have opened fire on the train. We would have been hardly able to dislodge them unless through active use of the howitzer. However, the train, after much difficulty, got across the creek. We had to kill one ox because he was hopelessly mired, and we dragged his mate out by a great deal of exertion, and finally succeeded in getting the wagons and teams across. The train then pulled out to the foot of the bench to the right. We were moving along peacefully for about a mile, in double column, ready to pull into corral form, so as to get the pack horses and loose stock inside in case of an attack. At this point we had four men in the advance of the left flank, probably about 600 yards in

a straight line from the train. They were traveling pretty close to the brush when 350 Cheyennes charged them. Here probably the bravest and coolest work that men ever did in any extremity those four men did. One of the men attempted to discharge his Winchester as the savages came crushing towards the train, but he got a cartridge stuck in his gun and had no means of getting it out. One of his companions told him to go to camp, as he could be of no use. The men undoubtedly expected to die there; they never flinched, but as the Indians approached knelt down and shot into the charging mass of savages. After firing they would get up and scatter wider apart and take a few steps in advance, and then kneel again for another shot. They so continued until probably there was not forty yards between them and the Indians. This was probably different fighting than the Indians expected to see. The four flankers were Neil Gillis, Tom Ray, Irving Hopkins and a Frenchman named Pete.

"At about the same time the advance guard ran ahead behind a little ridge—a wash-out from a coulee—got down and commenced shooting. This broke up the entire Indian plan of riding into the train on that line.

"At the same time another party, of about 400 Indians came up the river bottom behind us and took a position in a coulee about 150 yards in the rear of the train. From this point they could hit the bulk of our horses, and there was very little time to lose if we saved the train, so we formed a charging party of about thirty men. To protect them in their charge on the coulee, another party of thirty men on higher ground kept the grass cut down with their bullets. The object of the charge was to get right into the coulee and fight them at close quarters, as we had found out that Indians wouldn't fight under such circumstances. And here, as on the Rosebud, when we got into that coulee, the Indians didn't have strength enough to run; they were simply paralyzed. At the first shots men missed Indians who couldn't have been more than twenty feet away, being out of wind from running.

"One Indian who was knocked down made desperate attempts in his dying struggles to shoot arrows at the parties nearest him, but he was so far gone he could hardly throw an arrow twenty feet. The Indians got away very slowly. They were so scared they couldn't run. I don't know how many we killed or wounded.

"While the Indians were escaping Sitting Bull rode back and forth on a hill about 150 yards away mounted on a fast horse, endeavoring, and also succeeding, in drawing the fire of our men from the Indians who were within thirty feet of us, trying to knock him off his horse. We succeeded in killing the horse but failed to hit the Sioux chief. We didn't know at the time who he was but learned it afterwards. Another movement was going on at the same time in a big coulee just ahead of where the train was corralled. A very large body of Indians attempted to come down there, but were held in check by the positions our parties occupied, making it a sure thing that a good many Indians had to die before they could reach the train.

"It was a remarkable thing that during this fight none of our men were seriously hurt; the most serious hurt anyone received was by being hit with a spent bullet. But probably there was not a man in the fight that didn't have dirt thrown on him from bullets striking the ground, and as an instance of this, one man attempted to dig a rifle pit and had taken out three or four shovels of black loam, when two or three bullets struck in the hole. He jumped out of that pretty quick, declaring very emphatically that if the Indians wanted that hole they could have it; he didn't need it any more. One man got his eyes filled with dirt from bullets striking close to him as he was lying down. We had several of our horses shot slightly and several head of cattle hurt, but they were all in shape for use. The Indians didn't trouble us after that fight. They thought we were bad medicine.

"I think our success in fighting them was due to the fact that we always got in the first shot, and they afterward told that we never slept. They said we were neither whites nor Indians, but were like a lot of bull buffaloes; we had no sense.

"And it was by creating that superstitious feeling of our being bad medicine that we virtually whipped them. During the course of our fights they lost a great many horses. They attributed this to our bad medicine, and their attempts to shoot the cartridges which we had scattered around resulted in bursted guns and dead Indians. This made them think that we had stronger guns than they, and was another evidence to them of our bad medicine.

"During the expedition the weather was very cold and sleety. A good many of the Indians got the quinsy and by their treatment of it made a good many good Indians. The treatment consisted in putting a patient into one of their sweat houses until he was in full perspiration. Then the patient jumped into the cold water of the creek. A great many died, probably not less than 300.

"Of course we didn't find any gold except a few colors, the country being of a sandstone formation.

"From this point we traveled very slowly, making our camps very carefully, but except seeing an occasional Indian we had no more to do with the Sioux. We crossed the Big Horn on the tenth of April, at Fort C. F. Smith, and slowly traveled back to Bozeman, arriving there on the third of May.

#### ONE GOOD INDIAN.

The death of old Timothy, the aged Indian chief at the mouth of the Alpowai, removes from among us a prominent character in the history of the Northwest. Though a red man and springing from a savage race, he had many of the noblest attributes of humanity. He was always the white man's friend, and when the red hand of murder was lifted, and the incendiary torch was lighted, Timothy always stood forth to stay the arm of the destroyer. Timothy and his little band have lived at the mouth of the Alpowai for more than three-fourths of a century, that is known, and perhaps their ancestors for many hundred years before. The missionary Spaulding planted them an orchard about 1837, when Red Wolf was Nez Perce Chief. Some of the old trees remain yet. Ever since the settlement of the country, Timothy has been the friend of the whites. He and a number of his band were early converts to Christianity, and have lived lives that might shame many a white brother. During one of the Indian wars old Timothy fitted out a number of volunteers from among his own people and sent them to aid the whites against the hostiles. For this act of loyalty and friendship toward our own people, he never received any compensation. The ponies that the Indian volunteers took were lost in the fighting, and were never paid for. In 1858, thirty-two years ago last month, Colonel Steptoe's command was whipped out by the savage hordes and driven from the Palouse and northern country toward Snake River. The colonel beat a hasty retreat, following down the deep gorge known to-day as Steptoe Canyon. When they reached Snake River opposite the mouth of the Alpowai their horses were jaded and they exhausted. Had it not been for the friendly help of Timothy and his people in crossing them over they would have all been butchered by the blood-thirsty savages. The history of the relations of the red men to the whites on the North American continent affords no brighter page than that which records the friendship and loyalty of Old Timothy. Though wrapped in the skin of a savage, he had the heart of a nobleman. The people of this section ought to erect him a monument. The citizens of Pomeroy and Garfield county will do their part.—*Pomeroy East Washingtonian*.

A squaw was in town this week whose pappoose's cloak was decorated with 100 elk tusks. As but two are obtained from one elk, the cloak's ornamentation represented the slaughter of fifty elk.—*Mandan (N. D.) Pioneer*.



## SNOHOMISH CITY, WASH.

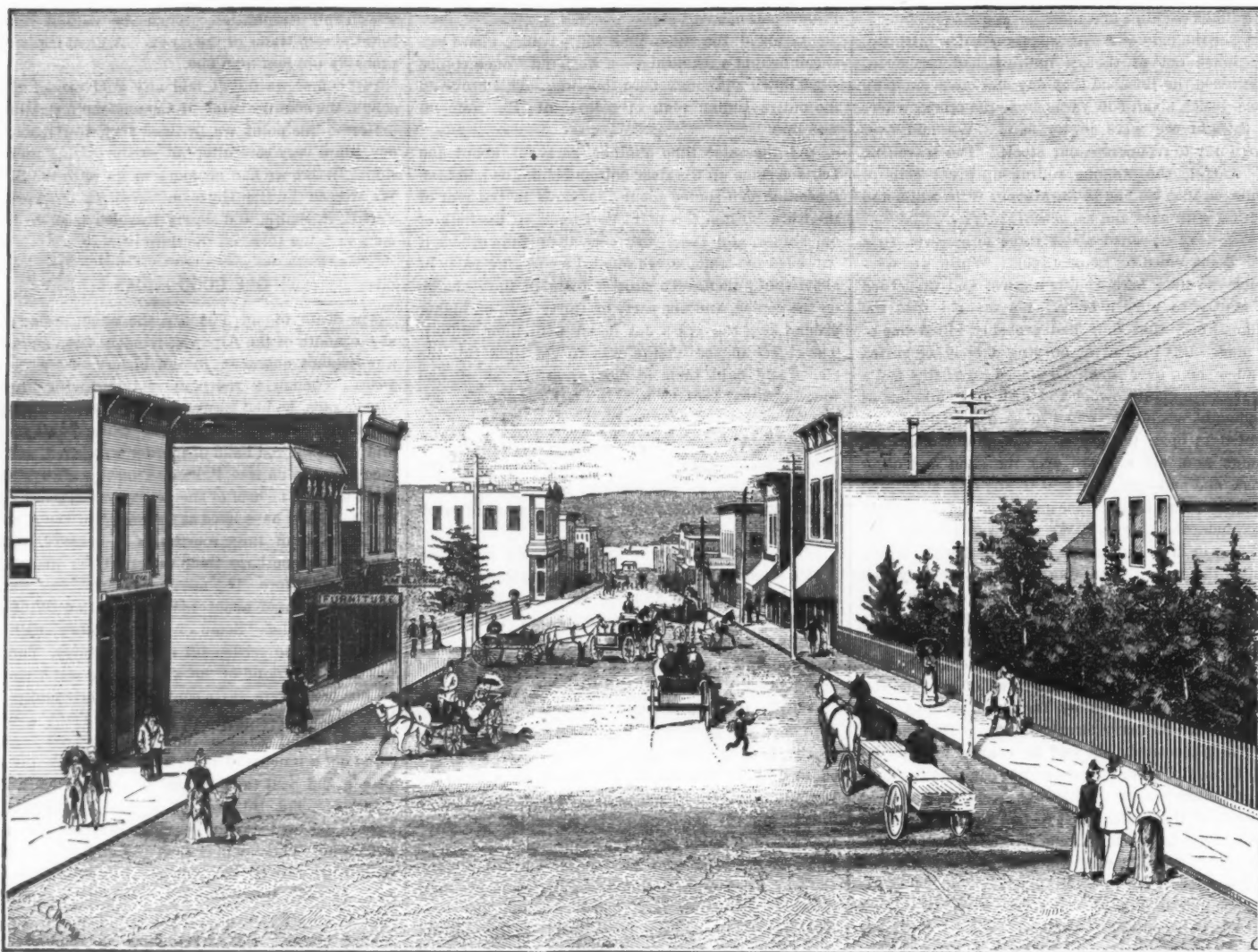
### Lumbering, Farming, Navigation and Railroads Combine to Make an Important Town.

It is a pleasant task to record the success of a town that may be said to have grown up by itself—a town that is off all the main lines of travel in the new State of Washington and that has had no outside influence to push it ahead, and yet that has achieved a remarkably creditable growth in recent years. Snohomish City, first a mere logging camp, then a small trading point for lumbermen at the head of regular navigation on the river of the same name,

nection at the British Columbia line with the Canadian Pacific. If the Great Northern comes over the Cady Pass in the Cascade Mountains, as is highly probable, on its way to Seattle and Fairhaven, it must follow the streams down from the pass to Snohomish City, for there is no other route it could take from the pass to the Sound. This will give to the town two of the great transcontinental railroads. In any event its position is already confirmed as the central trading point and manufacturing point of a region capable in its certain and near development of supporting a city of at least ten thousand people. The citizens feel quite happy over what has been done and what is reasonably sure to be done in the way of town-building here. The pioneer days are over for them. The whistle of the little steamboat, coming up the tidal stream from the Sound and

When Snohomish was a logging camp it was called Cadyville, in honor of an old settler who had cut a trail to what is now called Cady's Pass. In 1871 it was platted as a town by E. C. Ferguson and W. C. Sinclair, and received its present name. It grew very slowly in those days—at six years old it had only nineteen dwellings and two stores. It depended wholly on logs for its livelihood and times were good or bad as logs brought a good or a poor price. The erection of the Blackman steam saw mill, about seven years ago, gave it an important manufacturing industry and practically converted it from a logging camp into a town. The next important event in local history was the advent of the railroad in 1888.

In looking at the causes of recent progress the lumber industry must be put in the foreground. The industries now in successful operation which de-



VIEW ON MAIN STREET, SNOHOMISH CITY, WASHINGTON.

has become an active town of 2,000 souls, without the advertising of railroads or the aid of the outside real estate boomer. To the advantages of its situation and the resources of the country around it, are wholly due this noticeable progress. The town is located in an exceedingly fertile alluvial valley, about fifteen miles east of Puget Sound and about thirty miles north of Seattle. Its river brings steamboats of fair size to its doors and it was as a steamboat landing that it made its first start. No railroad reached it until 1888, when the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern road, a local enterprise started in Seattle, built thus far. The railroad was a small affair then—it has since passed into the control of the Northern Pacific but it took Snohomish City out of the woods, so to speak, made it known and accessible and gave it a great impetus. This road is now going on northward to the towns on the Lower Sound and to a con-

echoing through the dim aisles of the vast fir forest, is no longer a welcome reminder of the big bustling world. Now the trains come and go twice a day, the forest has receded from the river's margin, the wilderness has given way to farms, new buildings arise on every hand and new faces crowd the streets. Electric lights glitter along the streets and in the stores, pure water from a clear lake flows in pipes to all the dwellings, two weekly papers, the *Eye* and the *Sun*, report the news and fight the battles of the town for progress. Every day there is something to relate in the way of new enterprises on foot, new buildings begun, new mines discovered up in the foot hills, new settlements started in the valleys. The fame of this gratifying growth has spread throughout the Sound country, and everywhere the traveller or settler hears of Snohomish City as among the most progressive towns in Washington.

pend on the forests for their raw materials are the following: Blackman Bros., new mill, with a daily capacity of 100,000 feet boards, 125,000 shingles, 100 doors and 100 windows; Dow and Stevens' mill, the daily capacity being 30,000 to 40,000 boards, both these being in South Snohomish; Morgan Bros.' factory with a daily output of 8,000 boards, 100 doors and 100 windows; Snohomish Manufacturing Company, 100 sash, 100 doors and a large quantity of mouldings, etc.; J. B. Noll's shingle mill, 60,000 shingles; I. N. Mudgett and Sons, 50,000 shingles.

Other industries which have a firm footing are the two brick yards, Pearsalls, with a capacity of 35,000 bricks per day and Bast's, turning out 8,000.

Careful statistics of the output of logs for Snohomish County for the year 1889 shows that this county leads all others in the Sound Basin in the logging industry. In round numbers Snohomish out



150,000,000 feet of logs, of which amount about 50,000,000 feet are credited to fifteen camps on the Stillaguamish River and on the shores of the Sound between that river and the Snohomish; the remainder of 100,000,000 feet being distributed among about twenty-five camps on the latter stream and its tributaries, and the camps on the Sound south of the river. In preparing these logs for market about 800 animals were used and over \$500,000 has been paid in wages to 1,000 men employed on an average of at least eight months of the year. The wages range from \$30 to \$100 a month, including board, the highest wages being paid to teamsters, choppers and sawyers, and the lower wages to the workmen of whom less skill is required.

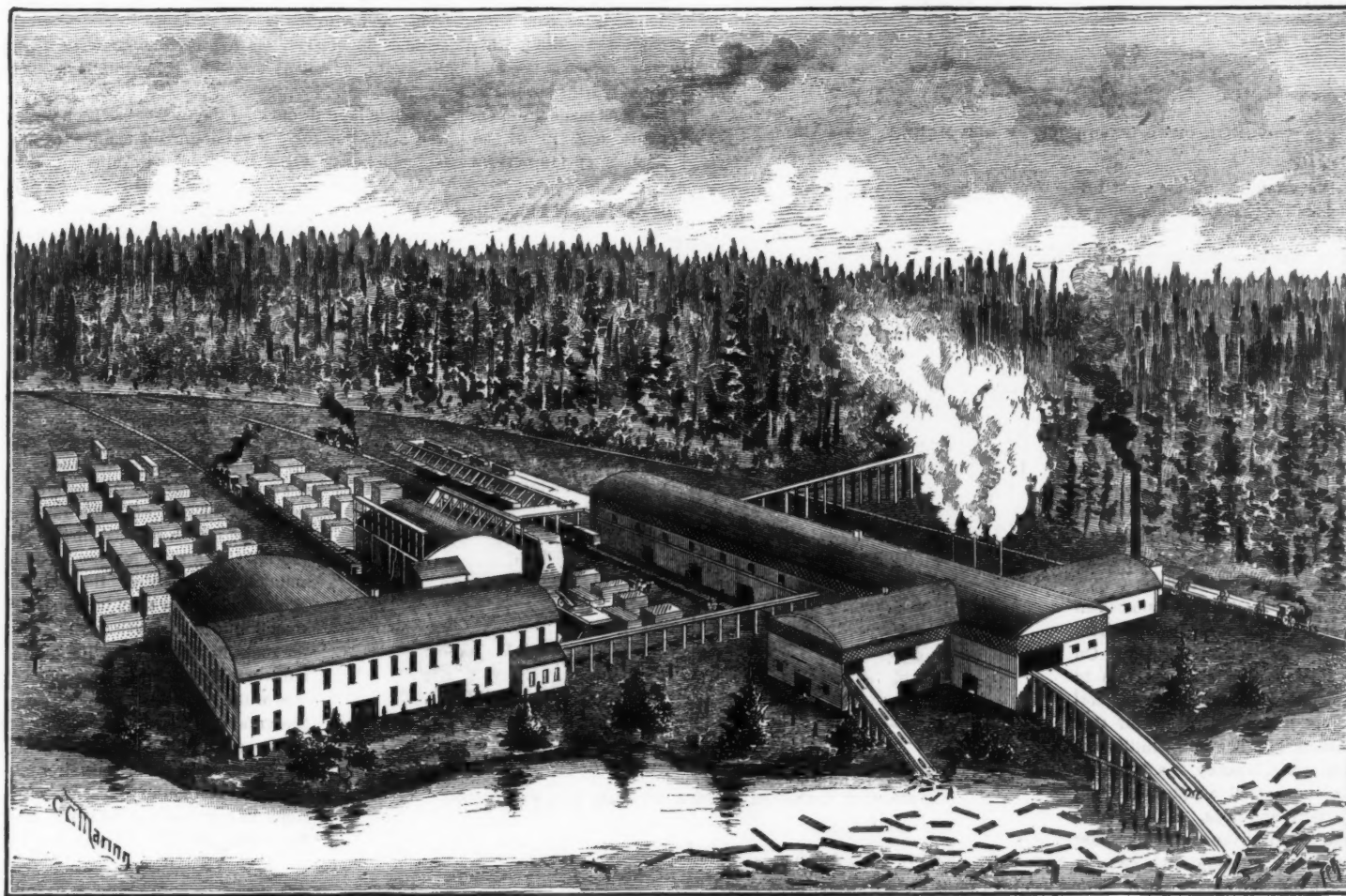
The cedar shingle industry in Snohomish County has received a very great development during the past two years by the large demand from Eastern cities. Washington shingles are now regularly

being about sixty miles and its width from north to south exactly thirty miles. All the streams heading in the mountains form considerable valleys of rich bottom land and where these streams approach the Sound their valleys broaden out into tide flats, which the settlers dike at small expense and upon which enormous crops are raised. These tide flat lands are hardly excelled anywhere in the world for steady and enormous productivity. The largest areas of tide flat are at the mouths of the Snohomish and Stillaguamish rivers. As an indication of the remarkable fertility of these lands a single fact may be given. Last year on the Stillaguamish there were raised on 1,460 acres 3,700 tons of hay and on 900 acres 1,100 tons of oats. If there is any land that can beat that record we should be glad to hear from it.

Speaking of the character of Snohomish County lands the *Eye* said in a recent article: "We know of

on a given amount of land by the same fruits of any county on the globe, excepting, perhaps, peaches and grapes. Fruit-raising is the most profitable branch of the farmer's "trade" here, as illustrated by the prices which all varieties command, and the little care which orchards require. Vegetables of all kinds are raised to perfection, and 400 to 500 bushels of potatoes to the acre are frequently reported; 100 to 130 bushels of oats to the acre on the tide marsh or beaver dam lands are common crops, while three to five tons of hay to the acre—two crops being frequently cut in one season—are the average."

The *Snohomish Sun*, discussing the farming interests of the county, says: "The county is divided into two great and equally fertile valleys; the one through which the Snohomish River flows and the other drained by the Stillaguamish. They are divided by a dense forest not yet traversed by a practicable wagon road, but as soon as the S. L. S. & E. Rail-



BLACKMAN BROTHERS' MILLS, SNOHOMISH CITY, WASHINGTON.

shipped in large quantities to Chicago and to points as far east as Cleveland and Columbus. Architects everywhere recommend them to builders as beyond all comparison, for appearance and durability, the best shingles in the world.

An estimate of the number of shingles manufactured in Washington during the year 1889 is 900,000,000, valued at \$2,000,000 wholesale prices, and the trade is growing at the rate of twenty-five per cent. per annum. The manufacture of shingles by machinery was commenced less than three years ago. The output of the eight shingle mills now in operation in Snohomish County aggregated 115,000,000 last year, for which the manufacturers received on an average about \$2 a thousand.

Next to lumber manufacturing comes agriculture in relative present importance and in time it will take the first rank. Snohomish County, extends from the backbone of the Cascade Mountains to the shores of Puget Sound, its length from east to west

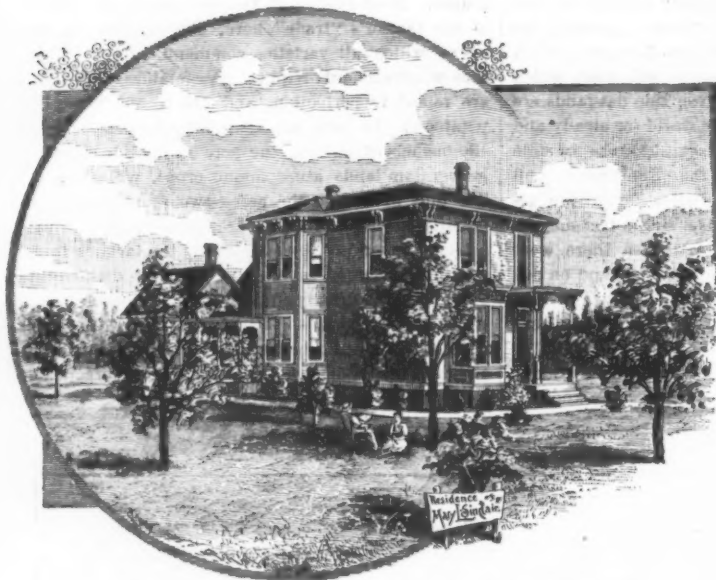
no section in Western Washington where good agricultural lands are so easy of access by river and road. Improved and unimproved lands can be purchased at reasonable prices, as the older settlers are learning that there is more profit in a forty or eighty-acre farm well tilled than in a larger one, part of which has to remain unimproved. Prices of unimproved lands range from \$5 to \$25 an acre, and of improved lands from \$25 to \$100 an acre, depending upon their character, location and nearness to trade centers. Here failure of crops is unknown; there are no drouths, cyclones, blizzards or troublesome insects to render the life of the settler miserable. The soil is remarkably fertile, and farms which have been cultivated for twenty years without artificial regeneration other than a change in crops, are as productive as when first cleared.

Such fruits as apples, pears, plums, prunes, peaches, grapes, currants and berries of all kinds cannot be surpassed in quality or quantity that can be raised

way reaches the Stillaguamish River, communication will be complete. This road will cross the river several miles above the point reached by steamboat transportation and will bring the most remote settlers within twenty-five miles of the county seat.

Lying between these two valleys is a highland divide or plateau covered by a dense forest. We will only say for the divide that it is making great strides and will in a few years stand at the front.

South of, and across the river from Snohomish is a marsh extending from Lowell to Fiddler's Bluff, being about seven miles long and one and one-half in width and which would produce 2,500 tons of hay or 400,000 bushels of oats. On the north side of the river and extending from Pilchuck, one mile from Snohomish, to Park Place is another marsh of equal size while on the Snoqualmie, beginning at Tualco and occupying both sides of the river, is rich bottom land that grows all kinds of produce and fruits in such profusion and of such quality and flavor that it



SNOHOMISH CITY.—RESIDENCE OF MRS. MARY L. SINCLAIR.

taxes the credulity of our most unsuspecting Eastern friends to believe the truth.

"The Stanwood flats at the mouth of the Stillaguamish River constitute the most wealthy and thorough farming district in the county. There are in this locality 2,320 acres under cultivation—dyked—which yield three tons of hay or eighty bushels of oats per acre. Computed in hay at \$10 per ton we have as the yearly production of this district, \$69,200."

The *Stanwood Times*, published at Stanwood, an active new town near the mouth of the Stillaguamish, writes as follows of the country along that river above the tide flats:

"As one pulls up the stream he can get but a faint idea of the wonderful country which surrounds him. On both sides is a valley from two to twenty miles in width, sparsely settled, but which will grow all that man can ask. The soil, unlike the Skagit, which is sandy, is a deep clay loam, and is well adapted to fruit, hay, grain and hops. As one goes beyond the forks the country becomes wider; dense forests stretch away on both sides; the land is rough and broken and numerous logging camps are established on claims which foot up four, five and six million feet to the quarter section.

"Following the forks of the river to the mountains a rich and undeveloped mineral country is struck which will some day surprise even those who are most sanguine as to its future. Vast deposits of coal and iron are known to exist; the precious metals have also been found, and in a recent week fifteen silver claims are said to have been taken up. Much of the land here is unsurveyed and it is confidently hoped and expected that the General Government will take steps looking to its speedy location and entry.

"At numerous places settlements have been made, as at Florence, Norman, Sioman, Stillaguamish, Glendale and Allen. At these points the back country is more thinly settled up and roads or trails lead off to the homes of the hardy pioneers. The land is generally held in 160 acre claims, though in some cases it is cut up into smaller tracts and thus becomes more speedily cleared and brought under cultivation. What farming is done, as a general thing is on a small scale, and there are few ranches that have more than thirty acres in seed. On the river banks, however, there is considerable good

land either in hay or fruit, which will average four, five and six tons to the acre. Gardener Goodrich and James Cuthbert have two especially fine places, the former this year realizing over seventy tons from a thirteen-acre patch. He also sold \$900 worth of stock and \$1,000 worth of fruit from hardly 100 trees. The place operated by C. F. Hanson at Florence is also worthy of mention. It consists of 500 acres, about 250 of which are sown in oats. During 1887, 10,000 sacks of oats were harvested from this place, which at two and three-fourths bushels to the sack made the enormous total of 27,500 bushels, or 110 bushels

good, and the enormous influx of capital and population to this section in the next few years will eventually make the Stillaguamish second to no valley on Puget Sound, and wake up our latent resources into an activity and development that can hardly be surmised.

"The settlement on the North Fork of the Stillaguamish is the most remote from steamboat or railroad communication in the county, and the hardy settlers who have gone abroad into the forest under the most unfavorable circumstances, facing hardships that would daunt most men, and having found a tract of land to suit, turned to and patiently worked and waiting, are men who make the backbone of a nation and of whom any community might be proud. There is no halting or half-way business with them. They go in to win and great will be the obstacle that blocks their way to success. Though we seldom hear from them, yet when a word reaches us it is uniformly a note of progress. Before their sturdy strokes the forest is fast giving place to cultivated fields; and with the advent of railroads and lessened distance to market, we expect soon to write them the leading as well as largest settlement in Snohomish County.

"While land throughout the county has been pretty well settled up there is yet abundant chance to get a foothold here. The unsurveyed townships will soon

open up opportunities for hundreds of home-seekers, and many old settlers who have claims of 320 acres are finding out that the eighty acres are enough for one man and are selling portions of their claims. There is room for thousands yet, and the first to come will be the first served. Now is the time to come, for opportunities are offered now that a year hence will be gone forever."

There is another source of wealth for Snohomish County and City that is known to exist but that cannot be rapidly developed until the railroad system of this region is further advanced. We refer to the metallic and mineral stores of the Cascade Mountains. There used to be a theory among miners that the formation of the rocks in the Cascade Range was unfavorable to the existence there of ores of the precious metals. Perhaps the great difficulty of prospecting on the slopes of the Cascades led to the rise of this theory or at least strengthened it. The country clear up to the snow line is densely timbered, and the cutting of trails through the un-



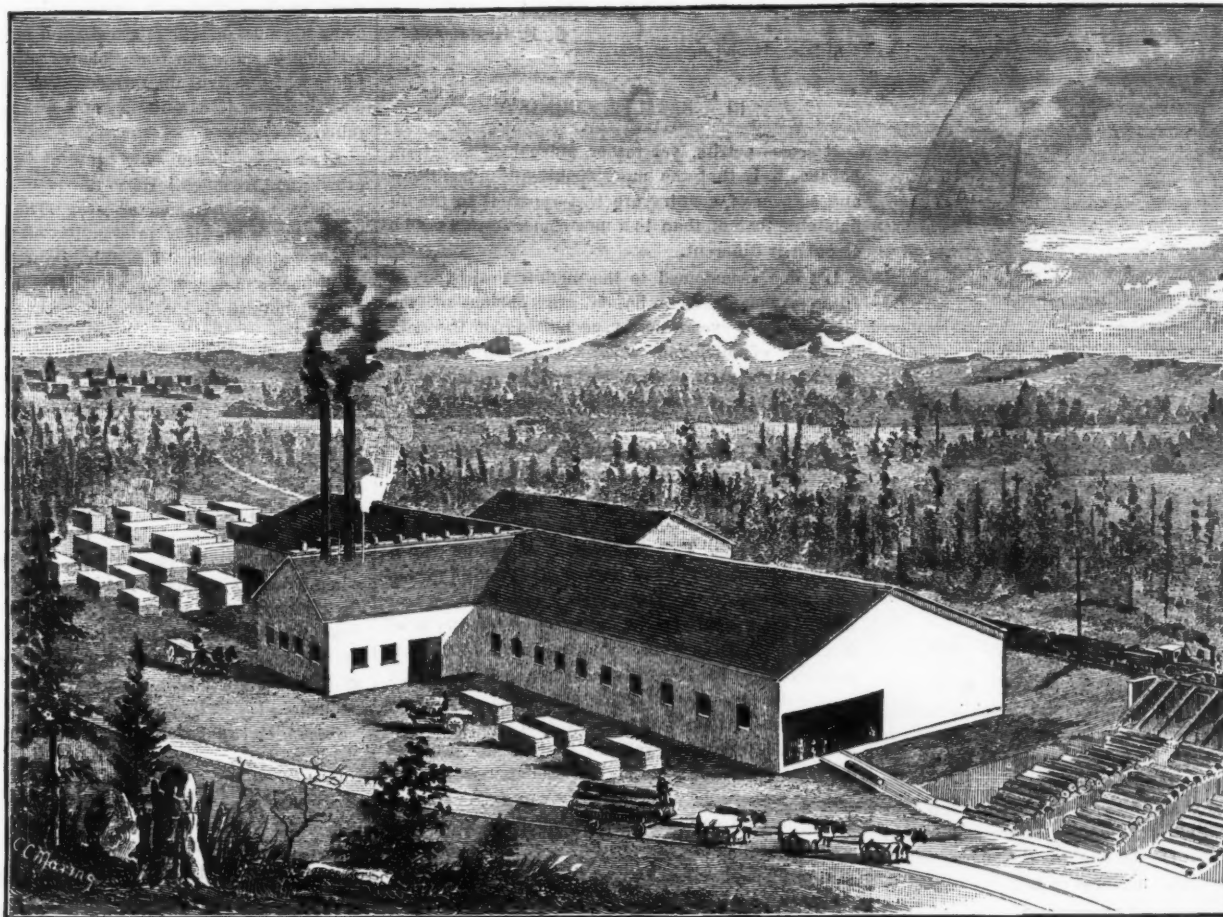
SNOHOMISH CITY.—RESIDENCE OF HON. E. C. FERGUSON.

to the acre. Upon this place were kept forty head of cattle and over 100 tons of hay was cut in addition to the oats. The place of John Sether, adjoining Hanson's, was fully up to this and the crop was nothing unusual. It is easy then to figure out the profit in farming, and the markets of Puget Sound will always demand more than can be raised. Farming, timber and mineral lands are very cheap in comparison to other points in Western Washington. There still remain large tracts of government land yet to be surveyed and entered. The chances to secure a foothold are yet



SNOHOMISH CITY.—HOTEL PENOBSCOT.





MILLS OF THE SNOHOMISH LUMBER COMPANY.—SNOHOMISH CITY, WASH.

derbrush, for the transportation of supplies is a laborious and costly affair. During the past two years the theory of no gold or silver existing in the Cascades have been completely exploded by discoveries at numerous points. Many valuable leads of gold and silver have been found on the streams heading near Cady's Pass and also in the vicinity of the Snoqualmie Pass; exposed faces of veins in what is known as the Silver Creek district, reached from Snohomish City, run as high as \$100 in silver, gold and copper; other galena veins of considerable width assay from \$50 to \$75 in silver. More than a hundred mining claims have been filed in that district during the past year. A town called Sultan has sprung up, based on the mining activities at that point.

Magnetic iron ore has been discovered at Ryan's Hill, near the forks of the Stillaguamish and only three miles from the railroad, the assays showing as high as fifty per cent of pure iron. A score of claims have been filed at that place. Marble, sandstone and granite of excellent quality for building purposes, are found in the vicinity of Snohomish, and sixteen miles north of the town, on the Stillaguamish, there is a mountain of blue granite, said to surpass any stone on the Pacific Coast. It is evident that in a few years the mineral resources of Snohomish County will be of great importance in producing wealth and supporting a large additional population.

#### SNOHOMISH PERSONALS.

In every new Western town there is pretty sure to be one man who is regarded by all as the father of the place and entitled to special honor as the most

distinguished pioneer. In Snohomish City this man is the Hon. E. C. Ferguson. He was born in New York and in 1854 migrated to the Pacific Coast, settling first in San Francisco. In 1858 he joined the Frazer River gold seekers and in 1860 he stuck his stakes on the banks of the Snohomish, filing a preemption on what is now the site of the city and resolving to wander no more and to make here his permanent home. He afterwards filed a homestead claim on the adjoining quarter section and in 1868 he

of Snohomish City has been due to the efforts of this always public-spirited citizen.

The largest manufacturing firm in the city and county is that composed of A. M. Blackman, E. Blackman and H. Blackman, natives of Maine, who came out to the Pacific Coast in 1872, landing at Seattle. They all went to work as loggers in the woods, two at Port Gamble, at first, and one at Snohomish. In 1874 the three brothers went to Lowell, where they remained a year. They then opened a camp

for themselves near Blackman's Lake. It was while hauling logs from this lake into the river that they contrived the famous logging trucks, which they subsequently patented. In the winter of 1881-2 they built a saw mill at the lower limit of the city, on the river, having a capacity of twenty-five to thirty thousand feet daily, to which they constantly added new machinery, saws, gauge-edger, shingle machines, lath machines, planers, stickers, etc., doubling their capacity, and lastly, sash and door machinery. On the night of September 19, 1889, the entire plant was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$100,000, with no insurance. Besides operating their mill they have run a general store and from two to four camps in different parts of the county. Immediately after the burning of the old mill, they began the erection of a new and much more ex-



SNOHOMISH CITY.—A. M. BLACKMAN'S STORE.

opened a store. The town-site was not platted by him till 1871. Mr. Ferguson has held almost every office within the gift of the people of his town and county. He has been seven times elected to the Legislature and was once Speaker of the House. He was a Commissioner from Washington to the New Orleans World's Fair in 1885. Much of the growth

tensive mill plant, which has a daily capacity of 100,000 feet of lumber, 125,000 shingles, 100 doors and 100 windows, and employs from 150 to 200 men. The mill is located one mile south of Snohomish, on the S. L. S. & E. Ry., at the intersection with Batt Slough, an arm or branch from Snohomish River.

James A. Panting is a good type of the active,



HON. E. C. FERGUSON, OF SNOHOMISH CITY.

enterprising element of young men which is accomplishing wonders in the building up of the new State of Washington. He has been three years on the Coast, acting for a time as manager of the Huron Lumber Company at Bothell, and giving up that position to take hold of the real estate business in Snohomish City. He is one of the most public spirited and successful business men in the new city.

#### WONDERS OF WASHINGTON.

All over the new State of Washington can be seen beautiful waterfalls, wide rivers and tall mountain peaks. Washington has several peaks that are among the highest in the new world. Among them can be mentioned Mount Tacoma, whose hoary head has pierced the flying clouds, defying the elements of nature, standing pre-eminently the king of the group, who majestically encircle his throne. Mt. Tacoma is in Pierce County, and is 14,444 feet high. Next in the royal procession comes Mount Baker, a benevolent smiling countenance, whose immaculate bosom glitters in the morning sun as the day grows apace, until eventide entombs his silent form with the drapery of night, and silently he reposes till the dawn of a new day. Mount Baker is in Whatcom County and rears his stately head 10,500 feet. Mount St. Helens, the Queen of the Cascades, rules with a gentle hand, never moving from her designated place. At early morn she bathes her brow in the mist of a nether world, far in the azure blue, where angels are wont to sing their praises at the birth of a new day. Pure in her robes of snow, undefiled by nature, Mount St. Helens is symmetrical and superb. Mount Adams, a dignified and courteous old gentleman, is permanently located in Yakima County, where he is honored by his constituents and wears a pleasant smile, bidding future generations to hope and strive for the betterment of the commonwealth. Mount Tum Tum, a jolly little fellow, has lived so long in Clarke County that even the oldest inhabitants doesn't know just when he located. However, his claim has never been disputed, and he is a permanent citizen. The red man, with all his stoicism, goes far around this dwarf, declaring that the Great Spirit holds high revelry at the midnight hour, when the lightning and the whirlwind dance in glee and the air makes all intoxicated. It was long ago rumored that a spring of water existed on this mountain whose quality equaled the finest wine, yet the red man, with his keen intellect, could see no such a balm and declared that Tum Tum was a little joker. This mountain attains an altitude of 5,050 in his stocking feet.

These are the principal mountain peaks in Washington—grand in their originality, imposing in their sublimity, speaking though in silence!

S. F. GILLESPIE.

Kalama, Wash., June 30, 1890

#### IN A BASALTIC COUNTRY.

It seems a trite, yet rather anomalous assertion, but true it is that the most striking peculiarities of any section of country are less apparent to the inhabitants thereof than to a new comer from a region essentially different.

Let one accustomed to the mellow prairie soil of Illinois, the stoneless bunch grass plains of the Northwest, or even an average portion of the oak-openings of Michigan, where "the granite doesn't crop up for several places together," be suddenly removed to a region of ancient volcanic activity, and his first impressions might, doubtless, be embodied in the words of Linnaeus, "Stones grow;" yet, after long residence among boulders and scoria, the same individual will describe the country as rocky only in places and forget wherein it differs materially from his former home. This modification of opinion is due partly to the fact that the surface of a basaltic formation is always in a state of slow transition, so that varying precipitation works miracles of fertility or of desolation upon the decomposing soil. There is plenty of food for plant life even in a bed of basalt, if only the magic action of air and water combine to crumble the particles and prepare them for absorption. A season of abundant rainfall hastens the decay of the rock, opens the little pores to the aggressive root-lets, and there is a period of vigorous vegetation, which, in its decay, adds a needed element to the formation of soil.

Nothing can well be more desolate, or more destitute of interest, save to the geologist, than such a region when suffering from drouth. A journey across the recent bed of a dry lake would not differ materially from a ride across the heated gravel of its prairies. The great, unaccountable bluffs, ledges, and scarred boulders which cut the horizon in the most unexpected places, shimmer with heat like so many ovens under the sun of August and retain a high degree of warmth throughout the night. The little springs at their bases dwindle to a mere drizzle, quickly evaporated, and nothing grows upon their glowing walls and summits except a few stunted and hardy shrubs, scarcely more grateful to the eye than the rock itself. The thunders of the falling rivers grow faint, and the lesser streams shrink to mere creeks, dripping and spattering down their mighty canyons, suggesting the miserable perversion of grand possibilities.

In the timbered portion, the pines look black and dusty, while the sight of a watered garden, or lawn, a few deciduous trees or even a struggling field of grain, is indescribably refreshing. The very people have a dried and wiry look from constant exposure to the moistureless atmosphere, and complexions are all alike.

But suppose winters of heavy snow, in such a region, are followed by their natural sequence of showers in Summer. Behold! a change. Water, the magician, has transformed the hot, gravelly desert to a limitless parterre of loveliness. The pebbles are early hidden from sight under a carpet of springing grass, and the advance of Summer shows a succession of flowers of the rankest growth and the most glowing colors. The botanist revels in surprises, and the eager children tire themselves under huge sheaves of blossoms too heavy for their arms. The evergreen timber trees take on a lighter air with their frequent washings, and toss a tender green tassel of new growth at the end of each old, black-leaved twig. The walls and detached masses of rock everywhere become studies of beauty for the artist, when adorned with masses of wild syringas, dogwood and roses, or draped with trailing moss pinks and festoons of clematis. Voluminous springs gurgled out of each rocky reservoir, and make still more exuberant the vegetation in their course.

Here an orchard rewards the faith and patience of somebody with an abundant bloom and fruitage; there, gardens filled with small fruit and vegetables show the most delightful growth and perfection. The grain fields show the true "black" color and sturdy joints which delight the farmer. The snow lies late on the adjacent mountains, and ever and anon, it rains.

After every shower, how grateful is the renewed growth and freshness! What an advance the young shade trees make in such a season. The rivers plunge and roar in reckless prodigality of the precious element all summer. The inhabitants lose some of the bronze and copper tones out of their complexions, and the natural distinctions among the races become perceptible.

And such a season witnesses again in the progress of the soil toward the fertility which is never lost. Every grain of rock pulverized and every atom of vegetable matter deposited by the giant forces of growth and decay are so much additional food for plant life, and so much storage for water against a possible future drouth. Through the long contest of ages, in such a region, life is slow in triumphing over Death. But "The desert shall blossom," and when dame Nature has once turned her attention to the reclamation of a volcanic region from the kingdom of desolation, her mighty, silent forces conquer the territory, inch by inch, and nowhere else among arid regions are her victories more apparent or more enduring.

E. BARNARD FOOTE.

Spokane Falls, June 15, 1890.

#### THE PROSPECTS OF BOZEMAN.

One of the coming great cities of this State is Bozeman. Just now it is about the most promising looking town in Montana. To reach it from the south or east a man must travel through thirty miles of grain fields, where the cereal product per acre is greater than anywhere else in the world. Bozeman is the natural and only business centre of that vast and productive scope of country and its growth is therefore as inevitable as are the changes of the seasons. But Bozeman has more than its wonderful agricultural resources to give it encouragement and prosperity. It has within a few miles beds of coal as large as any in Pennsylvania and of a quality which promises as well, when capital shall be utilized to explore the mines to a greater depth than has yet been attained; for the coal veins, though big and strong, are not as compact as they will be at a lower point of development. Tin, silver and lead also abound near Bozeman, and at a day in the near future Bozeman is certain to become a center of mining activity.—Butte Inter-Mountain.



JAMES A. PANTING, OF SNOHOMISH CITY.

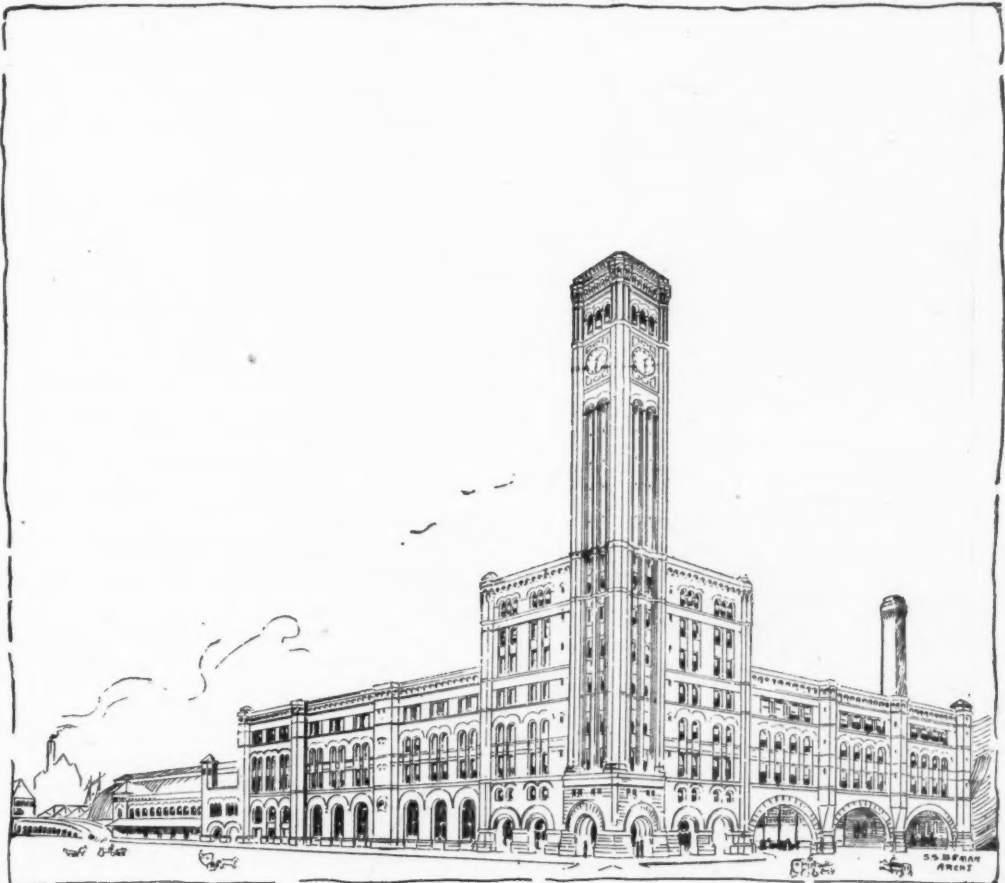


## THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

We publish on the preceding page a picture map of the Wisconsin Central Lines and the country they traverse. This map shows at a glance the lines of road belonging to the Wisconsin Central organization, the location of the principal towns reached by them and also something of the general character of the country they run through. This system of railways has become of increased importance of late by its transfer, under the terms of a long lease, to the Northern Pacific Company and its operation by that company as the eastern link of a great transcontinental highway. The through trains which leave the new Central Station in Chicago make the longest continuous run of any trains in the world. Their western terminals are Tacoma and Portland, the farthest limit of the run of the Pullman sleepers and the Pullman Colonist sleepers being Portland, a distance of 2,500 miles from Chicago.

For all traffic purposes the Wisconsin Central Lines are now an integral part of the Northern Pacific system. The financial organization of the Central company and those of the numerous allied corporations formed or absorbed by that company are kept up under the Presidency of E. H. Abbott, for the purpose of taking care of their securities and applying the revenue received under the lease, but train service and general administration are in the hands of the lessee company. There is, however, a separate general office at Milwaukee and a General Manager, S. R. Ainslie, who reports direct to the President of the Northern Pacific, T. F. Oakes, in New York. Traffic matters are controlled by J. M. Hannaford, the General Traffic Manager of the Northern Pacific, with Henry C. Barlow, of the old Central organization as the Traffic Manager in active charge on the Central Lines, Louis Eckstein as Assistant General Passenger and Ticket Agent, and J. B. Cavanaugh as Assistant General Freight Agent. These officers are stationed at Milwaukee, as are also the General Superintendent, Gavin Campbell, the Chief Engineer, Frederick W. Fratt, and other officials, forming a complete working staff for the General Manager. In the auditing and treasury departments the two systems are amalgamated, J. A. Barker being the General Auditor of both and George S. Baxter Treasurer of both, with T. J. Hyman as Auditor and R. W. Maguire as Local Treasurer. This is also the case with the telegraph system, of which O. C. Greene is Superintendent. The legal departments are kept separate, David S. Wegg being General Solicitor of the Central lines, with his office in Chicago. The special and travelling agents are the same for both systems.

The history of the Central is one of long and persistent effort, in the face of many obstacles, to develop from the small beginning of a local road, starting at the unimportant inland town of Portage City, and ending practically nowhere in the pine woods of Northern Wisconsin, into a powerful system, consisting of a bifurcated main line, beginning at Chicago and reaching with one of its arms Ashland, on Lake Superior, and with the other the great Northwestern railway center of St. Paul. The success of this effort was due chiefly to the courage, financial genius, and we might add, the longheadedness of two men—Charles L. Colby and E. H. Abbot of Milwaukee. They were patient and determined, and they were able to command the support of a small group of Eastern capitalists whom they inspired with faith in their scheme. They pushed their little stub road northward through the forests until they reached the best harbor on the south shore of Lake Superior. There was hardly any business for it to do at that time, but they were building for the future. Next they built both eastward and westward from Abbotsford and in 1856 their road reached Milwaukee in



NEW CENTRAL STATION, CHICAGO, OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC AND WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

one direction and St. Paul in the other. At the same time advantage was taken of the remarkable discoveries of iron ore on the Gogebic and Penokee ranges, in Michigan and Wisconsin, to secure a large traffic by throwing out a short branch to the new mines and building a mammoth ore dock at Ashland.

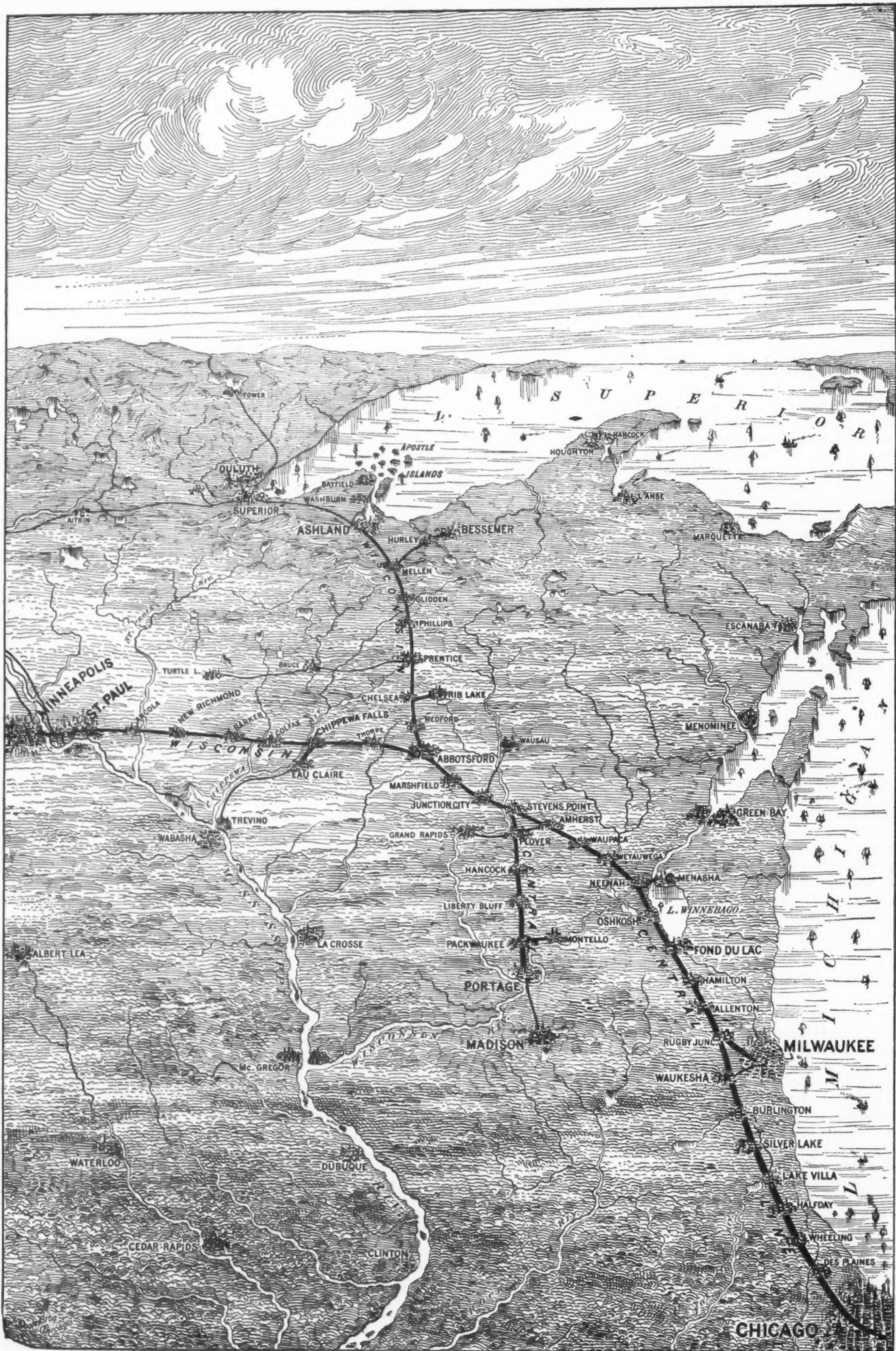
In the following year the main line was extended to Chicago and the early plans of the chief promoters of the enterprise were thus realized. The lease to the Northern Pacific, also their work, was under consideration during the year 1889, and was finally con-

summated early in the current year. This lease has proven to be of decided advantage to both the contracting parties. It has strengthened the securities of the Central and it has greatly added to the prestige and power in the world of traffic of the Northern Pacific by practically extending the system of the latter company to Chicago, the greatest focus of railway movement in the world, and adding 773 miles to the trackage of road it controls and operates.

The Wisconsin Central Lines run through good freight-producing territory for their entire length. In



COLBY &amp; ABBOT BUILDING, MILWAUKEE—GENERAL OFFICES WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.



MAP OF WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.



Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin the road penetrates an exceedingly fine and rich general farming country. Further north it reaches the excellent dairying region which extends for about fifty miles back from the shores of Lake Michigan and envelopes Lake Winnebago. Still further north are the great pineries and through these the Lake Superior line runs to Ashland, throwing out a branch to the Iron district. The St. Paul extension emerging from the pines, runs through what is probably the largest body of hardwood timber now to be found in the United States and finally, before reaching the Northwestern metropolis, it crosses the rolling prairies which lie on both sides of the St. Croix River. The line from Portage to Stevens Point traverses a rich agricultural district.

The Wisconsin Central Lines are well-equipped with new and handsome coaches and Pullman sleepers and with dining cars that are models of good taste and comfort and that furnish as good meals and as good service as can be obtained in the best hotels. As a scenic line the road from Chicago to St. Paul possesses many attractions. The prairies of Northern Illinois offer pictures of high cultivation in small farms, numerous villages and a general air of rural prosperity very pleasing to the traveller. In Eastern Wisconsin there is more variety of hills and dales and natural groves of oaks, elms and maples. Here too, the whole country is carefully farmed and the luxuriance of vegetation, the vivid green of the meadows and the abundance of trees in clumps and groves and in long lines by the roadsides, recall the midland counties of England. Waukesha, the most frequented mineral spring resort in America, next to Saratoga, with its parks, hotels, and spring-houses, is an interesting halting place. The Lake Winnebago cities of Fond du Lac and Oshkosh, are examples of successful town-building based on both agriculture and manufactures. They are handsome places, with densely shaded streets and hundreds of pretty homes surrounded by shrubbery and flowers. Neenah and Menasha are busy manufacturing towns, with large wood-working industries. Waupaca is a neat county-seat town, with the pineries near at hand on the north and a rolling country of grain fields and pastures on the south. Stevens Point thrives on the business of the railway shops, and on other manufacturing industries and agriculture.

Further west is the large town of Chippewa Falls, with a great water-power and a big lumber industry. From this place a ten mile branch runs to the larger town of Eau Claire—a hive of busy industry and a green spot of pleasant homes. In the hard-wood belt west of Chippewa Falls are many brisk manufacturing villages, and beyond them lies a broad stretch of very handsome country, with many lakes and with a picturesque river, the St. Croix, flowing through it. Then comes New Richmond, a pretty town on the Willow River, and beyond is the new manufacturing town of North St. Paul, with its dozen factories—a suburb of the near city.

The Lake Superior line of the road, diverging at Abbotsford, runs through forests of pine, poplar and hard woods and comes out on the shore of the beautiful bay of Chequamegon, at the manufacturing and shipping city of Ashland. Here are the greatest iron ore docks in the world and here, too are steel works and extensive lumber industries. The Penokee Branch, from Mellen to Hurley, Ironwood and Bessemer, skirts the foot of the great iron-producing range of Northern Wisconsin and Northern Michigan for a distance of thirty-five miles. The mining and shipping of iron ore on a large scale can nowhere be seen to better advantage than here.

The railways of the United States carried 472,171,243 passengers during the year ending June 30, 1889, from which it appears that one passenger in every 1,523,133 was killed, and one passenger in every 230,204 was injured. For the year 1888 the ratio of casualty in England to passengers from railroad accidents was a passenger in 6,942,336 killed and one passenger in 527,577 injured.

#### A NEW RAILWAY IN ALBERTA.

The first sod of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway was turned at Calgary on July 21, by Hon. Mr. Dewdney, amid much enthusiasm on the part of the people. This important event marks a new era in the history of Calgary and the great Territory of Alberta. The first great event in the history of that Territory was the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The construction of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway is a matter of little less importance so far as the Territory of Alberta is concerned, than was the building of the great transcontinental road. While the Canadian Pacific crossed the Territory from east to west, the new railway will open up the country from north to south. There is a grand country awaiting settlement between Calgary and Edmonton through which this road will pass, while the contemplated southern extension of the road from Calgary to Macleod will also be through an excellent country. The entire region north and south is a country where stock-raising, farming, dairying, etc., should reach the climax of perfection, while the Territory is not without mineral and timber wealth, there being great opportunities in both of these industries. The road from Calgary to Edmonton will at once become the highway to the great Peace River country, and along this highway in time will flow the great commerce which will eventually be built up in these vast northern regions. The *Commercial* wishes that the flourishing young city of Calgary and the rich Territory of Alberta will gain every expected advantage from the construction of this railway. The business men of Calgary have worked hard for the road, and they are to be congratulated upon the movement now made to carry out their desires. The people of Edmonton and Northern Alberta generally are also to be congratulated upon the fact that their isolation will soon be broken. Those who had the courage to go into these northern regions with the belief that the value of the country would soon attract settlement and bring in a railway to them, will soon have their hopes realized. Flourishing settlements will grow up all along the line of the railway, and general development may be expected to follow the building of the road.—*Winnipeg Commercial*.

#### GROWTH OF FAIRHAVEN, WASHINGTON.

The United States census and other official reports just made public disclose some remarkable facts on the first year's growth of Fairhaven. One year ago the townsite was an almost impenetrable forest. The census gives it 4,031 people who qualified as permanent residents June 1, 1890. The assessed valuation is returned at nearly \$9,000,000—the solid taxable wealth created from practically nothing in just twelve months. Among the leading improvements are a \$100,000 water works system, \$125,000 hotel, numerous solid brick and stone blocks costing from \$15,000 to \$50,000 each, a \$30,000 electric light system, four churches, miles upon miles of streets graded, paved, etc. Among the improvements in progress are ocean docks and other terminal facilities for the Great Northern Railway, costing some \$300,000; gas works costing about \$100,000; a \$40,000 public school and mammoth coal bunkers. The solid industries are being developed on a great scale. The lumber mills in the vicinity with a capacity of 500,000 are unable to supply the demand. It is estimated that 1,500 men are employed in the vicinity in different ways in the lumber industry. The principal coal vein, now thirty-six feet thick, of bright clean coal, gives work to several hundred more, who are putting it in shape for the Great Northern railway to ship 1,000 tons per day after October 1. The coal bunkers will be among the largest and best on the Pacific Coast. The iron mines are being thoroughly opened up by drifts and tunnels preparatory to heavy shipments to Fairhaven's blast furnaces in the near future.—*Fairhaven Herald*.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Citizen George Francis Train, since his record-breaking trip around the world, has quietly settled down on the shores of Puget Sound, near Tacoma. He is communing with the birds, cultivating Psychic force and breathing pure air. He lives alone, never goes to Tacoma, which is only three miles distant, and cooks his cocoa on a three-dollar stove. He has his books and manuscripts, and as he wanders through the primeval forest his magnificent crop of white hair is occasionally anointed by the falling gum from the lofty pines. His quiet retreat is now and again broken in upon by delegations of school children, who come to sit at the feet of the philosopher.

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Vincent, in his interesting book of travels in South America, says the Brazilian province of Amazonas contains 800,000 square miles and only 60,000 inhabitants. It takes many readings before one can realize the magnitude of the Amazon River and the productive capacity of a valley three times as large as that of the Mississippi. The Amazon and its tributaries afford 50,000 miles of navigable water and the width of the river at its mouth is greater than the entire navigable length of the Hudson, and such is the volume which it pours into the Atlantic that fresh water can be dipped up two hundred miles from the coast. Brazil is worth more than the whole continent of Africa.

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The boundary line between the United States and Canada is not "imaginary." The line is distinctly marked from Lake Michigan to Alaska by cairns, iron pillars, earth mounds and timber clearings. There are 385 of these marks between the Lake of the Woods and the base of the Rocky Mountains. The British placed one post every two miles, and the United States one between every British post. The posts are of cast iron, and cast on their faces are the words "Convention of London, October 20, 1818." Where the line crosses lakes, mountains of stone have been built, projecting eight feet above high water mark. In forest the line is defined by felling trees for a space a rod wide.

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IMMENSE AUSTRALIAN ESTATES.—Roman nobles sometimes had whole provinces for estates, but these are almost paralleled in Australia, where immense estates are numerous. Three are advertised for sale in a Melbourne paper. The area of the first is 454 square miles, of which the rent is £321 1s. 6d. only, and the cattle on the pasture are valued at 2£ 10s. each. The second comprises 648 square miles, and the third 553 square miles. All these are in Queensland. The first lot is described as watered by a river, and having a town ninety miles distant on one side and 150 on the other. The advantage of the second is that it lies between three towns which are respectively 180, 300, and 350 miles away; and the third, apparently most fortunately situated of all, is "within 100 miles of a railway."

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Most men and some women, find, as the years come, bringing to them more, or less, of wisdom, that it is all they can do to keep their own lives within the rules of right conduct without having either time or strength to spend in busying themselves with the conduct of their neighbors. There are others more fortunate, perhaps, with such redundancy of goodness that they can find both time and strength to spend in efforts to compel their neighbors to be as good as themselves. Our own contact with these people, however, convinces us that they are mistaken and that all the time and efforts wasted by them on others could be very advantageously spent in weeding their own souls of bigotry, selfishness, narrowness, hypocrisy, lying, backbiting, slandering, petty gossiping, fondness for suspecting bad motives in others where good motives are equally possible, and so on through the weary gamut of human frailties.—*Caledonia, Minnesota, Argus*.



## EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.

## The Lumbering and Manufacturing City of the Chippewa Valley.

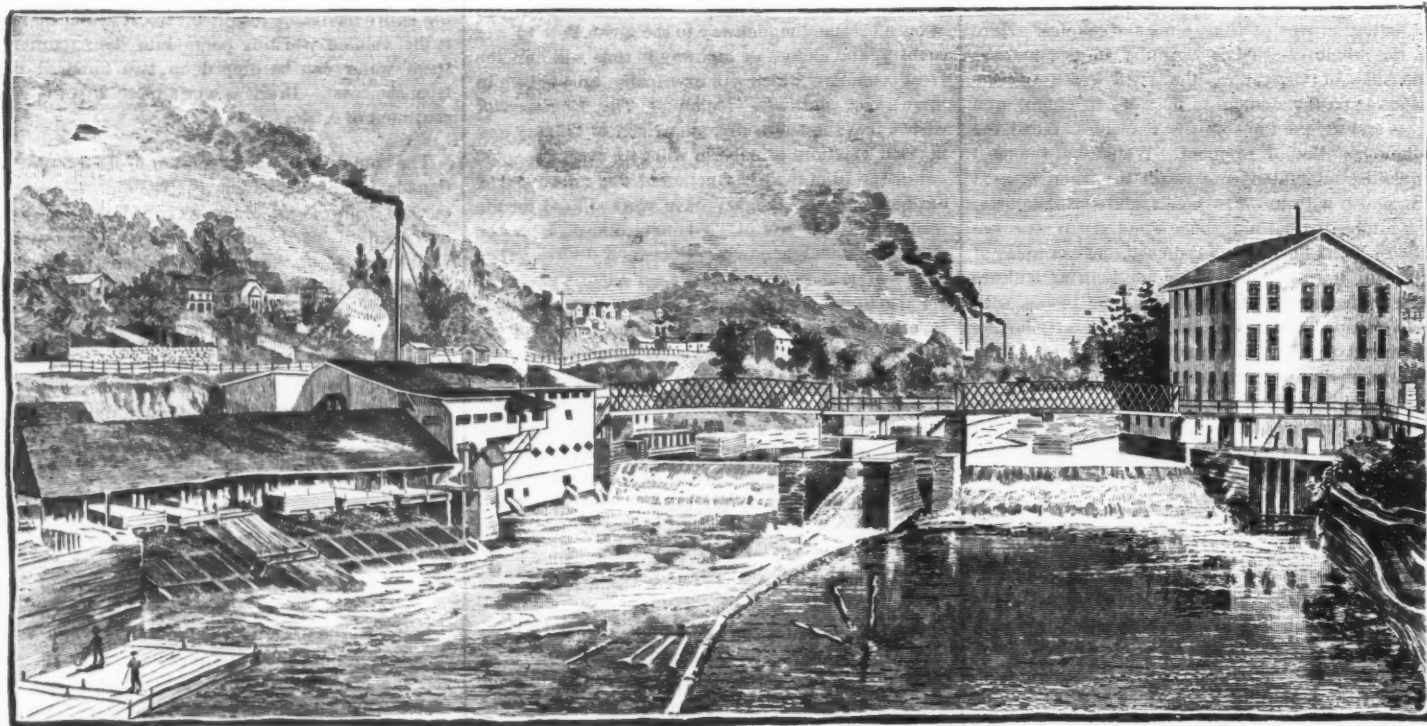
When the early French explorers of Western Wisconsin pushed their boats up the dark brown waters of the Chippewa River, about fifty miles from its junction with the Mississippi they came to the mouth of a smaller river of much lighter color, and this they named the Eau Claire, or Clearwater. Local tradition does not fix the date of the discovery and naming of either stream, but there is no doubt that the French, in the last century, had a route of travel for their fur conveying voyageurs from Lake Superior to the head waters of the Chippewa and from that river to the Mississippi.

Nature marked the ground at the junction of the Eau Claire with the Chippewa for the site of a town so plainly that little credit is due for sagacity to the settler who first staked it off early in the fifties. He prospered and is still living in the place. More credit should be given to the energetic lumbermen

the Mississippi and the Chippewa became the greatest logging river in the world. Railroads came soon after the civil war ended and Eau Claire went steadily forward until the saw-mill hamlet had grown to a city of 20,000 people.

I have great faith in the instructive power of maps and pictures. Look at the map accompanying this article and you will see why Eau Claire is a city; look at the general view of the place and you will see what kind of a city it is. Why does the map tell the story of Eau Claire's success? you may ask after a glance at it, if you are no lumberman. Storage capacity for logs is of the first importance in building up an extensive saw-mill industry, because a year's supply must be accumulated during the short period of the annual run. Bearing this in mind, look at the great log reservoir formed by the Chippewa and the smaller one afforded by Half Moon Lake. In the former 250,000,000 feet of logs can be stored and in the latter 75,000,000 feet. There is still a third reservoir up the Eau Claire, not shown on the map, that holds 40,000,000 feet. So much for storage capacity. Now look at the two rivers, the Chippewa dammed for a water power at the paper mill (the dam

This linen factory interested me greatly. It employs seventy-five hands and runs by water, using about seventy-five horse power on a dam that will give it 250 whenever it needs that much. There is a small factory at Appleton, Wisconsin, and a large one in New England, but they produce but a small part of the linen goods used in the United States. Now the curious fact is that while flax grows as well here as in Europe and is, in fact, raised in large quantities for the seed alone, there are no flax dressing mills in the country and all the straw is wasted. The man who will introduce flax dressing as a common industry where flax is now grown will be a national benefactor. A flax dressing machine costs in Great Britain \$1,200, and the duty and transport would make it cost \$2,500 in Wisconsin or Minnesota. It could be made for \$1,200, however, in any machine factory if there were a sufficient demand. Such a machine can be run by horse power, like a thresher. In a flax growing region one machine would answer for a whole township, the growers hauling the straw to it after the rotting process is completed. There is a duty of thirty-five per cent. on imported linen yarns which would be



SAW MILL OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER LOGGING COMPANY AND EAU CLAIRE LINEN MILL.

from Maine and other Eastern States—Wm. Carson, Daniel Shaw, O. H. Ingram, H. C. Putnam, Chapman & Thorpe, and others who early saw the advantages of this point for sawmill enterprises. The great pool just below the Dells of the Chippewa (French Dalles), the Half Moon Lake a little lower down, once an old river channel, and the pond on the Eau Claire a mile above its mouth, were in their eyes of great value for the storage of logs. They saw, too, that water powers could be cheaply utilized on the smaller river and a big one created on the larger stream. They appreciated the wealth of the immense pineries of Northern Wisconsin, for they knew how valuable pine lands had proven to be in the older settled parts of the country.

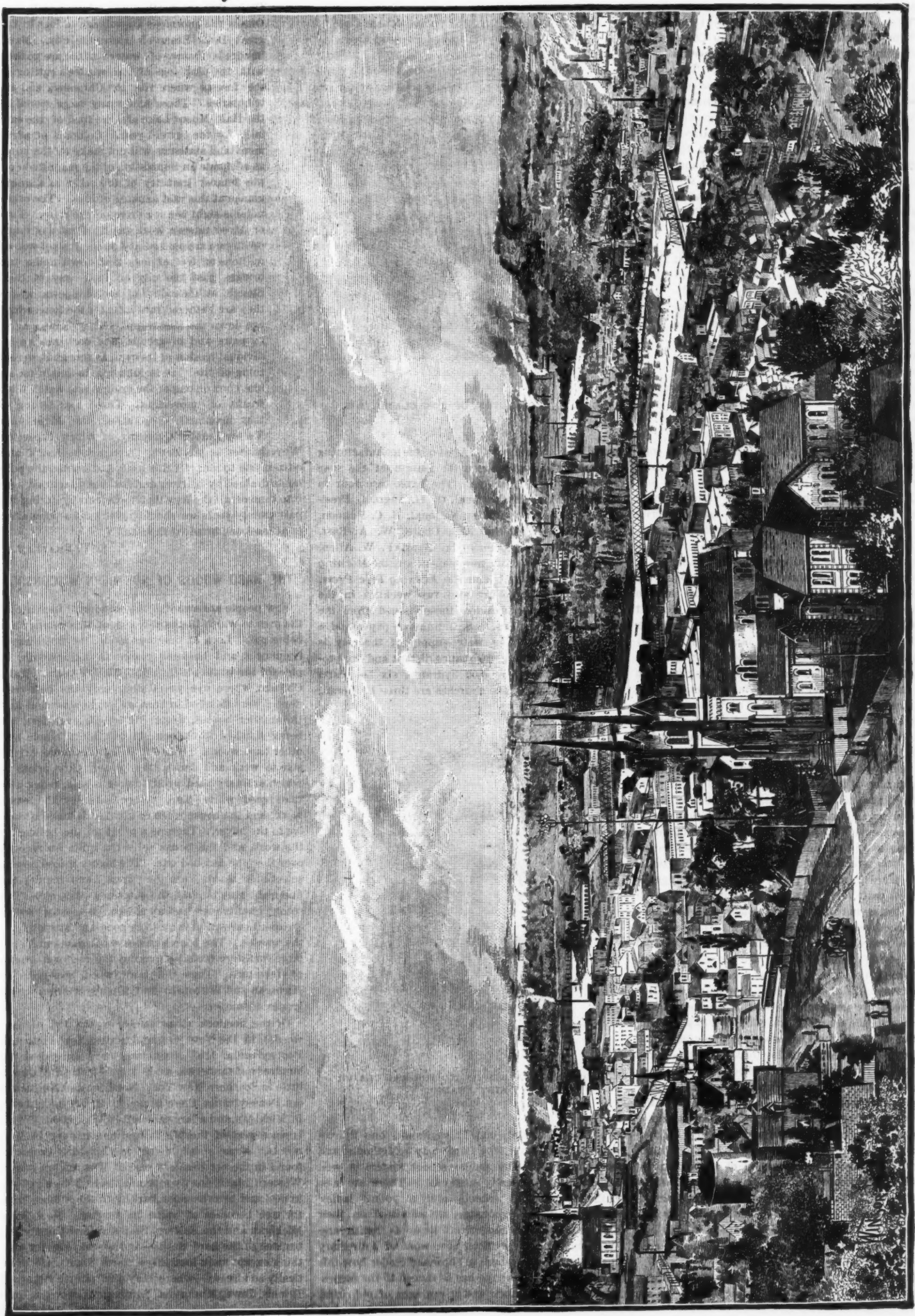
In 1856 there was a small saw-mill at Eau Claire, owned by Wm. Carson, and a village of perhaps 200 people. Communication with the world at large was maintained in the season of navigation by small steamboats which ran down the Chippewa to the Mississippi and in winter by sleighs over a hundred miles of rough road to Portage City. As the years went by other saw-mills were built, the neighboring pineries attracted lumbermen from the towns on

built by the city) and the Eau Claire affording three distinct powers. Here are, evidently, facilities for manufacturing that are by no means common. The raw material for manufacturing is found in the pine belt on the north, in the hard wood belts both east and west and in the abundance of poplar for paper pulp. To the enterprises based on wood in some form have been added others, which the industrial sport of the place has started and nurtured. The people believe in manufacturing as their best reliance for prosperity and have shown a willingness to put their money into new projects and take the chances of success or failure. The only linen factory in the West with one exception is at Eau Claire, importing its linen yarns from Belgium and Ireland and making towels and towelling of all sorts. One of the largest factories for making dynamos and other electrical appliances to be found in the West is established here and also one of the largest furniture factories. These three industries might do as well in any other Wisconsin town, but they are here, adding in no small degree to the business of Eau Claire because men engaged in other lines of business had the enterprise to put capital in them.

divided in its productive benefits between the farmer, the dresser and the spinner. Spinning would be done where the weaving is done. It seems an absurdity that a linen factory in Wisconsin must send across the Atlantic 4,000 miles for its yarns when flax is grown in the neighboring country and the straw is burned to get rid of it.

Of equal importance with abundance of raw material, in the building up of a manufacturing town, are facilities for distribution of its products. This axiom brings us to a consideration of the railway facilities of Eau Claire. The city is on the main line of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railroad 314 miles west of Chicago and eighty-eight miles east of St. Paul. The same corporation has a line north from Eau Claire, which branches at Spooner, one branch running to Ashland and Bayfield and the other to Superior and Duluth. Thus Eau Claire is on the through run from Chicago to the Lake Superior cities as well as on that from Chicago to the Twin Cities of Minnesota. The Wisconsin Central's main line between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis passes through Chippewa Falls, ten miles north of Eau Claire, and the latter city is





VIEW OF EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.



reached by a branch line running frequent trains and connecting with all trains on the main line. For all purposes of shipment and travel the Wisconsin Central gives Eau Claire a competing trunk line to east and west points and to Ashland, by way of Abbotsford. This line now uses the passenger station of the Milwaukee road, very close to the business center of the city. It has just acquired ground on the south side of the Eau Claire River, only two blocks from the main street and the principal hotels, and will soon erect a handsome station of its own. A third railway system makes an important point of Eau Claire. This is the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, which has a line up the Chippewa Valley from Wabasha, connecting at the latter place with its main Chicago and St. Paul road. Thus it will be seen that Eau Claire has the benefit of the facilities of the three most important railway systems operating in Wisconsin, and that one of these systems, through its lease to the Northern Pacific, reaches westward to the Pacific Coast.

Our picture of Eau Claire shows a handsome city, built in a valley where two rivers meet, with luxuriant foliage half hiding the residence streets, with numerous church spires and with many indications in factory chimneys and railway lines of a busy industrial and commercial life. The rivers divide the place into three districts—East Eau Claire, the chief business section, North Eau Claire, where the railways have their stations and where there are many factories and a prolongation of the main business street, and West Eau Claire the most populous residence district and also the locality of the big lumber mills. Four road bridges and three railway bridges span the Chippewa River and three road bridges cross the Eau Claire. The valley is snugly filled by the compact growth of the city and in one direction the dwellings climb the hills. The general impression made by the place on a traveler is very pleasing. The graceful contours of the wooded hills make a fitting frame to an attractive picture of swift flowing waters, spanned by graceful bridges; thousands of brown logs floating by, great yellow rafts of boards and shingles starting for the Mississippi; moving trains; and smoking factories; with a solid red brick center to the scene furnished by the long streets of business houses, and a broad zone of foliage on which the walls and roofs of dwellings make bright and varied bits of color. A closer acquaintance with the city shows that wealth has been expended in increasing its manufacturing activities and in multiplying handsome homes rather than on the erection of modern business structures. The business blocks are plain, two story buildings for the most part, very few rising to the dignity of even three stories, but the store-rooms are wide and deep and large stocks of goods are carried. There are four or five hotels of the second class—comfortable and unpretentious, where guests are served by trim, tight-laced dining-room girls and calls for ice-water are answered, if at all, by one delinquent boy. Bed and board are good enough at these hostleries and well worth the charge of two dollars a day. Along the left bank of the Chippewa are many charming residences with lawns running to the river bank, and west of the river, near the court house and the public square, is another group of rich men's homes. Lumbering and pine land ownership have made the wealthy class of Eau Claire. There are two or three fortunes here of over a million each and probably a dozen ranging from a hundred thousand to half a million. I received a favorable impression of the culture of the place in my short stay. In one hospitable home I saw good paintings by American and foreign artists and many rare art objects in tables cabinets and bric-a-brac; and in another I heard a highly cultivated voice that has already won applause in concerts and operas.

There are over four miles of electric street railway in operation in the city. The principal streets are



GEO. A. BUFFINGTON, OF EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

paved with cedar blocks. A list of the manufacturing concerns will be found on the margin of the map accompanying this article. The banks are four in number—The First National, O. H. Ingram, President; the Chippewa Valley National, H. C. Putnam, President; the Bank of Eau Claire, W. A. Rust, President; and the Commercial Bank, F. W. Allen, President. The daily newspapers are the *Morning Leader*, independent, and the *Evening Free Press*, Republican. There are also two weeklies in the English language, besides those issued from the offices of the dailies, a Scandinavian paper and a German paper. The water-supply of the city is obtained from springs two miles distant and fire protection is afforded by 300 hydrants, six hose carts and two engines. The churches are three Lutheran,



WILLIAM R. ATKINSON, EDITOR EAU CLAIRE DAILY LEADER.

two Congregational, one Presbyterian, one Episcopalian, two Catholic, one Baptist, two Methodist and one Unitarian. The public school system is well advanced and liberally sustained. There are also Catholic parochial schools and a young ladies' seminary, whose graduates are admitted on their diplomas to such Eastern colleges as Smith and Wellesly. All these facts, somewhat of a directory character, are given here to show the reader how this former lumbering village has advanced to the possession of all the comforts and advantages of old cities.

To my mind there are two sights in Eau Claire that are worth going a long way to see. One is the enormous assemblage of logs in the great Dells Reservoir above the city. Many hundreds of acres of water surface are packed with the pine logs of last winter's cutting in the forests, where rise the Chippewa and its tributaries. These and many more stored in the Half Moon Lake are the food of the saw mills for the current year. Columns of argument and statistics will not make on the mind as adequate an impression of the magnitude on the lumber industry of this city as a single glance at this vast expanse of logs. The other notable sight is a log drive on the river. Two or three times a week the flood gates of dams up stream are opened and on the rush of waters millions of feet of logs float down under the bridges past the city on their way to Beef Slough, at the mouth of the Chippewa, where they are gathered into rafts for the longer voyage down the Mississippi. They come singly, in pairs and in groups, and each has an individual motion of its own, as though it were a thing of life. It is amusing to loiter for an idle hour on one of the bridges and watch their freaks of movement. These logs belong to that mammoth corporation, the Mississippi Valley Lumber Company, of which Frederick

Weyerhaeuser is president. A sagacious Eau Claire citizen said to me: "If this town had owned the pine lands drained by its river and had manufactured here into lumber all the logs that have run by during the past twenty years we should now have a population of at least one hundred thousand."

E. V. SMALLEY.

#### THE HARD WOODS OF NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

Few people are aware of the wonderful increase of the uses to which the hard woods of this country are being put. Look at one item alone, the finishing of residences and business places in hard woods, in place of the white pine, in the past five years. Take Chicago, where five years since only the best residences were finished in hard woods; now we find that the smaller houses, worth \$10,000 or even less, are being finished throughout in oak, birch, maple and other hard woods. While it is a little more expensive to work and finish, the present low prices at which ordinary hard wood lumber is sold, being less than good white pine, compensate for the extra work, and the house when so finished is made attractive to the buyer. There is a profit to the builder in the work, and the house sells for quite an amount over the pine finished one. The higher priced houses select their woods from the "firsts," and require the fine mahogany birches, the quartered oaks, etc. The second quality, or "bastard sawed," is mostly used in cheaper houses, and is quite as good and attractive to the masses. The poorer grades are in demand for the large furniture factories making the common grades of furniture. Thus the hard wood saw-mills of Michigan and Wisconsin find a ready market for all grades of lumber.

Of the hemlock (that comes in the list of hard woods), in the New England States, New York and Pennsylvania, that heretofore have furnished the hundreds of tanneries, aside from some in Maine, a little in Southern New York, Northern and Northeastern Pennsylvania, there is none left. Some remains in Michigan and a large amount in Wisconsin. There is none west of the Mississippi River; none in Minnesota. Some small, defective thin-bark timber is found in the northeastern part of Washington and in Western Idaho, mostly unavailable, as it does not pay to peel and haul hemlock bark until the timber from the tree becomes of value as lumber. Now, after Michigan and the Eastern States referred to are exhausted of the hard woods—and we may say for anything except mere local uses these States are practically so already—where may the prairie States of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Southern Wisconsin, Kan-



sas, Nebraska and the Dakotas go for their building material? We have only Wisconsin and the northern peninsula of Michigan to look to for a supply. What is this supply, and how much does it amount to?

It is not claimed that heavy, solid bodies of hard wood or hemlock exist in Wisconsin, but it is true that there is a belt of these woods extending from Lake Michigan across the State of Wisconsin, over 250 miles along the southern boundary of the forest and northward for 50 to 100 miles more or less, that covers some ten millions of acres that have from twenty-five to fifty billions or more of this class of timber now standing, perhaps including some spurs of timber running up into the Penokee range, where we find the fine mahogany birches, better for fine house finishing than even the Honduras mahogany. This estimate is no wild guess, but based on actual knowledge and estimates gathered from woodsmen who have been on the land. This body of timber is traversed by the Wisconsin Central, the Omaha, the "Soo," and Milwaukee & St. Paul Railways. All these roads have access to this forest area; all these roads are tributary to Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls. This body of timber—and as farming lands it is valuable when cleared—is tributary to said cities.

As a manufacturing center, with this backing and

owner. Unfortunately at present he owns but little of this forest, but he has seen enough of its development to know its value to these cities and to the prairie country named.

The soil of this hard-wood belt is similar to that of Southern New York, where now is found the best grass land—the best dairy farms in the East. It is especially adapted to mixed crops. The small grains, including flax, do well, also all small fruits. The loam of the forest rests upon the drift, which we know in Central Wisconsin and away to the north, even up to the foot of the Laurentian Hills—the Penokee Range—is intermingled with the Potsdam series, and has enough lime and argillaceous matter in it to make a quick and at the same time a strong soil. It is undoubtedly true that much of Middle, Central and Northern Wisconsin was once partially covered with a sandstone containing in large proportions the little shell of the "orbicula prima," very rich in lime—being the first shell production of the old Silurian sea, when its shore was the southern slope of the old Laurentian Hills. The tops of the bluffs still show this shell, but the great body of the rich deposit has been ground up and mixed in with the sand, and to test this, almost anywhere along the boundary of the forest, in the prairie counties of

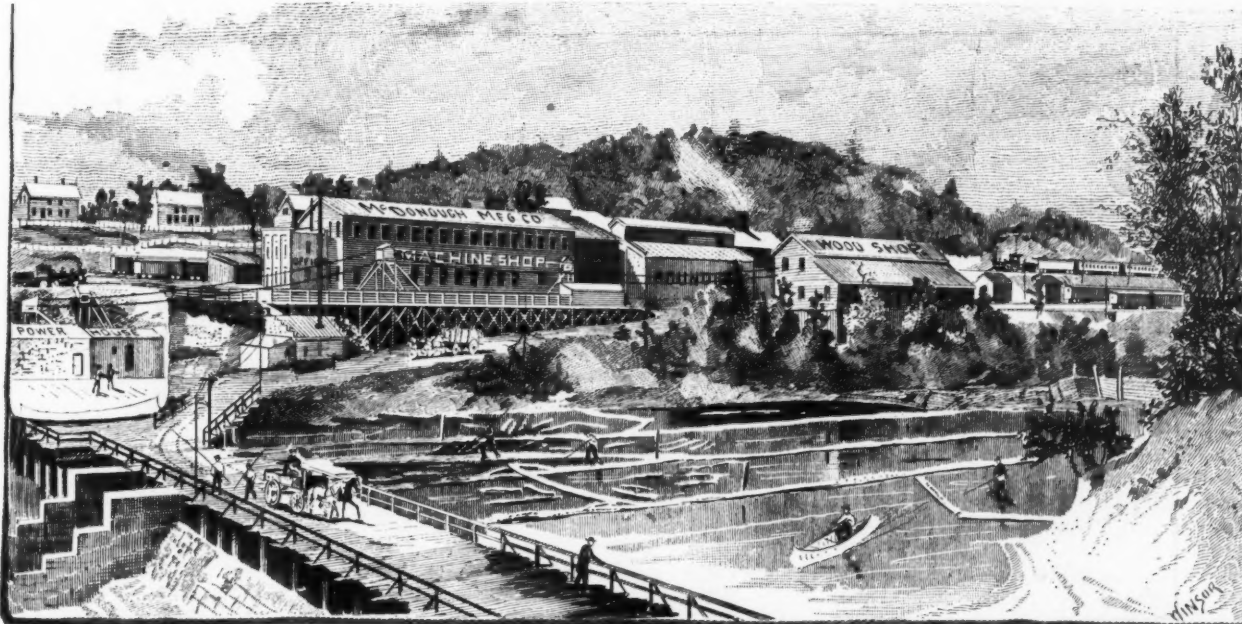
ning overtime. The plant is owned and operated exclusively by Eau Claire capitalists among whom are such well known men as H. H. Hayden, Peter Truax, Ralph E. Rust, D. R. Moon, Geo. T. Thompson, A. J. Rust, Geo. B. Shaw and Fitch Gilbert. Geo. B. Shaw, the general manager of the company, besides being an able business man is one of the most enterprising men in Eau Claire and it is to his excellent business ability that the marked success of this new enterprise is mainly due. He has been mayor of the city and is universally popular wherever known. His recent election to the position of Supreme Chancellor of the World, in the Knights of Pythias order, is an honor in which not only his friends but his city and State at large take just pride.

#### THE PHOENIX MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

This concern was incorporated in 1874 and has a paid up capital of \$100,000. H. P. Graham is President of the Company, Wm. Dean Vice-President, C. B. Daniels Secretary and General Manager and Fred H. Graham Treasurer. Their annual pay roll exceeds \$50,000 and is distributed among 100 employees. They manufacture saw-mill machinery, steam engines, building castings and general iron work. Their sales cover a wide area of territory, going as far South as Texas and West to the Coast. In connection with the iron mills they also have a department for the manufacture of hard wood material for interior finishing and decorations. Their works are located on the side tracks of the C. M. & St. Paul and C. St. P. M. & O. railroads.

L. C. BROOKS.

Mr. Brooks is one of the best known merchants in Eau



THE M'DONOUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S MILL.

with unlimited water-power, to-wit, the Chippewa River, a dam built with 6,500 horse-power at low water; the Eau Claire River, with its three dams of 500, 750 and 1,500 (total 3,750) horse-power, now available, and both can be largely increased, Eau Claire must eventually reap a great benefit. It is true that as a backing for fifty or a hundred years the twenty-five million acres of forest area of Northern Wisconsin is worth more than ten times the same area of the Northwestern prairie States. It is true that large areas of West Virginia, Eastern and Southern Tennessee, Northern Alabama and some other States have hard woods, but they are now to the Northwest unavailable. The writer has been in every State in the Union, has traversed the Pacific coast forests from San Diego to British Columbia, and the Southern pine forests from Galveston way around to Norfolk, Va., the Blue Ridge and the Arkansas, and he knows what he is talking about when he says the Wisconsin forests of hard wood and hemlock are the most available and valuable today. But it is mostly with reference to the cities named, with the water-power and shipping facilities, he would refer, having been intimately acquainted with said forest and living in the same the past thirty-five years as a surveyor, lumberman and timber

Wisconsin and up into the forest, one can take up a cupful of sandy dirt, looking poor and barren, dry it and apply some strong vinegar and see the effervescence, showing its value for grains and grass. Of course the water of this whole region is soft spring, and pure. The climate is well known. It is also well known that we are free from tornadoes and cyclones—we have no storm centres.

H. C. PUTNAM.

#### SOME EAU CLAIRE INDUSTRIES.

##### NATIONAL ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

This important manufacturing institution is not quite two years old, but in that short space of time has built up a surprisingly large trade in the electric lighting business. They manufacture dynamos, and all the other necessary appliances for incandescent lighting, and their machines are now in operation in different cities throughout the United States, and give universal satisfaction wherever used. A sketch of their building appears in this issue. When erected in December, 1888, it was just one-half the present capacity. Being located on the tracks of the C. St. P. M. & O. and the C. M. & St. Paul railroads it affords exceptional shipping facilities. The shops are equipped with a full line of the latest improved metal working machinery and have a capacity per week of machines capable of supplying 6,000 lights; and even at this comparatively dull season of the year, are run-

Claire, having come to that city seventeen years ago from Philadelphia and been in the same line of business ever since. In the Summer of 1889 he built the handsome two story brick building, the sketch of which appears in this issue. He commenced business as a saw-filer and by his own unaided efforts has built up a business that extends all over Northern Wisconsin and even into the lumber regions of the Pacific Coast. He has excellent commercial standing and what information he does not possess about saw-mill machinery is limited indeed. He is the Eau Claire agent of Henry Disston & Son's saws and other manufactured goods.

##### THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER LOGGING COMPANY.

This important corporation has been known for years along the Mississippi and tributary rivers and the president of the company, Frederick Weyerhaeuser, has long been considered the largest pine land and lumber owner in the world. Their Eau Claire interests are in the hands of Mr. R. H. Chute, a member of the company, and among other things comprise two steam saw mills on the Eau Claire River. Our artist has made a faithful sketch of what is known as the Lower Dam. The mill building at the left is the M. R. L. Co's. lower mill and the building to the right the Lumber Mill, an Eau Claire institution that was donated to the present company by the M. R. L. Company as an inducement to open up the manufacture of linen in that city. The M. R. L. Company is the successor of the Eau Claire Lumber Company and their annual output of pine lumber exceeds 25,000,000 feet.

##### THE M'DONOUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

This concern is located on the upper falls of the Eau

Claire River and is devoted to the manufacture of saw mill machinery. The capital stock of the company is \$100,000 and the annual output of manufactured goods \$150,000. Frank McDonough, the president and general manager of the company, came to Eau Claire twenty-five years ago and from an employee of the Eau Claire Lumber Company grew into his present position. The company was organized in January 1889 and already has a business extending into the lumber regions of Wisconsin and is fast reaching West after the Pacific Coast trade.

#### THE EAU CLAIRE GROCERY COMPANY.

This company is the largest wholesale grocery house in the State outside of Milwaukee and does business principally throughout the lumber regions tributary to Eau Claire. They occupy a handsome two-story building having a frontage of 150 feet and located on the north side of the Eau Claire River. The members of the company are well known business men who take active parts in all the enterprises looking toward the welfare of the city. One of the active members of the company is now mayor of the city.

#### EAU CLAIRE PORTRAITS.

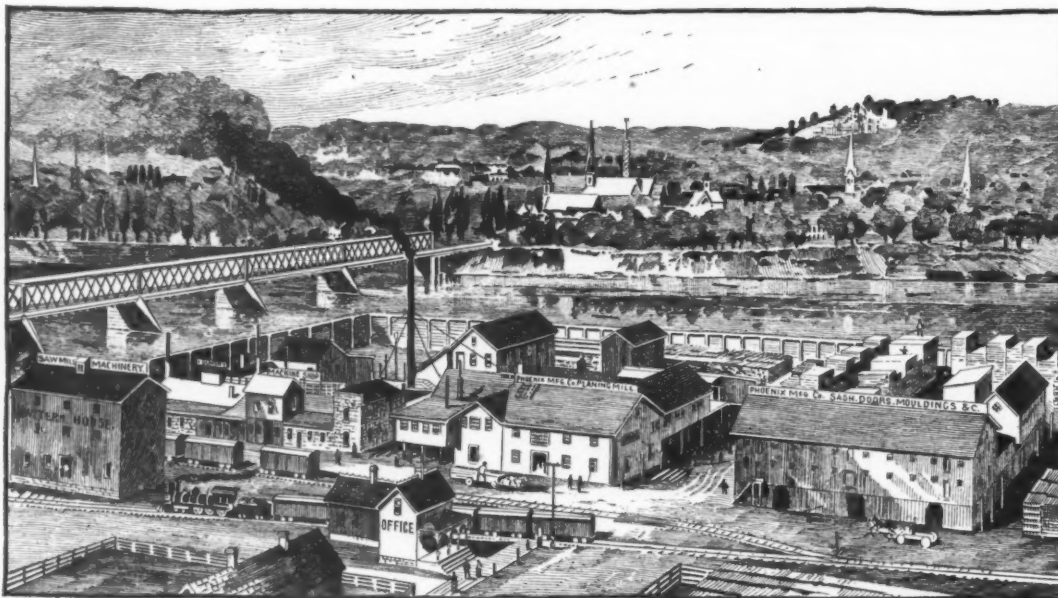
George A. Buffington came to Eau Claire in 1856 while yet a young man and ready to fight the battles that awaited every pioneer who sought a fortune in that new country. He at once located on the West Side, before another house was built there, and where he has resided ever since. The accompanying portrait is a good likeness of Mr. Buffington, whom everyone knows and every-

#### BEARS.

The *Oregonian* devotes a column editorial to the hog—the two legged hog. Here in the big woods the bear is more interesting. In fact the bear is calculated to make things interesting when approached with too much abandon. The bear is affectionate and playful. There is a man in the county now who can swear to it. Two grizzly bear cubs caught him, cuffed him, rolled over him and played with him as if he was one of the family. When the sport was ended his bones were broken and the flesh torn in strips from his legs. You have all heard of the Dakota girl who was sitting in the gloaming, when a bear approached her from the rear and clasped her in his embrace. After a several minute's squeeze she kicked, and said "Let go, you mean thing"—thinking it was her lover. When she discovered her mistake she threw her arms about the brute and crushed him into a lifeless mass. There are many kind of bears. Perhaps the most famous bear is the ravening she bear. They run with bald-headed men like white horses with red-headed girls. Then there is the ravening he bear and the black, cinnamon, grizzly, silver-tipped and polar bear. In addition there are different species from the old country.

forgot to eat him. He prayed and sang, while the bears howled and danced with delight. This anecdote is not very brilliant, but it is probably as brilliant as it is true. For further information apply to W. B. Leitch.

The bear has some peculiarities which will easily lead to its identification when encountered. It walks on the under side of half its legs, and the chipple shoe does not fit it. It sleeps all of the winter as sound as a policeman. It lives on bread in captivity, and abhors pie. When right hungry the ordinary bear will not object to a nice porterhouse steak out of the small of a man's back. There is considerable amusement in hunting the bear, but when the bear does the hunting there is not so much sport. When you climb a tree the ordinary bear sizes you up for a tender-foot, and is fond of tender feet and does not mind pulling off a boot to get a chew at one. Whatcom has some bear hunters. Spencer Van Zant, like David, king of Israel, before he got the taste of human blood and when he was a nice young man, (a sort of early day Robinhood), killed a bear on the North Fork. The bear was not impaled on any fork, but that was his habitat. Mr. Buswell, one of Mr. V.'s neighbors, prefers the tiger to the bear. The latter is more dangerous. The ordinary bear is no



THE PHOENIX MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S WORKS, EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.

one likes. Generous to a fault he has always been surrounded by a host of happy friends who have come to look upon his hospitality as a part of himself. He is a leader among men and active in promoting any new industry that will add to the welfare of the city. He is a heavy stockholder in the Valley Lumber Company besides owning a large amount of real estate, and agricultural land in the vicinity of Eau Claire. The sketch of Mr. Buffington's home that appears in this issue is his Summer residence. In the Fall he takes his family to Florida where he owns an orange grove and spends his winters. He is an ex-mayor of the city and is now serving his seventeenth year in the city council.

William R. Atkinson is the well-known editor and publisher of the Eau Claire *Daily Leader*, the leading and only morning newspaper in the city. During the six years' residence in Eau Claire of Mr. Atkinson he has pushed his paper—which he acquired shortly after he came to the city—to a commendable position and will keep it in the front rank of Wisconsin newspapers. He is a native of Ireland, a descendant of an old and good family. When young the family went to Canada where a large part of his life has been spent. He once held the important position of city editor on the London, Ont. *Advertiser*, a paper with which he was connected for a number of years. In Eau Claire and surrounding country he is known by the title of "Major."

Twelve years ago the Northern Pacific Company purchased two second-hand sleeping cars for its service to Bismarck. The company has in service now 55 sleepers and 24 dining cars, the largest equipment in the world.

Emigration has not yet started among them; but we receive most anything in the shape of emigrants, and the ordinary bear would appear to advantage at Castle Garden. The poet says:

"Let the stately polar bears  
Wait around the poles in pairs."

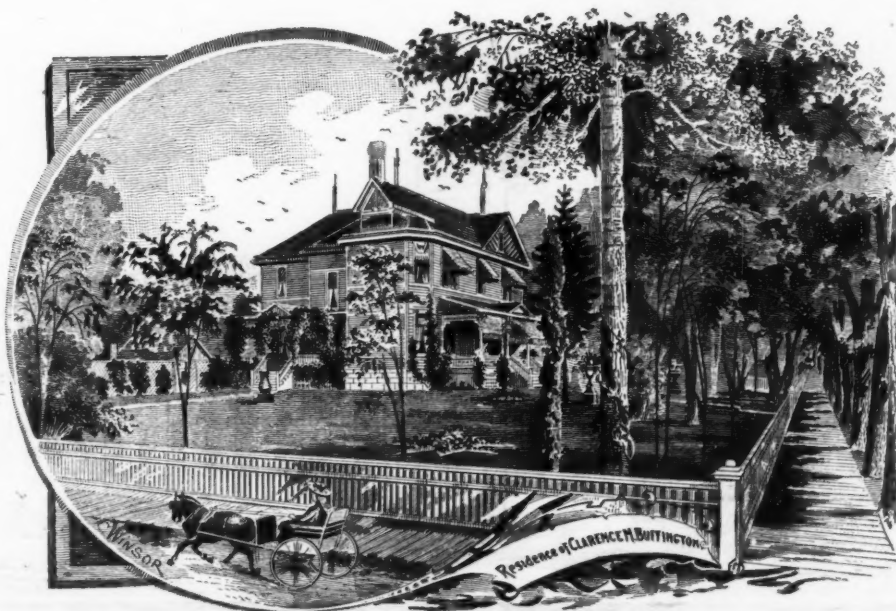
This indicates that the bear is fond of music and dancing. The bear dance is well-known in terpsichorean circles. The animals are said to be extremely plentiful at Chucanaut. Captain Flip Flap has seen millions of them there. You have to kick them out of the way in climbing the trails. There they roost on trees like pigeons, and eat clams with a relish. The census enumerator has probably got them all down in his little book, along with the people who were buried on Dead Man's point. In Dakota the dead tumble weeds roll away before the wind, like bears. A near-sighted Englishman spent a whole day chasing them with a Winchester, and was surprised that he could not stop them with a rifle bullet. An Irish missionary, who came directly from the old country, struck a bear's den in Minnesota, and thinking it was an Indian family made himself right sociable. The bears were so amazed at his gall, that, like the lions in Daniel's den, they

hog. This may appear to be a simple remark, but it is made in justice to the bear. He knows when he has got enough. After a few Winchester bullets are located in his flesh he moves off with swiftness and without vacillation. Neither does he stop his paper without paying up his back subscription. He never gets drunk, and never runs for office. Neither is the bear a peacock. He does not stick up his snout at the home papers, receive and enjoy the most fulsome taffy and howl for more, and then not pay for what he receives. Because he is cross-eyed he does not imagine that his nose rests on one continent and his hams on the other, and that there is mighty little left on the earth when he takes to the water. Incidentally we might mention that *Ursa Major* is the great bear, all envious rivals to the contrary notwithstanding.—Fred H. Adams in *Whatcom Reveller*,

#### "NOTIS."

The following "notis" is posted on a fence in Tillamuck County, Oregon: "If any man's or woman's cows or oxen gets in these here oats, his or her tail will be cut off, as the case may be. I am a Christian man and pay my taxes, but d—n a man who lets his critters loose, say I."—*Pocatella Herald*.





VIEWS IN EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.

## THE MOUNTAIN BEAVER.

No animal is at more pains to have a dry place to live in, and none live on coarser fare or show so much patience and industry. His sagacity and intelligence are proverbial. An example came under my notice while trout fishing on a mountain stream a few years ago. A young man noticed a fresh beaver dam near the house and coaxed me to help him trap a beaver. The dam was of mud and alder brush and ran across the creek, some five yards wide at that point, with perpendicular banks and bordered on each side with dry land used as pasture land. We broke out one end of the dam by an hour's hard work, and set our trap, using a large green alder bush for a stake, which we forced into the mud out in the pond as far as the chain would permit.

The next morning we found that the break in the dam had been carefully repaired and our trap with the stake was woven into the very bottom of the break. The repairs were so well done that it took us about an hour to recover the trap; and we reset it in another place. The same result followed for five nights in succession. On the sixth night the dam was repaired as usual, but about the middle of the dam was a semi-circular groove cut through the well-packed bushes and mud forming the top, true and smooth as no man could do it, and lowering the water in the pond some six or eight inches. Of course, by so much it relieved the pressure on the dam. The beaver concluded the dam was too high for the strength of his material (though the young man and myself knew the fact to be decidedly otherwise) and he made the pressure less in the safest way. The trap cut no figure in the experiment beyond its being attached to a fine green alder bush, just what the beaver needed to repair with, and so he dug it up every night and dragged it with the trap to the break; and it was the first and easiest material he could get hold of to help make his repairs; the other bushes which he need to cut for repairs to the dam grew at quite a distance from the creek.

Above the dam on this creek are meadows and a gentleman in hunting grouse was walking over them and was startled at the sight of an animal coming toward him in a path leading through the tall grass that appeared like a little old man. On a better view

he concluded it was not human and shot it. The animal turned out to be a very old, gray-bearded beaver, which had lost both of his forefeet by steel traps and was now walking on his hindfeet and carrying a few sticks in his stumps of arms and evidently trying to provide for his future subsistence. Intelligent as beavers are if they could be domesti-



THE BROOKS BUILDING, EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.

cated no animal would attract greater interest. The instinct for dam building might make him troublesome. But the object of that labor is to protect the entrance to his home from his enemies and to provide a place for his winter's supply of food, where he can use it in safety and below the reach of ice. When the necessity no longer exists for his protection, in a generation or two, it is likely there would no longer be the desire for dam building.—*Forest and Stream*.

The Northern Pacific Company has the longest sleeping car line in the world, extending from Chicago to Tacoma, a distance of twenty-five hundred miles.

## ULTIMA THULE.

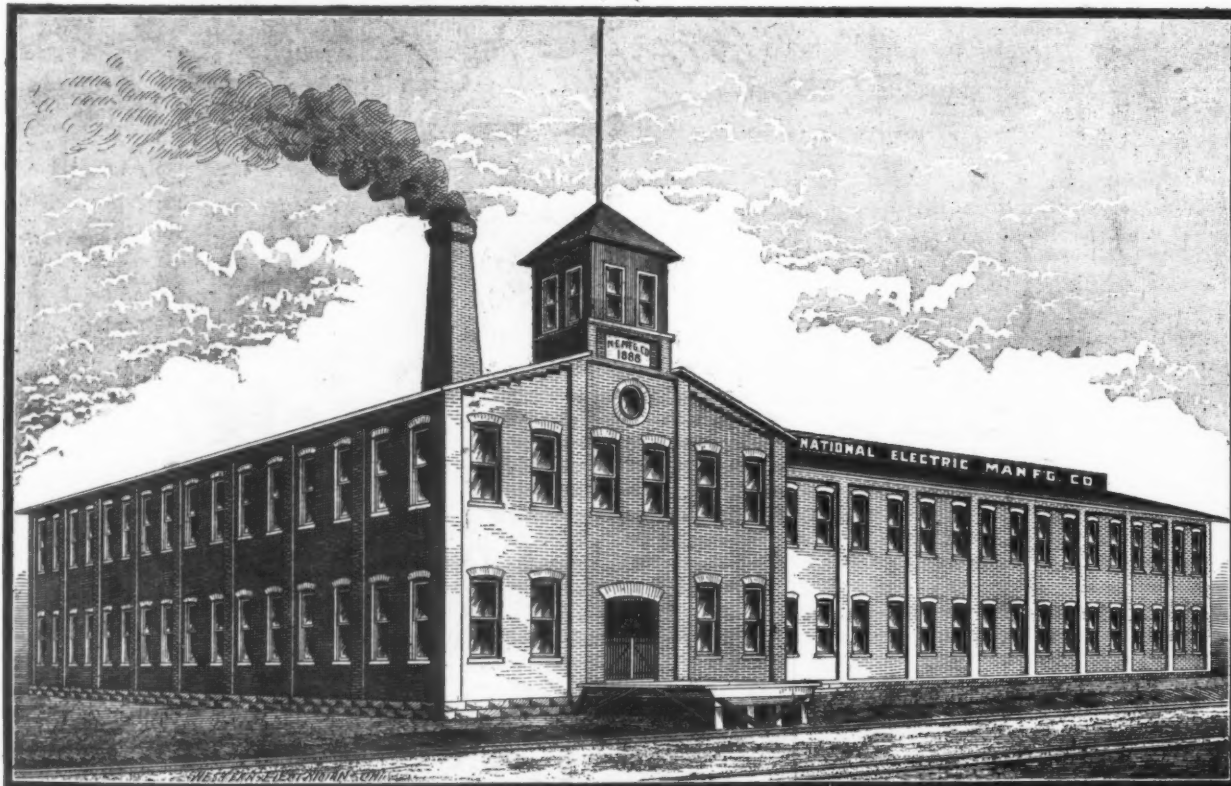
Hudson's Bay receives upwards of fifty rivers, Lake Winnipeg and Lake Winnipegosis, seventy-four rivers, some of them thousands of miles long, with innumerable tributaries. Great Slave Lake, which is 173 miles in length and 138 miles broad, receives many large streams. Lake Athabasca, Great Bear Lake, and a multitude of other lakes, form the head waters of immense rivers that, like Great Fish River, Coppermine River and McKenzie River, drain an almost boundless territory and flow into the Polar Sea. The vast region comprising nearly half a continent is, in many parts, not much different from Manitoba. The same trees, the same birds, the same fish, and the same flowers. Taking the country as a whole there is much more wood than in the southern portion of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, and although wheat may not ripen in every part, barley, rye, and many vegetables grow, and grass is abundant everywhere, except on the sea coast where the reindeer moss is found. Even at York Factory, on the coast of Hudson's Bay, so far back as 1832, forty cattle were kept, and there were good gardens, where turnips, radishes, potatoes and many flowers flourished. In fact, cattle, horses and sheep can be kept in unlimited numbers nearly all over the vast region that lies north of the present settlements in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.—*Victoria Colonist*.

An Illinois fruit paper contains the following illustration of how they pack apples in that State:

And now the honest farmer packs  
His apples up for town;  
This is the top row of his barrels—  
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  
And this is lower down—  
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

And then the wily salesman  
Sets them upon the floor;  
The purchaser's mouth when he looks at the top—

And this when he fishes lower—  
O

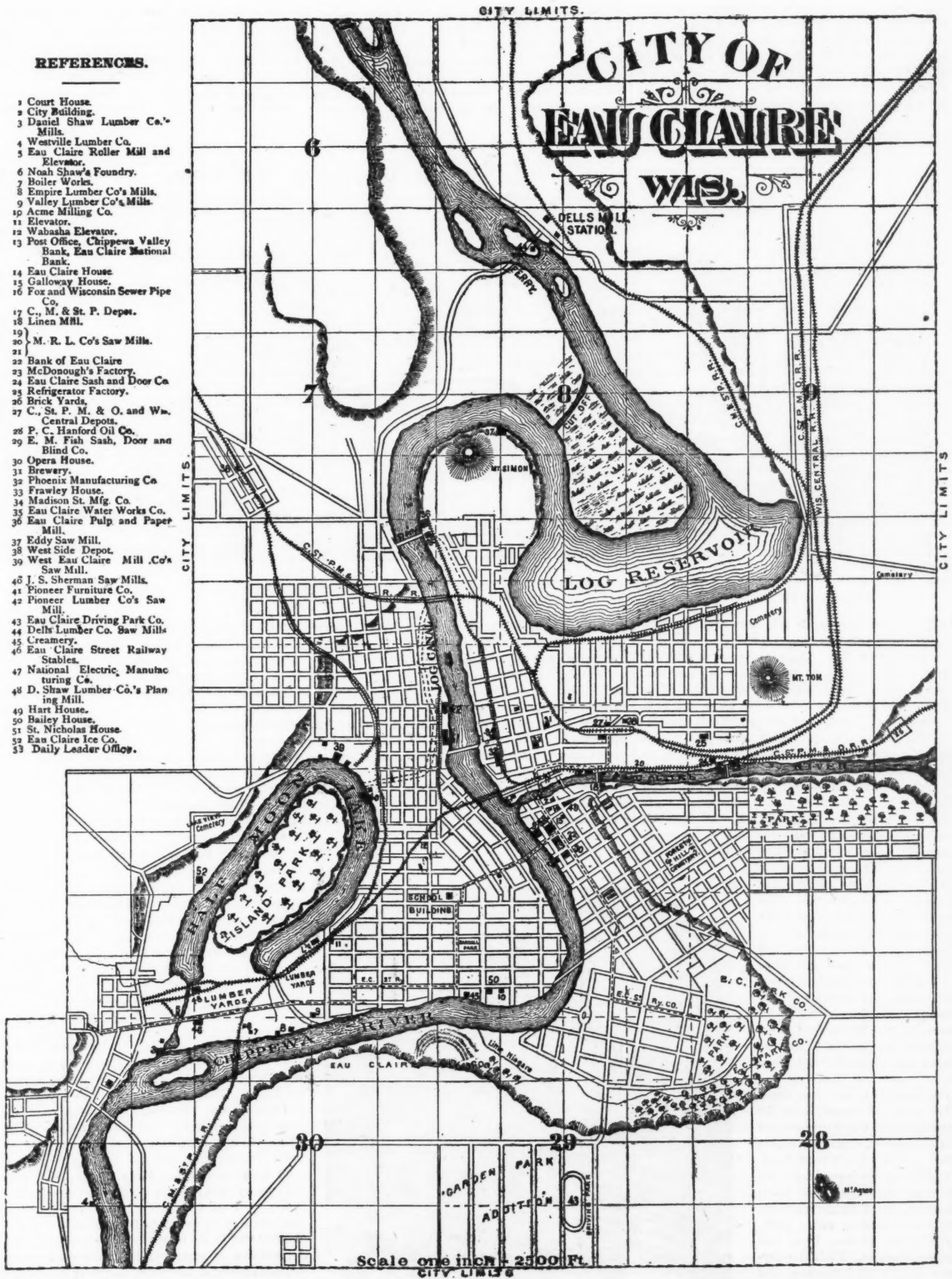


WORKS OF THE NATIONAL ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING COMPANY, EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.



## REFERENCES.

- 1 Court House.
- 2 City Building.
- 3 Daniel Shaw Lumber Co.'s Mills.
- 4 Westville Lumber Co.
- 5 Eau Claire Roller Mill and Elevator.
- 6 Noah Shaw's Foundry.
- 7 Boiler Works.
- 8 Empire Lumber Co's Mills.
- 9 Valley Lumber Co's Mills.
- 10 Acme Milling Co.
- 11 Elevator.
- 12 Wabasha Elevator.
- 13 Post Office, Chippewa Valley Bank, Eau Claire National Bank.
- 14 Eau Claire House.
- 15 Galloway House.
- 16 Fox and Wisconsin Sewer Pipe Co.
- 17 C., M. & St. P. Depot.
- 18 Lumber Mill.
- 19 } M. R. L. Co's Saw Mills.
- 20 }
- 21 }
- 22 Bank of Eau Claire.
- 23 McDonough's Factory.
- 24 Eau Claire Sash and Door Co.
- 25 Refrigerator Factory.
- 26 Brick Yards.
- 27 C., St. P. M. & O. and Wm. Central Depots.
- 28 P. C. Hanford Oil Co.
- 29 E. M. Fish Sash, Door and Blind Co.
- 30 Opera House.
- 31 Brewery.
- 32 Phoenix Manufacturing Co.
- 33 Frawley House.
- 34 Madison St. Mfg. Co.
- 35 Eau Claire Water Works Co.
- 36 Eau Claire Pulp and Paper Mill.
- 37 Eddy Saw Mill.
- 38 West Side Depot.
- 39 West Eau Claire Mill Co's Saw Mill.
- 40 J. S. Sherman Saw Mills.
- 41 Pioneer Furniture Co.
- 42 Pioneer Lumber Co's Saw Mill.
- 43 Eau Claire Driving Park Co.
- 44 Dells Lumber Co. Saw Mills.
- 45 Creamery.
- 46 Eau Claire Street Railway Stables.
- 47 National Electric Manufacturing Co.
- 48 D. Shaw Lumber Co.'s Planing Mill.
- 49 Hart House.
- 50 Bailey House.
- 51 St. Nicholas House.
- 52 Eau Claire Ice Co.
- 53 Daily Leader Office.



## THE MILLS AND FACTORIES OF J. W. CIRKEL &amp; SON.

In looking over the lumber manufacturing industry of Wisconsin and the broad scope and proportion it has attained within comparatively few years, one is compelled to conclude that the onerous task of subduing the vast forests and converting them into the various uses of modern civilization required men of great foresight, energy and perseverance to carry to

out with all the modern machinery and devices in their line. The product of this plant finds its way to all parts of America. It is as well known in New York, Boston and San Francisco as in Minneapolis. The business extends over all the large cities of America. The firm's new and successful method of kiln-drying gives them an unusual advantage in the competitive markets. This departure in kiln-drying is peculiarly their own and has many advantages

## FAVORED WASHINGTON.

The people of the North Pacific Coast, and especially of Washington, may well feel thankful that they are favored—that they are not subjected to the terrible climatic calamities that are almost every day visiting the various regions of the Rocky Mountains in the form of cyclone, tornadoes, bursted water spouts, floods, and wind storms. The recent wind



MILLS AND FACTORIES OF J. W. CIRKEL &amp; SONS, IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

its present magnitude. Nearly every hamlet in Wisconsin can boast of a factory making something in the woodenware line. There is scarcely an article of wood used in shops, on railroads, or in homes that cannot be made within the confines of the State. The picture of the factories of J. W. Cirkel and Sons is a notable illustration and example of how these industries have grown in recent years. Mr. Cirkel started a small plant in the Fall of 1881 at Boyd, on the Wisconsin Central Railway, about sixteen miles east of Chippewa Falls, where he owned a small tract of timber land. His plant at that time was not very complete but he was successful from the start and under his excellent management the business increased and prospered and the nucleus of 1881 is now one of the great enterprises of Wisconsin, embracing four factories and a saw mill. The small tract of timber then in his possession has been increased by several thousand acres of red and white oak, bass wood and pine. A large portion of this land is contiguous to the factories of the firm. Three of the plants are located on the Wisconsin Central Railway—one at Cadott, one at Boyd and one at Thorp, and one is at Vesper, in Wood County. The saw-mill is located at Boyd. The combined capacities of the factories is 25,000 barrels per day and the saw-mill cuts about 50,000 feet per day, chiefly hard wood. Everything in the cooperage line is made here—staves and headings and barrels for all imaginable things, including flour, pork, syrup, lime, glucose, tierce and produce barrels. Their kiln-drying plant is an interesting and quite a complete affair. The factories are well equipped through-

over the old system. One is amazed at the large piles and sheds of stock surrounding the factories everywhere and cannot possibly imagine how it is all consumed. The firm is composed of J. W. Cirkel and his son P. J. Cirkel, is the junior member who assumes the management of the concern and has directed its business for several years, working up gradually into the position of leadership. He is a bright, enterprising young man, with a great deal of push and go-aheaditiveness, possessing a thorough practical knowledge of his business. Although a very busy man he finds time for scientific study and for a broad range of general reading.



LOGGING IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

storm that swept over Fargo, North Dakota, caused the death of many people and the destruction of much property; the recent cyclones at Red Wing, Lake City, and other parts of Minnesota, in which hundreds of people were killed and injured and property destroyed, and death and destruction from similar climatic agencies in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and various other sections of the East, all is fearful evidence that we are a favored people, and should be thankful to the Ruler of the elements therefor. Thunder and lightning are electrical or atmospheric displays that even the "oldest inhabitants" has rarely ever heard or seen in Washington, and cyclones, tornadoes and cloudbursts never occur. Neither do we have cases of sun strokes in Summer, or blizzards in Winter. Occasional gusts of wind are the only evidences of atmospheric forces. A region that has no climatic terrors or uncomfortable conditions; nor insect pests, beyond an occasional friendly mosquito or now and then a visiting flea, in some localities, to remind us that its not all of life to live, is a comparative paradise to the terror stricken regions of the East.—*Tacoma Real Estate Journal*.

## OLYMPIA'S PROGRESS.

A third dam is being built on Deschutes River for the purpose of making power for the Olympia Light and Power Company. The dam rests on a bed of solid rock. There will be a fall of thirty feet giving 500 horse power. The plant will also be built upon solid rock, which lines the river for a long distance. There will be six dynamos intended to be used as follows: Two for street cars, two for arc lights and two for incandescent lights. Many of the best firms in the country have presented bids for the machinery. Much of it must be made to order. The electric plant will be in operation in sixty days and when finished will be the most complete plant in the State. In addition to supplying light the company will transmit power to residences, stores or other places for driving sewing machines, coffee mills, elevators, printing presses, machinery of any kind at cheaper rates than steam.



## ALLITERATION.

Susannah Snooks sings sad, sweet songs, she sees soft Summer skies;  
 Strange sunset shades sift silently—she somewhat sadly sighs;  
 Soliloquizingly she strays, sweet songster shyly sing;  
 Sees slim spruces' slanting shades surround some sparkling spring.  
 Still southward silently she strays. She spies shy Simon Slade.  
 "Stop, Simon!" says Susannah Snooks. Still sits sweet sunset shade.  
 Shy Simon six snug, satisfying squeezes slyly stole.  
 Susannah snickered. Simon stayed. Sick, silly spooney soul.  
 Susannah's sire saw some shy, suspicious stranger stray,  
 Saw Susan say "Stop, Simon Slade." Saw simple Simon stay.  
 Stern sire sought some solid stick—serenely, slyly slipped.  
 Susannah saw. She shrilly shrieked. "Skip, Simon!"  
 Simon Skipped.

## THE GREATEST ON EARTH.

P. T. Barnum, the great showman, has just issued simultaneously in this country and Europe a new book of personal anecdotes entitled "Funny Stories Told by Phineas T. Barnum." He does not guarantee them to be all original or even fresh, but simply that they were related or happened under the circumstances given. Mingled with these personal anecdotes is a miscellaneous collection of odd reminiscences of the great showman's life that greatly contribute towards making the whole volume very entertaining and readable.

Referring to some incidents of his early days he says:

Another instance of how a joke becomes nothing if badly told occurs to me. We had a habit in Bridgeport of entrapping people if possible with the following "catch" in the hot summertime: "There's a poor old woman in a small house in Hanover Street, who has been lying there eleven days, and she's not buried yet."

"What in thunder are our authorities about?" a neighbor of mine said, upon hearing this. "Why don't they bury her?"

"She's not dead yet," I replied.

My daughter, Mrs. Thompson, was so pleased with this joke that she said she'd catch her husband with it when he came home. Soon after he reached the house she began: "Oh, Dave, there's a poor old woman in a small house in Hanover Street, who has been lying there dead eleven days and she's not buried yet."

"Why don't they bury her?" said he. His wife was astonished to find that the joke had fled in some way.

## FOURTH OF JULY CRACKERS.

Another queer character in Bridgeport was Eliud Fairchild. As he had no children, and as he and his wife passed away years ago, I give his real name. He had been a hotel-keeper in Danbury and Westport, Connecticut, and afterward was landlord of the Sterling House in Bridgeport. His original expressions were often very amusing. He was extremely neat in his person and about his hotel.

On the morning of one Fourth of July, he was sweeping off his side-walk in front of the Sterling House, and boys were throwing their fire-crackers in every direction, many of them falling upon the side-walk about as fast as he could sweep them away.

"Boys," he exclaimed, "clear out; don't be throwing your fire crackers around here. 'Don't you see I am a-trying to keep my sidewalk clean?'"

Another shower of fire-crackers at once covered the side-walk which he had swept only a short time before.

"If you don't clear out I will lick you." But the fire-crackers kept coming down. Finally one struck his face and lodged between his shirt collar and neck. He got hold of it, and with some difficulty was trying to pull it out before it should explode, when he exclaimed:—

"I wish our forefathers had got thunderingly licked, and then we should not have any Fourth of July."

## PHEBE AND ALICE CAREY.

On one evening I had an engagement which en-

abled me to remain at the Careys' only a few minutes, so I quietly stepped into the hall to put on my overcoat, and was ready to leave. Phoebe, having noticed my movements, followed me with her niece and said: "Mr. Barnum, you are not going so soon?" "Now, look here," I said, "I must go, so you need not come out here to watch me—I am not going to take anything."

"I wish you would," she said, throwing back her arms.

One day, by invitation, Phoebe and her niece visited my museum. As I was escorting them round and pointing out the various curiosities we passed a glass case containing large serpents. On seeing them Phoebe started back with a half scream. It so happened that there were several steps behind her. She fell back and might have been injured had I not caught her in my arms.

"Well," she remarked, "I am not the first woman who has fallen through the wiles of the serpent!"

## CONVENIENT DEAFNESS.

Toward the end of my grandfather's life he became somewhat deaf, but with a little extra attention he could hear tolerably well. The neighbors remarked that it was a "most convenient deafness, for he could always hear when they invited him to 'take a drink,' while he was stone deaf whenever he was asked to 'stand treat.' Whenever, too, in joking with any one he received a sharp and unexpected reply, he would say:

"I don't know what the fool says, but I am sure there is no sense in it."

I doubt whether there ever lived in Bethel a more generally esteemed and popular man than my grandfather, Phineas Taylor.

## FIGHT IT OUT AMONG YOURSELVES.

At dinner the waiter asked me whether I would take a slice of ham. "No," I replied.

"Ham," said the clergyman, "ham, you don't like ham? It is the most delicious dish in the world."

"No doubt," I replied, "but I don't eat it particularly in the latter part of the day; I fancy it doesn't agree with me."

"Agree with you," said he, "you ought never to consider that. If I see anything I like I eat it, and if I see another dish that I am fond of I eat that, and another I eat that, and still another I eat that, and so on; and when I get through I pour down half a gill of brandy and say: 'Now fight it out among yourselves.'"

## WHY IS A DOG'S TAIL LIKE AN OLD MAN.

Mrs. Barnum will perhaps not thank me for bringing her into these reminiscences, but I must say she is quite sharp when any jokes or riddles or conundrums are propounded. She has a faculty for guessing every conundrum that is propounded to her, and when she misses the right answer she usually gives one that is better than the original. For instance, there is an old conundrum that asks, "Why is a dog's tail like an old man?" The reply is, "Because it is in firm." This conundrum was propounded to my wife, when she replied: "Oh, anybody can see that in a moment; a dog's tail is like an old man because it is on its last legs."

## READING CHARACTER BACKWARDS.

A neighbor of mine, named Thaddeus Williams, was a farmer and shoemaker, who had many eccentric ways. When a man came along wishing for work on the farm and would pull out of his pocket recommendations from his previous places, "Oh," Uncle Thad would say, "don't show me any of your writings; I don't want any written recommendations; turn round here with your back towards me." Then, lifting the man's coat tail, he would say: "Ah, you won't do for me; you have got too many patches on your trousers; you sit down too much; I will have nothing to do with you."

## A HEAVY RAIN.

Mayor Coughlin says that Uncle Eli once told him that while on a visit to his old home in Huntington he noticed by the clouds that a severe rain-storm was coming up and immediately harnessed up his horse

Ripton and started for Bridgeport. The rain commenced to fall just north of him, but his horse being a good roadster he called on him to travel and it was only a few minutes before he drove under his shed without a drop of water having struck him or his horse; when he looked back to see whether his dog had kept pace with him, he saw him a few rods behind swimming in water ten feet deep.

## THE CHIEF END OF MAN.

When I was a lad, one of the Sunday-school scholars in my class was a colored boy, who could not read. He asked a waggish boy to read to him the answers to the questions which should be put to him. He gave them to him correctly, except in one instance. The question was, "What is the chief end of man?" A titter was caused in our class when the little fellow spoke, in a loud voice, his answer as follows: "The chief end of man? Keep what you've got, and get what you can."

## THE PRODIGAL SON.

When I was in the State of Georgia a few years ago, my waiter, the son of a slave, was very fond of talking on religion. He could not read a word, but he would often quote in his own way from the Scriptures. One day he said to me: "Mr. Barnum, I think that story about the prodigal son is marvelously good." "Well," said I, professing ignorance, "who was the prodigal son?" "Why that fellow who took his portion from his father and spent it all in righteous living."

## BERRY BUSHES IN MANITOBA.

The woods of Manitoba and the Northwest at present show a remarkable, delightful and interesting appearance on account of the wonderful profusion of berries that everywhere enriches the forest. The woods in every direction are purple with ripe, beautiful and delicious fruit; the bushes bending down beneath the load of berries that cluster every twig on every branch of every tree. The saskatoon is found all over the Northwest and extends to the north as far as the forest belt branches. The tree is clean, beautiful, without thorns, the leaves much resembling those of a pear tree, and in Spring the saskatoon bushes add much to the beauty of the forest by the multitude of white blossoms with which the trees are beautified. When the buffaloes inhabited the country, saskatoon berries were much used in the manufacture of pemmican. The tree is one of the hardiest found in the country, and although it does not grow to a large size, it makes a beautiful shade tree owing to the delicacy of the leaves, the abundance of the blossoms and the profusion of fruit which it carries in good seasons. It is, however, doubtful if the berries could be improved by cultivation. The tree is in every sense a wild one, and the largest and best fruit is always found on bushes that grow in the shade.—*Pilot Mound Sentinel.*

## WHAT THEY LIVE ON.

"You can talk all you please about this country," remarked a California man as he tilted his chair back last night in front of the Arlington, "but if you want to see the greatest country on God's green earth you want to go to California, especially the southern portion."

"What have you got there to brag on?" asked the gentleman he was talking to.

"Why, we've got the climate, man, the climate; best in creation."

"But you can't live on climate."

"No, perhaps not, but we raise oranges; biggest oranges in the world."

"But a fellow can't live on oranges, can he?"

"Not quite, maybe, but there's alfalfa, we raise two crops a year."

"But you can't live on that. Is that all you raise in Southern California?"

"Not by a good deal, stranger. We raise the price of land whenever things come our way, and by gad, sir, we come might near living off that."



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

#### BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

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ST. PAUL, AUGUST, 1890.

#### CONCERNING IRRIGATION.

An old friend in Washington, D. C., who has given much intelligent study to the question of irrigation in the arid regions of the West, writes us as follows:

"Your editorial, 'Stand Together for Irrigation,' is in excellent temper, but does not exactly fit the situation. Give me a few moments time and a brief space to explain why: Senator Plumb is not directly responsible for the Wells Inquiry. Senator Moody of South Dakota deserves the credit thereof. But the majority of the Senate Irrigation Committee are its supporters. Major Powell first denounced and derided it, and then sought an appropriation of \$10,000 to investigate a geological theory of his own, or of some one connected with him. Mr. Plumb and no one else connected with or supporting the Artesian Inquiry, has antagonized the storage or reservoir system. Major Powell is not fighting primarily for that. He, as well as the civil engineers opposed, agree on the desirability of such means in connection with irrigation. The issue goes deeper. The civil engineers, Capt. Dalton, Col. Nettleton, Mr. Bodfish, Mr. Follet, Capt. Foote and others, agree with Senators Stewart, Plumb, Moody, Casey, Sanders, as well as my humble self, that what is needed most is a rapid engineering reconnaissance, delimiting drainage basins, defining reservoir sites, indicating high line canals, segregating arable from other lands, marking the same on land office maps; this to be accompanied and followed by careful hydrographic observations and surveys. All of this, with the reservation of storage sites, distributive lines, and of high altitude areas from which most waters must come, we believe can be done within four years at a cost of \$1,500,000. We also include a separate geologic and engineering examination of the great plains, with some experimental works. We hold this should be done correlatively with present and prospective human progress and development.

"Major Powell wants a geologic topographic survey of the whole arid and semi-arid region. At first, this he said would take three years, now he wants eight years and \$7,000,000; of this total \$4,000,000 will be expended for maps of the United States. This explains and illuminates his whole theory. It is not an irrigation survey so much as a geological map he is after. Powell primarily is a geologist. He is not an engineer, a physicist, a geographer, nor a chemist. He would substitute a science of observa-

tion for one of mathematics; deduction for precision. Above all, he 'exalteth his horn.' Western men are parting company with him because they do not like to be gored by that exalted horn. This is all there is of it and that is a great deal."

Since the above letter was written Congress has repealed the law under which Major Powell has been withdrawing land from settlement as reservations for future storage basins. There was a brisk debate in the Senate, and the unanimity of opinion among the Senators from the States in the arid belt convinced a large majority of the body that the law, a well-intentioned one, no doubt, was vicious and oppressive in its workings. So it was swept away by a small amendment to one of the appropriation bills. This statute gave to the chief of the Geological Survey powers more absolute than were ever exercised by any President. He could by a mere order withhold from settlement large districts of country for an indefinite period. He did, in fact, so withhold entire valleys where settlers were desirous of locating and constructing irrigation ditches for their farms. The report of some young college graduate from the East that such or such townships would make a good irrigation basin district was often enough to cause to segregation of thousands of acres. The old law has gone; now let Congress authorize the State legislatures to take hold of the question in some practical way.

#### IDAHO AND WYOMING.

Two new States have joined the Union, and there are now forty-four stars upon the flag. Idaho, the most promising of these new members of the Federal sisterhood, lies between Montana and Wyoming on the east and Washington and Oregon on the west. The length of her territory from north to south is 410 miles. Her form is extremely irregular, and she resembles on the map a right-angled triangle set upon a parallelogram. Her width at her southern boundary, which separates her from Utah and Nevada, is 306 miles, and at her northern boundary, where she joins British Columbia, it is only 44 miles. This singular contour was obtained by taking the divide of the Bitter Root Mountains for a large part of her eastern boundary. Idaho contains a present population of about 100,000, and is divided into 18 counties. Of these 14 are producers of gold and silver, and report an annual output of about \$13,000,000. Copper now comes in to add to the value of the mineral product, the mines of the Seven Devils Basin, recently opened, being of astonishing richness and extent. Stock raising is next to mining the most important industry, but the farming interest is gaining so fast that it will soon overtake that of cattle ranching. In the northern part of the State there are several districts of rolling plateau country, where the soil is very rich and where there is ample rainfall for crops. Of these districts the most extensive are those known as the Upper Palouse Country, the Potlatch Country, the Genesee Country and the Camas Prairie. Northern Idaho also comprises the Cœur d'Alene mining district, and is rich in timber resources. Southern Idaho, south of the Salmon River Mountains, is a sage brush country, with a few irrigated valleys that are very productive and handsome, notably so that of the Boise River, and immense stretches of arid plains, lying along the Snake River, that are capable of great productivity under irrigation. When costly schemes of irrigation are carried out, as they will be within the next decade or two, these plains will be transformed into one of the richest farming and fruit countries on the globe. Idaho has now 740,350 acres under ditch, and surveys show that she has 8,500,000 acres of irrigable land. She has about 1,000 miles of railway, belonging in part to the Northern and in part to the Union Pacific Company.

A recent writer, describing her capital, Boise City, and one of her irrigated valleys, said: "Along the Boise River there is a sight worth the all-day ride over the sandy plains to reach it. A valley has been redeemed from sage-brush and jack rabbits. Every acre is utilized. Communities unite in building and

controlling the canals. Each canal supplies from 10 to 100 farms. Every farm-house is surrounded by fruit and shade trees. Of all the new States Idaho possesses the prettiest of capitals. The city is the crowning feat of the irrigation system of the valley. Two canals distribute little streams of water to every block and lot. The streets are lined with trees. The yards are filled with shrubbery and fruit trees. The canals give perfect control over the verdure, and the season of flowers and fruit and foliage is lengthened. For sixty miles the traveler can follow this valley and see a continuous succession of farms. The fertility of this irrigated loam is almost incredible to the tenderfoot. When the visitor first looks upon a field of timothy, five months after sowing, which gives four and a half tons to the acre, he begins to have an impression of what irrigation will do. A more desolate picture than this same soil without irrigation cannot be found."

Idaho has in her southern counties about 25,000 Mormons, 5,000 of whom are voters, or would be were it not for a disfranchising law which provides a strict test oath and only allows an apostate Mormon to vote after two years of probation from the date he swears he withdrew from the Church of the Latter Day Saints.

Wyoming, the second of the two new States in date of admission, lies across the ranges of the Rockies and has an immense area of mountains, sage-brush plains and grassy slopes and basins. The length of her domain from east to west is 355 miles and its width from north to south is 276 miles. The present population is estimated at 75,000. Her mineral resources are chiefly in her coal fields, which are said to cover 30,000 square miles. There are no notable mines of the precious metals, although there are a few successful quartz mines and some placer ground that is now worked with profit. Petroleum is known to exist in an extensive basin, but the locality is still remote from railroads, and no regular industry has yet been developed there. The chief source of wealth in the State is stock raising. In 1888 the range stock numbered 2,000,000 cattle, 1,000,000 sheep and goats, and 100,000 mules and horses, all worth in round numbers \$75,000,000. The grazing lands represent about one-half the area of the State. The Union Pacific Railroad runs across the southern part of the State for its entire width, and throws out a number of branches. The chief town and the capital is Cheyenne, with a population of about 10,000. In the northwest corner of Wyoming lies the famous National Park of the Yellowstone, owned by the General Government. The future progress of Wyoming will be as slow as that of the past. She has a few small irrigable valleys, but they lie at too high an altitude for successful farming. Her stock interests and mining interests will gradually increase in importance, and she may in time become a great petroleum producer, after the wells of Pennsylvania shall have been nearly exhausted and the world is forced to turn to more remote sources of supply.

An interesting fact in connection with the admission of Wyoming is that this new Rocky Mountain State is the first to grant full and equal suffrage to women. There is no distinction whatever between the two sexes in the exercise of the elective franchise. Women voted in the Territory for nearly ten years, and the State constitution adopted the old Territorial law. In Washington there was a year's trial of woman suffrage and it was then abolished on a technicality by a court decision, and was not afterwards re-enacted by the Legislature.

#### "A MATCHLESS EXHIBIT."

Under the heading of "A Matchless Exhibit," *Rhodes' Journal of Banking* publishes a list of 239 national banks in the United States whose surplus and undivided profits exceed their capital. Commenting on this list, now published for the first time, the *Journal* says:

"The showing here made is one to which every American may turn with pride—no parallel to it can be found in any other land or period of time. A study



of the figures given will reveal constant surprises—institutions away out on the plains and in the new States, both West and South, will be found, all at once, near the top in rank—fast 'treading upon the heels' of Eastern banks whose positions have up to this time been uncontested."

The banks in the list are arranged according to rank in point of surplus, the rank being determined by the proportion of surplus and undivided profits to capital, expenses deducted, or the dividing power per share. First on the list come the Chemical National and First National of New York; then follows as third, the First National of Butte, Montana. The fifth is the First National of Walla Walla, Wash., and the next Northwestern bank is the First National of Missoula, Mont., which occupies the rank number 64. Number 68 is the Second National of St. Paul; number 91 is the First National of Portland, Oregon; number 118 is the Second National of Winona, Minn.; number 149 is the First National of Miles City, Mont.; number 170 is the First National of Helena, Mont. The Tacoma National of Tacoma, Wash., and both the First and Second National of Colfax, Wash., appear further down the list, and it also includes banks at Dillon, Mont., Deadwood and Rapid City, S. Dak., and Baker City, Oregon. These 239 National banks, out of 3,310 in all, may be said to form the banking roll of honor.

#### PICTURES OF PLACES.

The regular monthly expenditure of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for engravings and the art work connected with them is far greater than that of any other periodical issued west of New York City. We say this with no purpose of boasting, but as the text for a little talk on picture-making and its uses. When THE NORTHWEST began in St. Paul, in the Spring of 1884, its enterprise of making widely known by means of illustrations the cities, towns, industries, resources and scenic features of the States and Territories lying between the valley of the Mississippi and the shores of Lake Superior on the east and the Pacific Coast on the west, the work had to be begun at the foundation. There were no available engravings in existence which could be used for a start, except a few crude cuts of public buildings in the Twin Cities and a dozen wood engravings made for a Northern Pacific guide book. There was not to be found west of Milwaukee and Chicago a single sketch artist capable of doing good original out-door work. A fair start had been made in New York with the photo-engraving processes now used in all moderate cost illustrative work, but even in that city there were less than a dozen artists skillful in the pen drawing which is essential for that kind of engraving. The half-tone process, since greatly improved, had not got beyond the first experimental stages. The zinc etching process, one of the most economical and useful of the now numerous photo processes, had just been invented and had not been introduced in the West. In fact there was nowhere this side of New York and Philadelphia any engraving concern attempting to do anything outside of the old expensive wood cut method, and with the exception of two or three men in Chicago and one in Milwaukee there was no wood engraver west of Buffalo who could make a satisfactory landscape illustration.

The task of THE NORTHWEST was to discover or create the facilities for doing illustrative work at prices not prohibitory, and at the same time to develop the business side of the scheme so as to be able to undertake the very heavy expense of making hundreds and thousands of original engravings. In the accomplishment of this task we have been helped by the progress of the new illustrating methods, which have been both cheapened and greatly improved, and still more by the liberal, intelligent and expansive spirit of our constituency in the growing regions we represent. People in the Northwestern towns and cities were quick to appreciate the great advantages of pictorial advertising. They saw that a good picture can convey more information than a column of

descriptive matter. Everybody looks at pictures while few stop to read long descriptive articles. Views of a town, its business streets, its best buildings and its industrial concerns tell more of its business life than any amount of statistical information, while pictures of its churches, schools and homes have a great deal to say about its social advancement. So in regard to many forms of business enterprise. A picture of a great unimproved water-power may be a stronger argument for its improvement than a whole pamphlet of fine writing. A sketch of an immense saw-log or of a big saw-mill speaks volumes about the lumbering industry of Puget Sound. Pictures of mills, factories, banks, farms, mines, electric railways, steamboats, all have their special interest as indices to the general reader of the avocations and progress of communities about which he wishes to be informed. Their advertising value is evident. New uses for illustrations are constantly being developed. Not long ago we showed the thickness of a coal vein in Montana by an engraving made from an instantaneous flash-light photograph taken in the mine. The commercial position of new towns in relation to navigation facilities has been set forth on our pages by the skill of artists and engravers as could not possibly be shown by printed statements. A great deal might be said, too, of the instructive character of landscape pictures. What untravelled person in the East, whose idea of mountains has been gained from the Catskills or the Alleghanies, could get any adequate notion of the grandeur of those white giants of the Cascades—Hood, Tacoma, St. Helens, Adams and Baker—without the aid of engravings? Our thousands of readers have been enabled to look with the eyes of the sketch artist or the camera upon the shores of Lake Superior, the great wheatfield prairies of North Dakota, the winding Yellowstone, with its grotesque bluffs, the wonders of the National Park, the mountain-rimmed lakes of Idaho, the plains of the Palouse Country, the falls of the Spokane, the savage grandeur of the basaltic cliffs of the Columbia, the camps of Indians and of cowboys, the boats of salmon fishers putting off from shore, prospectors in mountain gorges and hunters on reedy lakes, and hundreds of other vivid pictures of western landscapes and western life. None of these views are imaginative. They portray the scenes of the Northwest and the activities of its people with absolute fidelity.

While THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE was among the pioneers in the field of representing towns and industries as well as scenery pictorially it was not the first. The New York Graphic used to do a good deal in that line, but its engraving process was a poor one and produced blurry and inartistic results. The West Shore, of Portland, Oregon, made lithographic pictures, in rather a stiff and crude way, for want of good artists, as early as 1883. It has since greatly improved its methods. Frank Leslie's is a new comer in this special field and keeps two or three corps of artists and agents at work on town illustrations, with undisguised business motives. Harpers' Weekly has of late taken up the same line of work, and portrays the streets and buildings of one city after another in illustrated advertising supplements. Even the great Eastern magazines have departed from their old strict traditions and now insert paid illustrated reading matter pages about railroads, watering-places, etc.

Now and then a friend asks, "Will you not soon exhaust your field?" No; this is the pictorial age. The uses of illustrations are constantly multiplying and the demand for them is all the time increasing. Besides, our Northwestern towns grow so fast that they outgrow their old pictures, just as boys do their clothes, and want new ones.

During the past two years the tendency has been rather to increase than to diminish the cost of process engravings. Supposing all the chemical and mechanical methods used in making such pictures to be excellent and to be carefully handled, the result must still depend upon the skill of the artist who makes the pen drawing for the photo-reproduction. A great deal of new skill has been developed in this line of art of late but there is still a scarcity of first-class

men engaged in it and a disposition to raise prices is noticeable among those who can do the best work. At the same time there is a disposition on the part of such men to do more and better work on the drawings and to seek to obtain in the plates the softness and the detail characteristic of wood engraving. We pay more per inch for good pictures than we did two years ago, but we also get better pictures than we got then. Nor do we wholly abandon the time-honored art of wood engraving. There were some excellent examples of wood work in landscapes in the July number of THE NORTHWEST, contrasted with some of the best process work closely imitating engraving on wood. And for portraits we have found nothing as satisfactory as wood, handled by an engraver as conscientious and as skillful as Willard, of Minneapolis.

The gap between good process work in engraving, such as the magazines use, and cheap process work, such as appears in the daily papers is a wide one and is all the time growing wider. The newspapers eagerly rushed into the pictorial field two or three years ago, to find by experience that a fairly well-made engraving produced a dreadfully blotchy effect when printed in common ink on cheap paper and that the better the engraving the worse the result. They have fallen back upon the merest outlines of pictures, made by a process of scratching lines on kaolin plaques and pouring melted type-metal into the moulds thus formed. These illustrations, when made by a competent artist, are meritorious and often aid to explain events or to help out the interest of a story. They can be made in a hurry, which is a great point in their favor with the daily papers, and they do not cost one-tenth as much as good photo-engraving or zinc etching. They can hardly be called pictures. In fact they are mere hints at pictures.

#### POPULATION OF THE TWIN CITIES.

The annual directories of both St. Paul and Minneapolis have just been issued by the firm of R. L. Polk & Co. This firm publishes directories for a large number of cities. It has no local bias. Its system of enumerating is the result of long experience and has reached a high degree of perfection. It employs experienced men, gives them ample time to do their work and carefully verifies their returns. The long continued business success of the firm has resulted from the accuracy of its work. There is no motive for adding fictitious names or leaving out genuine ones; on the contrary there is the strongest motive for a fair count. All the names go into print and errors can easily be ascertained. Any gross errors made with a purpose would at once cause a directory to be rejected by the business public. We believe the directory count to be a much more accurate one than the U. S. Census, as far as it goes. It does not embrace children, or women who are not engaged in business for themselves or, if single, who are not supporting themselves by their own labor. It is easy, however, taking the experience of other cities as a guide, to arrive at a pretty accurate general statement of population from the directory figures. Thus, in Chicago the figures of the Government census are two and one-eighth times those of the last directory count. We have usually claimed two and a half as our true multiple, but let us now use the smaller Chicago figure and see how St. Paul and Minneapolis will come out.

The Minneapolis directory just published contains 80,271 names; a gain of 449 over that of last year. The St. Paul directory contains 78,271 names—a gain of 3,967 over that of last year. Using the multiple named we have the population of Minneapolis as 170,576 and that of St. Paul as 166,327. It also appears from these directory results that St. Paul is now growing faster than Minneapolis, and this every impartial man who is familiar with the present condition of the two cities knows to be the fact.

We have no space to give to a discussion of the census controversy between the two cities. It is very bitter and is still in progress. If a recount is made in both cities and is tolerably full and fair the figures will, we are confident, not vary much from the directory results we have quoted above.





THREE times a week, during the season of navigation, a big white steamboat leaves the Diamond Joe wharf at St. Paul and begins a four days' voyage down the Mississippi to St. Louis. An air of modest festivity is given to this event of parting by the strains from an orchestra of colored waiters stationed on the forward deck and by the waving of handkerchiefs from the shore and the boat. For perfect rest and coolness there is no summer journey available close at hand to our Northwestern people that can be compared with this Mississippi voyage. You sit in an easy chair, with books and papers in your lap, while with scarcely a tremor of apparent motion the boat glides swiftly down the stream and a panorama of constantly changing interest passes before your eyes. You make acquaintances and find that river travellers, who are not in a hurry or they would have chosen the faster mode of locomotion, are much more entertaining than railway travellers, who are usually dusty, bored and jostled into a condition of grim weariness. You go ashore at quaint little villages while the deck hands load sacks of grain or flour, and you talk with the villagers and are made welcome to pick huge bouquets of old-fashioned flowers in neglected gardens. The evidences of a more active life in early days in these old river towns, in the shape of deserted stores, mills and warehouses, give a melancholy tinge to your shore excursions. On the other hand you stop at cities, like Winona, Lacrosse and Dubuque, that are prosperous and growing. The railroads which skirt both banks of the stream have centered trade in these larger places and left the village landings to reminiscence and decay. At meal times you are served with a large assortment of miscellaneous edibles by negroes in white jackets who radiate good humor from their shining faces and gleaming teeth. In the evenings, if you are so minded, and are not too corpulent or rheumatic, you can join in a quadrille or a waltz in the cabin, and at night the breeze blowing through the wire screen door of your stateroom make you forget the heated term in the city you have left behind.

I WENT only as far as Dubuque—the best part of the journey from St. Paul to St. Louis, no doubt, for the bold wooded hills and lofty sandstone cliffs, which add so much of picturesqueness to the scenery of the Upper Mississippi, do not appear further down. It takes eighty men to man one of these river steamers—thirty deck hands and thirty in the steward's department, the remaining twenty being officers, engineers and firemen. Down freight is nearly all grain and flour. Up freight is mainly merchandize. There is usually a fairly full passenger list both ways and the boats are crowded on their up trips with Southern people on their way to the Minnesota lake resorts. I was struck with the dominant German character of most of the river towns. Take one of the census maps of distribution of population by nationalities—the one which shows the relative density of German settlement—and you will note the curious fact that the Germans have shown a marked preference for the shores of lakes and rivers—that they are most numerous along the western shore of Lake Michigan, the southern shore of Lake Erie and the banks of the Ohio and the Upper Mississippi. One strong current of their migratory movement appears to have followed the Ohio down from Pittsburg to its mouth and then to have turned up the Mississippi to St. Paul. Some of the villages on the Mississippi are quite Rhenish in their appearance, with

their narrow streets clinging to steep hill-sides, and their houses of yellow sandstone, overgrown with vines and thrusting out crazy old wooden balconies. Dubuque, McGregor, Prairie du Chien, LaCrosse and Winona are almost half Teutonic in their populations. So are the lower towns, I am told, and everybody knows that the Germans almost possess St. Louis. Was it sentiment which led these multitudes of Germans to the banks of our great river, finding there reminders of their storied Rhine, or was it only the instinct which takes migratory races to regions similar in climate and general features to those they leave?

APART from the business done by the tri-weekly passenger steamers, the traffic on the river above Dubuque consists wholly of rafting logs, but it is an immense business. Some of the rafts come out of the St. Croix and some out of the Black River, but by far the largest contribution to this constant and enormous movement is made by the Chippewa. The rafts are managed by powerful little stern-wheel steamboats—not pulled along, but pushed, and skillful pilotage is required to keep the big rafts in the current, to avoid the islands and sand bars and to moor them in sheltered sloughs when the river is lashed into dangerous waves by sudden storms. Each raft contains two or three thousand logs, worth on an average about two dollars a log when it was made up in Beef Slough and started on its way to the mills at LaCrosse, Winona, Dubuque, Clinton or St. Louis. Most of the steamboats and most of the booms along the river for storing logs are owned by a single corporation. In a day's voyage you are pretty sure to pass a score or more of rafts, each with its attendant steamboat, and as many other boats upward bound for the Chippewa or the St. Croix. When the pine timber is all gone from the Wisconsin woods the Mississippi on all its upper course will be a lonesome stream unless some other form of traffic takes the place of rafting logs and lumber.

At the little town of Clayton, in Iowa, our boat lay moored for three hours, while the motley procession of black and white roustabouts trotted up and down the landing stage in parallel lines, one line going ashore light and the other returning from the warehouse loaded with sacks of oats. I observed that now and then a man would drop out of the line, sneak behind a long pile of cord wood, make his way to the rear of an abandoned mill and return in a few minutes with an air of satisfaction on his perspiring face. Idleness and curiosity led me to follow this surreptitious flank movement. Behind the old mill was a man with a long white beard dispensing whiskey from black jugs at ten cents a drink. Just before the boat started one of the deck hands managed to bring a jug on the boat, unseen by the officers. Half an hour later there was a ferocious quarrel on the lower deck for the possession of this jug and one of the crew soon lay unconscious and half-dead with a broken head. The assailant was put under guard and a doctor was summoned at the next landing. The passengers naturally fell to discussing the tragedy. "What a striking proof of the importance of prohibitory laws," said a Prohibitionist. "Ah, but this affair occurred in a Prohibition State," replied an Anti-Prohibitionist. If there had been no prohibitory laws in Iowa those deck hands would have gone to a saloon near the wharf, and swallowed a few glasses of beer, or perhaps a glass or two of whiskey. Nobody would have got drunk and there would have been no crime." Then the talk ran upon the old theme of whether prohibition really prohibits and whether the drink appetite can ever be eradicated or even much curbed by legislation.

At Dubuque I met one of the most industrious and successful of the women literary workers of the West, widely known by her pen name of Maude Meredith. Her real name is Mrs. Dwight Smith and she and her husband, a leading business man of Dubuque, and their two children, possess a charming home on the high bluffs which overlook the city and the river. She edits the household department in

three different periodicals, one published as far away as Texas, writes stories for perhaps a score of newspapers and magazines, produces a good poem now and then and does much miscellaneous sketch writing. With all this literary activity she finds time to preside over her household and to take part in many local movements of a social and benevolent character. I was much interested in her account of her experience in starting a magazine in Dubuque a few years ago. A little coterie of ladies of literary tastes existed in that city who used to hold regular meetings, listen to the reading of papers and talk about the intellectual movements of the world at large. Why should they not start a periodical to publish their papers? was asked one day. They would all write for it and work to get it subscribers and advertising. A committee was appointed, estimates for printing and paper were obtained, Maude Meredith was elected editor and publisher and the *Mid-Continent* was duly launched with high hopes and great enthusiasm. To issue the second number was a much harder task than to get out the first. The editor found that all the work was falling on her shoulders. The enthusiastic assistants did not assist. Some of them said that they would want pay for their articles if they wrote any more. The fact was they had nothing more to write. Each lady had one or two topics near to her heart, or very close to her favorite line of study and reading, and when these were written, why, she was written out. The *Mid-Continent* lived six months, found a publisher in the East who undertook to supply its paid-in-advance subscribers with his magazine for the chance of getting them to continue on his list, and then honorably expired, with no profits and no debts to show for its brief career.

I SPENT the Fourth of July in the county-seat town of Caledonia, in the extreme southeastern county of Minnesota—Houston. There was a patriotic celebration of the old-fashioned country type, just what I remember to have seen when a boy in Northern Ohio. At sunrise a cannon was fired as many times as there are States in the Union. In the forenoon a procession marched through the shady streets, flanked by all the small boys in town. First came the drum-corps, then a big platform-covered wagon, bearing the Goddess of Liberty and laden with pretty girls, in white frocks and pink and blue sashes, each representing a State; next marched the old soldiers of the late war, after them the local firemen dragged their antiquated machines, and finally came, in the language of the bills, "citizens on foot and in carriages." The only difference between this procession and those I saw so many years ago was that the old soldiers are now G. A. R. men, while then they were Mexican war heroes. The procession halted in a grove and there the ceremonies exactly reproduced those of my early recollections—the opening prayer, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, the singing of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the oration delivered to an accompaniment of exploding fire-crackers and neighing horses. The scene seemed just the same. Here were the country girls, with their fresh faces and their newly-ironed summer gowns; the bashful country lads in their best clothes; the elders talking of crops and weather and the improvement in the breeds of stock; the big farm wagons arriving over the dusty roads bringing merry throngs to swell the crowd in the grove; the politicians on the outskirts of the meeting, planning for the next campaign; the old ladies exchanging recipes for making cake and preserves; the children quite awed by this wonderful festival; the gaily decorated booths for the sale of peanuts and pink lemonade. Nothing seemed changed but myself.

THERE is a sign on one of the back streets of St. Paul which reads—"Dolls Repaired and Dolls' Dresses Made." Does this not remind you of that odd character in one of Dickens' novels, the dolls' dressmaker, and do you not remember that when you read the book you wondered if such an avocation actually existed in London?



"I SUPPOSE my life would generally be thought to be a failure," remarked an elderly man, whom fortune has not smiled upon, and who, in his declining years, is often hard-pressed for money for household needs. Now this man was once a good schoolmaster, and in his active period of life as an ardent horticulturist did much to introduce fruit growing in Minnesota, when the State was young and its climate little understood. He has reared nine children to be independent, moral members of society. Yet being much more of an idealist than a materialist he has accumulated very little property. The question arises—tried by a true standard has his life not been much more of a success than the life of a millionaire who dies childless and whose wealth is quarreled over by collateral heirs, or who leaves children that are dissipated drones and spendthrifts, of no use to the community? If Edward Bellamy's dream of the future were now a reality this amiable gentleman would years ago have been mustered out of the industrial army, having done his fair share of the world's work, and would now be enjoying a pension, while writing poetry and cultivating his fruits and flowers.

WHEN one reads that the *Century Magazine* receives 9,000 manuscripts in a year and can only print 400 articles, the question arises, what becomes of all this surplus of literary energy? Some of it doubtless finds a market in other magazines or in the newspapers, but by far the greater part of it must go to waste and never reach the expected fruition in print. And a further question arises—would it not be a profitable venture to start a magazine that should charge for publishing articles, instead of paying for them? Such a magazine might have a confidential tariff—so much a page for prose and double rates for poetry. It is fair to suppose that the most of the writers of rejected manuscripts write for fame and not for money and that a reasonable percentage of them would be willing to buy their fame if it did not cost too much. Here's an idea for some one of the smart, scheming fellows who hang on the skirts of the publishing business, watching for a chance to catch on.

I MET at the Minnesota Club lately the man who first bore the title of Governor of Dakota. His name is S. J. Albright, and his home is now in New York City, and although not yet an old man he dates back in Dakota affairs to a political epoch now forgotten by most of the old residents of that region. When Minnesota was admitted as a State in 1858 and its western boundaries were established, there was a region lying beyond for which no territorial government was provided by Congress. Albright, with Judge Flandrau and several other adventurous spirits from St. Paul, went to this wild land, platted the towns of Sioux Falls, Flandrau and Medary, naming the latter for the last Territorial Governor of Minnesota, and with characteristic frontier enterprise and audacity went through the motions of organizing a State government and electing Albright Governor. Congress paid no attention to this shadowy, self-constituted State, and about three years later the Territory of Dakota was organized by due process of Federal law. Gov. Albright, who is still an active business man, stopped in St. Paul lately to look up Judge Flandrau, whom he had not seen since their early Dakota adventures. If these veterans failed to found a State it can be said to their honor they did actually found a handsome city, Sioux Falls, the largest place in either of the Dakotas to-day; and also the flourishing town named for the Judge.

I HAVE come to the conclusion, after thirty years' experience with manuscripts designed for publication, that you cannot educate a man or woman into the art of writing good English. Some of the worst muddled sentences I have ever seen have been written by college graduates. The faculty of writing clearly is derived from the faculty of thinking clearly, and that is first inherited and then sharpened and trained by education. You can't make a writer of the son of an illiterate man, no matter how many years you may keep him in college.

#### ON KOOTENAI LAKE AND RIVER.

Early in July a party of three gentlemen, interested in railway and mining enterprises, left Spokane Falls for a journey through the Kootenai Country, in Western Montana and British Columbia. The members of the party were N. C. Thrall, of St. Paul, Assistant to the President of the Northern Pacific Railroad, George C. Howe, of Duluth, and L. C. Dillman, of Spokane Falls. The journey occupied about a week, and was described by Mr. Thrall in a private letter, containing much interesting information about the region, from which we are permitted to make the following extract:

The ride of about thirty-two miles from Kootenai Station to Bonner's Ferry, in an old-fashioned, jerky stage with six horses, is enough to keep out of that country for the present all but the most hardy and determined people, and to practically prohibit the shipment of mining products. Such supplies as are absolutely necessary to sustain life and conduct mining operations are now brought in over this wagon road, including supplies for the Canadian Pacific construction forces, and the business amounts to considerable. There were over 100 tons of such freight, including a lot of bonded freight, waiting to go in at that station when we were there. It takes a four-horse team with a freight wagon two days to make the thirty-two miles, and we often saw six and eight horses attached to one wagon. The road-side was strewn with the wrecks of wagons and sleighs. While this road crosses a comparatively flat country, it is cut through heavy timber all the way, and being only half made in the first place, is full of logs, stumps, stones and deep ruts, and much of the time very muddy. A rougher road or a more uncomfortable trip cannot be imagined. It took our stage twelve hours to accomplish thirty-two miles, and we walked at least one-third of the way. We arrived at Bonner's Ferry about 9:30 in the evening, and the next morning at 4 o'clock took one of the little steamers owned by the Kootenai Mining and Smelting Co. (Doctor Hendryx), which was not much more than a tug. The ride down to the Kootenai River from that point, however, is a delight under almost any circumstances. The scenery is beautiful beyond my power to describe. The river at the present stage of water is 500 to 1,000 feet wide, being much larger than the Cœur d'Alene. It is sometimes higher, but generally in the summer season lower, than at present. The distance by river from Bonner's Ferry to the lake is approximately 100 miles. The lake, which in fact is an enlargement of two rivers (one from the north and one from the south), is about 100 miles in length and from three to six miles wide; and I cannot find any words to express the grandeur and beauty of the scenery, the high mountains on all sides rising from the water's edge. We traversed the lake about half its length to the outlet, which is still called the Kootenai River, and which flows to the west into the Columbia. About eighteen miles down the outlet is the mining camp of Nelson; about eight miles above the outlet on the main lake is camp Warm Springs; across the lake from Warm Springs is the "Blue Belle" mine and other properties which are being extensively developed by the Hendryx people, and which are said to be very valuable. The steamboat ride from Bonner's Ferry to the outlet, with the current, is made in something less than twelve hours; the return trip, being against the current, takes more time, and we were obliged to spend one night with the open deck of the boat for a bed, a coil of rope for a pillow, and the roar of millions of mosquitoes for a lullaby. The boat does not run at night, although it could do so with perfect safety.

The distance from Bonner's Ferry to the lake ought not to be judged, of course, by the river route, which is three or four times longer than any that would be selected for a railroad. I am more than ever convinced that there is no direction in which the Northern Pacific Company could more wisely throw out a branch line than in this. There is certainly no physical obstacle to cheap construction between

Kootenai Station and the river. As already intimated, it is heavily timbered most of the way. No grades of any consequence need be encountered, and little or no rock work; in fact, I saw no rocks worthy of notice at any place near the wagon road. The timber is largely white pine and cedar, which is very valuable in that country when brought into market.

A large party of Canadian Pacific officers, including President Van Horne, were at Nelson on the day we reached Warm Springs. That company is building a line from the rapids below Nelson to the navigable waters of the Columbia, connecting also the immense stretch of navigable water of the Arrow Lakes with that of the Kootenai.

With the completion of a railroad to the Kootenai River and the establishment of comfortable steamboat service on the river and lake, there is no more attractive steamboat ride in the world, I firmly believe, than this. The country is full of game, the waters full of trout, and the mountains full of mineral. Thousands of tons of hay could be cut upon the river bottom lands of a quality that commands in Spokane Falls to-day over \$20 per ton, but which now goes to waste.

I should judge by hearsay that a line could be built from Kootenai Station to the river via Deep Creek, the mouth of which is some distance below Bonner's Ferry, that would not exceed thirty miles in length, and might be shorter. Below the mouth of Deep Creek the water in the river is more favorable for steamboats than above that point. Below the boundary the river and lake never freeze to any extent that would interfere with any boat. Between the boundary and Bonner's Ferry, however, it is possible to keep the river open all winter, and with probably less trouble than is experienced on the Cœur d'Alene.

#### KIND WORDS FROM THE NEWSPAPERS.

The midsummer number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE (St. Paul) is a beauty in art, and a model in literary merit. Get this number if you want a reflex of Western progress.—*Grand Forks (N. Dak.) News*.

NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.—The mid-summer number of this popular magazine is an exceptionally interesting and pleasant one. The engravings are exceedingly fine and the miscellaneous reading of a brightly entertaining nature.—*Wüher (Wash.) Register*.

The illustrated NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for July is unusually handsome and interesting. In the publication of this attractive, useful and every way excellent work, Mr. Smalley is perhaps "building better than he knows," for it will prove an enduring monument to his enterprise, artistic taste and excellent literary ability.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Avant Courier*.

The midsummer number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is fully up to the standard of excellence attained by that monthly. St. Paul, Minn., is illustrated most elaborately, and to one who can remember the appearance of that city in its early days, when upper and lower towns were two distinct places, the changes and improvements as presented in the number before us are most astonishing. Among the many buildings reaching skyward on Fourth Street is that of the *Pioneer Press*, a magnificent structure of ten or twelve stories. The writer can well remember the original modest looking edifice wherein "Brother" Goodhue used to write his famous editorials, and in which, when asking his friends to imbibes, he would quietly produce a bottle, and out of respect to the "Maine law" then in force there would suggestively say, "let us violate." A view of the Metropolitan Opera House is also given, which, with other houses of amusement, has taken the place of the old Elfelt Hall in which all dramatic performances were formerly given. Editor Smalley's contributions to this month's number are as interesting and instructive as ever, and to all old settlers of the Northwest must prove very entertaining.—*Wardner (Idaho) News*.



## THE SEVEN DEVILS COPPER MINES.

The following extracts from an exhaustive letter written by Mr. Geo. A. Rahm of Weiser City to the *Boston Advertiser* is a reliable exhibit of the wonderful copper mines recently developed in Idaho:

Seven Devils is situated in Washington County, ninety miles north of Weiser and 8,000 feet above, near Snake River. Its name is derived from the clump of mountain peaks, there being seven, which lie at the extreme north of the camp and look down upon it, as if they were the guardians of this great wealth. As the name implies, it is a veritable howling wilderness. The top of the plateau is 8,000 feet

above Snake River, and only five miles from it. It would seem as if it had been so created that man was to be barred for all time from robbing it of its vast mineral wealth. Its seclusion has prevented but little knowledge of its hidden treasures. When spoken of it was alluded to as some far away planet and known but little of. Its physical appearance resembles closely the pictures of the moon; one group of mountains.

The reason that these mines have never been worked was the difficulty of getting in and out of that district, but now it will be only a short time ere the world will possess these mines. It may take a life-time or only a few years to develop them, all

according to circumstances, railroads, capital, etc. As the season advances the excitement over Seven Devils increases, and the question is, who will secure control of this mighty camp. Boston should have it, as she is the biggest copper owner in the world.

The resources of this camp will make one of the grandest mining operations ever started in this western country. The great Anaconda mines have no such ore as found here. When Senator Clark of Montana contracted to deliver the French syndicate 50,000,000 pounds of copper and the ore to run fifty per cent copper, he first bonded all the mines he could in Seven Devils. This district covers a scope of country fifteen by twenty-four miles, and contains

wonderful vertical veins from thirty to 150 feet wide and thousands of feet deep.

This wonderful mineral belt was discovered by Levi Allen twenty-five years ago, and he located what is now known as the Old Peacock, the phenomenal surface mine of the world. He held it through Indian wars and massacres, going every year 200 miles by wagon to do this \$100 assessment work, realizing its value and greatness, until in 1888, after expending \$12,000, he had to take in Montana parties, so that now he owns only three-sixteenths in a mine that could not be bought for \$1,000,000. This mine has been ground-slucied off down the gulch for one-half mile for the free gold it contained alone, exposing some twelve acres of copper that runs thirty to eighty per cent. Three years ago there was in sight at this mine 75,000 tons of ore, value nothing; now at ten cents per pound, \$5,200,000. It can be worked at a net profit of \$3,500,000, vein fifty feet wide.

There seems to be copper everywhere. South Peacock mine appears to be the same, and Standard and Side Issue probably as good, but contain richer ore than the Peacock, high grade quartz and more free from garnet; more like White Monument and River Queen. The shaft is fifty-two feet solid ore on the Bonanza vein, of marvelous wealth, the length, depth and width of vein unknown; it may run to hundreds of thousands of tons. This mine will show 100 yards square deposits of copper. Outside the above two mines the Peacock group consists of Bodie, Standard, Little Peacock (ore assays fifty-seven percent copper, \$30 gold and silver) Copper Key, Confidence and Side Issue. Copper Key had not struck ledge last Fall, but now has found it, and it is big. Either one of these may prove as good as Peacock or South Peacock.

The Lockwood Group consists of three mines. Four tons of this ore make one ton of copper matte, with \$32 per ton of matte in gold; carries its own flux, as it has sufficient iron in and near it to make it the best smelting ore in the United States. The River Queen, one-fourth mile from Snake River, is nearly identical to White Monument ore, and is likely to merge into silver with some gold. Assays fifty-six per cent copper, 10.80 silver, five gold. It carries its own flux beautifully and can be worked like matte and is in every respect as pure and good as Lake Superior. The Decora has an immense deposit



THE GREAT CANYON OF THE SALMON RIVER, IDAHO.



of low grade ore, twelve to twenty per cent. with a fine mill site.

The Whale, Humboldt, California, Climax and Crown Point are all fine locations. White Monument, Helena, Blue Jacket, Legal Tender, Little Pittsburg, etc., are in the same vicinity, and owned by Levi Allen, Ex-Governor Hauser of Montana and A. Kleinschmidt, who will ship ore this season. They have expended \$175,000 in development work. Since the discovery of the Bonanza and so much gold in White Monument the Montana parties have gone wild. There are in all 125 locations in this camp, but there is territory sufficient to locate 1,000 good mines. Prospects are mines here now; there is not a "scratch" that could be bought for \$1,500.

Three years ago \$65,000 would have controlled the whole district, as the bulk of the prospectors and miners stampeded for new fields, Cœur d'Alene and the Owyhee (War Eagle) mountain gold camp. The decline in copper through the failure of the French syndicate also helped to defer the opening of this camp. Now the Peacock is held for \$1,000,000 and the South Peacock for \$100,000.

Seven Devil's ore, assorted, will run thirty per cent; picked, sixty per cent. Copper can be worked here as cheap as iron, say \$10 to \$15 per ton, add \$30 per ton freight, and we have copper at about two cents per pound, without allowing for the gold or silver at all. There is enough of that too in the ore to pay for the working, so that whatever the copper brings is clear gain.

By the way, these miners endure hardships almost superhuman. When in the government employ I have been booked for a mining camp ninety miles in the mountains, and it is like being in some far away planet, out of the world. One has no conception of the thing.

One of the first locators of Leadville, who has lived in western mining camps all his life, says: "The forests and natural scenery of the region are magnificent. The whole country is ore. A thousand mines may be located side by side and the talk of millions of tons of ore is no exaggeration. The mineral is there in unlimited and inexhaustible quantities." The recorder for this district told me that: "On both sides of this camp are found gold ledges and considerable gold is found in the copper ores. We really do not realize the possibilities of this great mineral district. It is the biggest and richest precious metal belt in the world. The one hundred or so mines recorded are only a mite in comparison with what is there. We will have a city in Seven Devils that will beat Helena."

#### A POPULAR WATERING PLACE.

A mile or so out from the heart of the busy city of Spokane, at the foot of one of the curious surrounding ledges or rock, breaks forth one of the largest of the many springs of delicious water with which these rocks abound. Being easily accessible and near to a popular drive it affords, at almost any hour of almost any day in the year, a study for the poet, or the philosopher, no less than for the artist. In everlasting procession a thirsty caravan of brutes and humanity may always be seen partaking of the cold and limpid water. The large trough is ever brimming over, and a small stream meanders away over the gravel, making a little oasis of green grass and deciduous trees amid the somber surrounding rocks and evergreens.

Here you shall see a dusky family of the native lords of the soil, making a perfunctory toilet at the trough of a morning; the buxom maids and matron loosening braided locks and discarding outer garments to splash in the chilling water. Here, incredible though it may seem, the astonished pappoose sometimes receives a forcible introduction to those good, yellow parallelograms of cleanliness which bear the names of N. K. Fairbank, Jas. S. Kirk, and other philanthropists. The velvety racers from the association stables, out for a sniff of morning air, are allowed to dip their precious muzzles for a refreshing

swallow. A pair of youngsters, enjoying an early canter, and a little brush of their shining, dock-tailed ponies, at the trough, tumble off to refresh their own palates at the falling stream. A herd of cattle or horses, with rearing and fighting that would delight the eye of Rosa Bonheur, drink and fall back to make way for a bronzed and sturdy freighter, and his four mighty-footed steeds.

Anon approaches a cart, or wagon, containing barrels, tubs and churns for filling, manned by a crew of barefooted urchins—somebody's darlings—who proceed to frolic, duck and splash in the unaccustomed luxury, all unabashed by the approach of the lordliest coupe, or the smartest and daintiest of equestrians. A trio of bashful, white-aproned little girls approach, leading a sleek and mild-mannered Jersey cow, the chubby cheeks of the children speaking volumes for the quality of bossy's milk. A little boy leads tenderly up to the trough a lame and mangy cayuse, followed by a nondescript and worthless, but well-beloved dog. A brace of tired and disappointed hunters drag their weary feet up to the stream, and throwing down their guns, refresh themselves for a moment, and discuss means to avoid the ignominy of going home empty-handed. And so, day after day, the cavalcade moves on, always changing, always the same, yet ever new. "Forever and forever, as long as the river flows."

E. BARNARD FOOTE.

Spokane Falls, July 10, 1890.

#### WESTERN WASHINGTON LANDS.

Eastern men of intelligence regard the prices regularly paid for our farm lands as inflated and expect these values to contract at any time to the detriment of business interests. This conservative notion is very natural, but it is the result of lack of information concerning the subject. To begin with, this eastern idea that our great forests all spring from fine agriculture land is a mistaken one. Not over one-fourth of the land upon Puget Sound will, when cleared up, be good farm land; that fourth will be land of extraordinary productive power. The three-fourths of rocky and gravelly land is now held at the value of its stumpage, which is determined by its accessibility and the character of its timber. The enormous lumbering interests of the Sound employ thousands of men. Our mines, yet in their infancy, with their mills will soon add another army to our population, to be fed from the comparatively small acreage of mellow soil. Again, as oriental trade directs its attention to the shortest route between Asia and America, a vast jobbing trade will center at our sea ports. This prospective heavy population upon the sea board has doubled the population of Tacoma, Port Townsend, Whatcom and the Bay Cities within a year, and their continued progress seems to be an assured fact. Hay, butter, eggs, wool, feed and hops cannot be supplied fast enough for the demand. The forest fades away slowly before the axe of the woodman and the dynamite of the grubber. At \$100 per acre, good land easily cleared, either alder bottom or beaver meadow, will yield a better rate of interest on the investment than improved farms in the East at \$50 per acre. Ten acres is enough. Large holdings on Puget Sound will be the exception rather than the rule. While it is apparent to every one who reflects that every homestead on tide water will not be a mighty city, and that twenty-five-foot town lots in accessible places are not worth the money asked for them, the value of farm property must be measured by a different rule. While the admission of the *Reveille* that all of our soil is not fit for farming may seem inimical to the flow of immigration, when it is observed that our other lands are covered with a mighty forest of cedar and fir, and it will require a hundred years to make any serious



GRIGGS, COOPER & CO.'S BUILDING, COR. THIRD AND WACOUTA STREETS, ST. PAUL.

inroad upon this natural wealth, that beneath the soil lies coal and iron in inexhaustible quantities the immigrant need have no fear that the resources of this country are not what they have been claimed to be.—*Whatcom Reveille*.

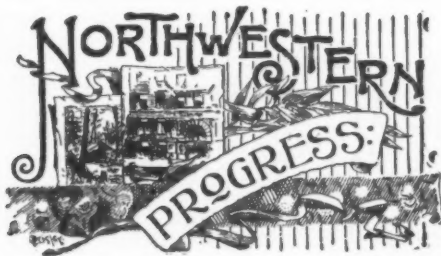
#### THE N. P. BUYS A RAILROAD.

The absorption of the west half of the Puget Sound and Gray's Harbor Railroad by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, gives that company twenty miles of a well equipped road complete, and thus the Tacoma, Olympia and Gray's Harbor road has the advantage of all others in getting to the Pacific Ocean first. The road from Tacoma and Olympia will tap the Puget Sound road between Summit and Elma. The latter road was originally built from Kamillechie into the timber, by the Port Blakely Mill Company. Captain Renton, its principal owner and head of the said mill company, never intended it to run to Montesano, but was prevailed upon to extend it, and since it reached that section of country it has been handicapped by the manner in which it was run by its manager. The Oregon Improvement Company endeavored to purchase the road, in order to make it a part of the Port Townsend Southern system, but the Northern Pacific Company offered cash while the O. I. Company offered stock. The Northern Pacific's offer was accepted. The east half of the road, from Summit to Kamillechie, will continue in use as a logging road for the Port Blakely Mill Company. The road from Montesano will be extended at once. It will probably cross the Chehalis this side of Cosmopolis, go to South Aberdeen and thence to Ocosta.—*Olympia, (Wash.) Tribune*.

#### AN IMPORTANT MERCANTILE HOUSE.

The above cut is a small one, but it represents the immense Shepard block, corner of Third and Wacouta Sts., St. Paul, Minn., six lofty stories high, 100 feet front by 130 feet in depth. Griggs, Cooper & Co., the wholesale grocers, occupy this building, of which firm, the owner of the building, D. C. Shepard is a general partner; Col. C. W. Griggs, the well-known pioneer merchant, lumberman and capitalist, is also a general partner and his name heads the company. Messrs. Platt, Wilkinson, Cooper and C. M. Griggs are all interested in this company and are the gentlemen to be found at the house in active management of the different departments of this large company.

This house was established nearly ten years ago and the present style is merely a change in name, succeeding Yanz, Griggs & Co., Mr. Yanz having died during the past year. The same force of hard-working men, both inside and outside the house, with only a half dozen changes in a force numbering nearly a hundred individuals, is doing the business. The old policy and methods are adhered to as closely as possible and the house shows every evidence of continuing its phenomenal record. For five years or more, its popularity and its volume of business has been as great as any, and the business men of St. Paul look upon it as the "coming house." Its trade is increasing this year as rapidly as ever. This is the record of the success of this concern, and one which it has achieved by virtue of honest competition and legitimate business methods.



## Minnesota.

LOGGING railroads continue to multiply in the northern part of Minnesota and are likely to increase in number as the timber is cut away from the streams. The newest enterprise in that line is the road which the St. Anthony Lumber Company will build from Cross Lake in nearly a northerly direction to a point fifteen miles from the place of starting towards the Leech Lake Indian Reservation. The road is to be built to reach some timber now remote from the streams.

A COMBINATION of wealthy New York capitalists was formed several months ago, headed by Henry Villard; J. D. Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil Company, and C. L. Colby, of the Wisconsin Central. The syndicate was formed to buy up the whole of the Kittson addition, St. Paul, lying between Broadway and Brook Street, and bounded by Fifth and Sixth streets, for the purpose of making it into a wholesale district. Their purpose has now been accomplished. The greater portion of Kittson's addition has been secured, and in due time the rest of the property will have been transferred. It has been decided to lay two tracks—there will be eventually three tracks—up the alley way between Fifth and Sixth streets, and on either side huge warehouses will be erected. This railroad will be laid twenty feet below the level of the street grade. Steel span bridges will be erected at each street, the whole expenditure to be incurred by the laying of the railroad and the building of bridges running anywhere from \$250,000 to \$300,000. The value of such a railway to the wholesalers and warehousemen is incalculable. At a modest estimate the saving would be \$300,000 per annum. It is surmised that a new passenger station on Broadway is a part of the general plan.

## Montana.

THE track of the Great Falls & Canada Railroad is now completed to Marias River.

THE First National Bank of Great Falls has declared a dividend of fifty per cent. on its original stock of \$100,000, and increased its capital stock to \$250,000.

THE Northern Pacific announces by circular the completion of the Pony and Norris branch, extending from Sappington, Montana, to Pony and Norris, Montana. The new stations opened are Harrison, Pony and Norris.

It is estimated that 100,000 quarts will be the product of the strawberry crop in the Gallatin Valley this year. This is twice as large an amount as was raised last year. It is safe to say that before many years the Gallatin Valley will be as famous for its strawberries as for its oats.

MISSOULA will be a great railroad center anyhow, but there is still one thing lacking. The country which is naturally tributary east, south, west and northwest, is already secured, yet the vast territory to the north has no rail outlet. The Flathead country is larger than some of the Eastern states, and is rich in natural resources. A railroad running from Missoula straight up through that country would give this city such a genuine boom as it never received before.—*Missoulian*.

HERETOFORE Bozeman has been sadly wanting in the matter of hotel accommodations. But the defect will soon be remedied. Eastern parties are now at work on a hotel, which, when completed, will compare with any of the leading hostleries of the country. There will be ninety-two sleeping rooms, besides the parlors, reception rooms, etc. The hotel will contain every modern convenience and will cost with furniture and price of lots, about \$140,000.

AT the Black Eagle Fall is in progress a work of great magnitude; the harnessing of the mighty Missouri by the construction of a dam, costing \$500,000. One section of the dam is already completed, and the contract calls for the completion of this great work by the first of September. Electricity, aggregating several million horse power, will be generated by it. This power, all of which it is designed shall be utilized, offers inducements for the constructions of various manufactories.

## Idaho.

MOSCOW is one of the bright spots in Idaho. It is a growing enterprising town of 2,000 inhabitants or more and gives promise of becoming the best city in the North.

There is much about the location, surroundings etc., to make its growth rapid and substantial. It is to become the home of art, science and learning. It already has one of the best, if not the very best, conducted public school in the Territory and is the seat of the University. The pure atmosphere that floats above the surrounding hills will soon be a literary atmosphere and Moscow promises to be the Athens of Idaho.

THE outlook for Lewiston grows brighter every day. On every hand business is quickening. A steady immigration of capital and labor is coming in. Business rooms, long empty, are being fitted up and filled with stock. New firms and new enterprises are of daily occurrence. The old structures are being torn down to make way for the new. The sound of the hammer and saw is heard in every direction. Mechanics in all trades are busy and behind in their contracts. The merchants report a steady increase of trade. The era of stagnation has passed away and a more hopeful one is upon us. The spirit of the new life is rapidly penetrating through all trades and business interests.—*Lewiston Teller*.

WITH the advent of a railroad into the Potlatch country the air will be resonant with the tearing off of mortgage coupons. By securing an outlet everything will be made cheaper, even to needles and thread, on account of reduced freight rates, and the products of the country will be far more valuable for the reason that they can be marketed at a less expense. Everything that is brought to this country now is done so at a necessarily heavy expense; everything hauled out of here is hauled at a great expense. As soon as ever the country does procure transportation for its products it will be tilled to the last inch; the wonderful Ruby Creek mines will be developed, and they promise to out rival the once famous *Coeur d'Alene* mines. Orchards that will supply nearly all the Northwest with their delicious fruits will be planted; all will then be prosperity and happiness.—*Julietta Gem*.

## Oregon.

THIS is to be Portland's big building year. According to the *Oregonian* buildings aggregating \$5,000,000 in value are now going up or are projected for immediate erection. Among these structures are the union depot, to cost \$1,000,000, a chamber of commerce, \$300,000, a city hall, \$500,000, the Marquam opera house, \$300,000, and the *Oregonian* building, \$200,000.

## Washington.

TACOMA's new chamber of commerce building will be six stories high, with a tall tower, and will cost \$250,000.

MEDICAL LAKE is much visited this summer by tourists and invalids and is adding to its reputation as a health resort.

A SPOKANE syndicate is thinking of clearing the Columbia from Priest Rapids to Pasco and putting six steamboats on the river.

THE new hotel in Hoquiam, one of the largest and finest in the State, was recently opened. It is a credit to the enterprise and public spirit of this very progressive town.

THE Seattle & Northern Railroad has been completed from Anacortes to Sedro, where it connects with the Fairhaven and Southern and Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern roads.

A PORTLAND syndicate is putting a system of water works in Cheney. The citizens are greatly pleased and real estate has risen in value as the immediate result of this improvement.

RETVILLE offers a block of land, \$1,000 cash, and a large supply of wheat, as a bonus for a grist mill. The Adams County oat crop will average seventy bushels to the acre this year.

A CARGO of rails and fittings for the Fairhaven & Northern has arrived at Fairhaven, sufficient to complete thirty miles of the road to Blaine, and rail laying will begin this month. Trains will be running to Westminster, B. C., by September 1.

THE farming lands around Wilbur are attracting a steady influx of substantial immigration and the town is prosperous. This part of the Big Bend Country offers strong inducements to home-seekers in the fertility of its soil and its good railroad facilities.

THE fiscal year, ending June 30, closed a very prosperous year for the Northern Pacific Coal Company, which owns the Roslyn coal mines. During the year the mines produced 372,351 tons and 1,780 pounds of coal, the most of which was used on the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific railroads in Washington.

EIGHTEEN thousand piles have been ordered by the Oregon Improvement Company for the Port Townsend

Southern Railroad, and work on the second section of ten miles is going on. Grading on the line at Olympia has been commenced by the driving of piles. President J. R. McDonald, of the Satsop Railroad, has a contract to supply a large raft of timber for the road. The line between Port Townsend and Quilcene is nearly completed; a large number of the men have been withdrawn and sent to work at the head of Hood's Canal, toward Olympia.

ASSISTANT Postmaster-General Clarkson said recently: The State of Washington has more coal than Pennsylvania, more pine than Maine and more fish than Massachusetts. He advises young men to go there, asserting that she has room for 1,000,000 people. "I came to this country to get acquainted with the Northwest and its needs in the postal department. To say I am surprised at the greatness of this part of the United States does not express it. Its growth is simply wonderful. The people in the East only have a very vague conception of the resources and advantages of this country."

THE Northern Pacific company has purchased a little more than the majority of the capital stock of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern; that is about \$3,000,000 out of \$5,000,000, and has leased the property upon a basis of a guaranty of six and three-fourths per cent. interest on the outstanding bonds and the further issue of bonds necessary to complete the line to the international boundary, a total of about \$5,000,000. The annual rental will be about \$800,000, but inasmuch as the Seattle company has thus far earned its interest, the Northern Pacific is not likely to be called upon to make good any deficit. The Northern Pacific entered upon the operation of the Seattle road on August 25.

AFTER considerable hard work Pullman has succeeded in having the Lewiston branch of the Spokane & Palouse Railroad leave the main line from that point. Some work had been done on the Whelan route, but the officials saw the advisability of keeping so good a city as Pullman on the main line, hence the change. Teams and men were taken from the Whelan route last Saturday night. The Pullman route is now being cross sectioned, and the men say that grading will be commenced this morning. The new route leaves the main line at the mouth of Sunshine Valley, and runs from there direct to Moscow and on to Kendrick, Julietta and Lewiston. Taking last year's crop and the present indications as the basis, the grain marketed at Pullman will reach the enormous amount of 1,800,000 bushels this season and railroads are needed to carry it to the outside world.—*Pullman Herald*.

THE census gives Tacoma 36,000 people and Seattle 38,700. Ten years ago Tacoma had exactly 720 inhabitants,



UNCLE SAM CALLING IN A NEW STATE.



	Bid.	Asked
Northern Pacific, common.....	86½	86¾
" " preferred.....	89½	89¾
" " 1st Mortgage Bonds.....	116	—
" " 2d " " " " " "	114½	—
" " 3d " " " " " "	110¾	—
" " Missouri Div. " " " "	102	—
" " P.d'Oreille " " " "	102	—
St. Paul & Duluth, common.....	87	88
" " preferred.....	96	100
" " 1st bonds.....	110	—
Oregon & Transcontinental.....	47½	47¾
" " 6's 1922.....	106¼	106¾
Oregon Railway & Navigation.....	102½	102¾
" " 1st bonds.....	109½	110
" " Cons Mgtg 5's. 101	101	101¾
St. Paul & Northern Pacific 1st's.....	124	125
Northern Pacific Terminals.....	—	—
Oregon Improvement Co.....	46	47
" " 1st bonds.....	103	—
James River Valley 1st's.....	104	105½
Spokane & Palouse 1st's.....	108¾	—
Chicago, St. F., Mp'l's & Omaha, com.....	32½	33
do preferred.....	86¾	—
Chicago & Northwestern, comm.....	111½	112
do preferred.....	144	145½
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, com.....	74½	74¾
do preferred.....	118	119
Milwaukee, Lake S. & Western, com.....	93¾	94
do preferred.....	110¾	111½
Minneapolis & St. Louis, common....	6	7
do preferred.....	14	17
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba.....	110	111

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Dickinson, N. Dakota.

Attorney for R. G. Dun & Co.'s Commercial Agency.  
References, Stark Co. Bank, Dickinson, N. D.

## North Dakota.

If you are interested in the development of the new prairie State of North Dakota, write to the Minnesota and Dakota Land and Investment Company, Mannheim Block, St. Paul, Minn., for a folder map, showing where you can get cheap and good lands for farming and stock-raising near railroads, schools and towns. This map will be sent free to all applicants.

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References: Montana Nat. Bank, Helena; Livingston Nat. Bank, Livingston; National Park Bank, Livingston.  
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We have the largest and most desirable list of property in the city. Information furnished. Correspondence solicited. CENTRALIA, WASHINGTON.

## A SUBSTANTIAL BOOM.

The simultaneous announcement by both the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern roads of a reduction in the fare from Helena to St. Paul to \$40 and \$60 for the round trip, to take effect August 1, will prove a most welcome intelligence to the people of Montana. While we are sure the railroads will lose nothing, but more than cover the reduction in fare by the number of tickets sold, it will be a great substantial saving to the people of Montana, give many a chance to go home on a visit who have hesitated over the cost, and it will be the means of stimulating immigration to the State. It is an expression of judgment by shrewd business men in looking over their balance sheets and quarterly returns, that the conditions are favorable for a large increase of business by a little timely encouragement. It is less than ten years since the Northern Pacific crossed our eastern border on its way to the Pacific. Now it passes through four States that did not then exist. It has been a decade of wonderful growth along this parallel of latitude. Such reductions of rates of travel and transportation have taken place in that short interval as we never expected to see in a life time. And this is only a partial view of the case, for the increased comfort and ease of traveling and the time saved over the old tortuous methods constitute a grand sinking fund that with accumulations will soon buy the roads. We are glad that this reduction comes from the railroad companies without any attempt or suggestion of legislation. The roads will thus secure favor as well as profit, and the former has much to do with the latter. "There is that scattereth and still increases."—*Helena Herald*.

Solidified illuminating gas is a late invention claimed. It enables you to carry around a vast quantity of light in little compass. Only, the details have not been worked out just yet.



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**To Investors and Home Seekers:**

The progressive city of Dayton is situated at the head of the fertile Walla Walla Valley at the confluence of the Touchet and Patit rivers with a population of Three Thousand, two Railroads, a splendid Water Power, two Flouring Mills, two Chop Mills, two Planing Mills, two Shingle Mills, two Furniture Factories, a Foundry, a Machine Shop and a Brewery, fine School Houses, nine Churches, a spacious Court House which cost \$80,000, Water Works which cost \$25,000, an Electric Light Plant which cost \$25,000, a Hotel recently erected at a cost of \$40,000, a complete Sewerage System, and the most delicious climate in Washington. I have a large list of City Property and some of the most desirable Farm Property in Washington, ranging in size from 40 to 1,200 acres with prices from \$5 to \$30 per acre. Information furnished. Correspondence solicited.

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Choice Business and Residence Property, improved and unimproved. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. References: First National Bank of Walla Walla and Baker & Boyer National Bank.

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We have recently put on the market a beautiful tract of land known as NORTHERN PACIFIC ADDITION. This property, owing to its pretty location and close proximity to the business centre, is the most desirable in Centralia. Parties investing in this property will treble their money within six months. Information furnished. Correspondence solicited.

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We have a large list of improved and unimproved farms in the Palouse country, from \$8 to \$20 per acre. MORTGAGE LOANS negotiated for Eastern parties at a high rate of interest. Correspondence solicited.

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Notary Public. Negotiate first mortgage loans on improved farm and city property.

Collections and investments for non-residents attended to.

SPRAGUE, WASHINGTON.

## RESOURCES OF THE IDAHO PANHANDLE.

It has been a great wonder to many that larger and more powerful saw-mills have not been erected on the beautiful streams in North Idaho, for there are mill-sites which for every convenience, both water and fine timber, cannot be excelled in the Northwest. This belt has heretofore attracted much attention from careful, far-seeing business men who have come out from the East and thoroughly examined the field, and all unite in the single opinion that the wonderful timber belt of North Idaho is the lumberman's paradise, and that it is equal in extent and quality to that of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. In fact, this whole region is one vast forest of the finest fir, cedar, tamarack, and pine. On the banks of Kootenai Lake there is a large body of fine saw-timber. For miles and miles on each side of Pack River there is quite a body of good timber. Pend d'Oreille Lake is surrounded by timber, and Clark's Fork shows patches of timber along its course.

Yet the most extensive bodies of timber in the great Northwest are found on the waters of the Cœur d'Alene, St. Joseph and St. Mary's rivers. On the banks of the first-named immense trees can be seen which will measure from four to sixteen feet in diameter, and many thousands of them.

The St. Joseph and St. Mary's rivers have long been known as the timber section of North Idaho, which is second only, perhaps, to that on Puget Sound. For miles and miles along those streams can be seen giant cedar, tamarack, fir and pine.

The greatest timber regions are in Shoshone and Kootenai counties. The Pend d'Oreille forests extend in all directions from the lake, covering an area over a hundred miles square. Gigantic monarchs of the forest lift their heads aloft at a height over two hundred feet. Bull pine, white pine, tamarack, and fir predominate. Cedars attain marvelous height and thickness. From many of the trees the Spanish moss hangs in long, graceful festoons, adding a pleasing variety to the otherwise somber scene. "This superb

forest of the Pend d'Oreille," writes E. V. Smalley in the *Century Magazine* "is a vast lumber preserve for future generations. The pineries of Michigan and Minnesota look like open parks compared with it. Nowhere else in the United States, save on the western slopes of the Cascade Mountains in Washington, can be found such a prodigious amount of timber to the acre."

We offer as a target to the trusty rifle or gun—the Rocky Mountain sheep, California lion, yellow wolf, coyote, bear, moose, deer, wolverine, lynx or catamount, wildcat, fox (black, gray, silver and cross), weasel, badger, marten, mink, large striped skunk, small spotted skunk, large gray, ground, pine, and flying squirrel, chipmunk, otter, raccoon, woodchuck, gopher, mole, wood-mouse, "kangaroo rat," and jack rabbit.

The birds are those common throughout the Northwest. Eagles (bald and golden) are abundant in the mountains, and especially near streams. Wild ducks, swans, geese, pelican, and quail are plentiful in season. The burrowing owl, fish-hawk, and buzzard may be mentioned among the larger birds. In addition to these are the usual varieties of woodpecker, raven, hawk, grouse, pigeon, meadow lark, magpies, red-winged blackbird, bluebird, robin, snipe, plover, curlew, sparrow, crossbill, linnet, oriole, California canary, swallow, two varieties of humming birds and mallard and canvas-back ducks.

Grapes, blackberries, huckleberries, gooseberries, raspberries, salmonberries, and strawberries grow wild in profusion on the mountain sides and foothills. The camas, which gives the name to several prairies in the Territory, is found in all section. It is a bulb which is highly prized by the Indians for food.

Almost every variety of wild flower found in the temperate zone grows here in profusion, and every week almost from spring time to autumn witnesses the blooming of a new variety. In fact so numerous are the wild flowers that hundreds of acres in some of our valleys at some seasons of the year resemble a vast undulating carpet of every hue and color, while the air is redolent with the sweetest of perfumes ex-celling in deliciousness the greatest productions of the most skilled chemists who in vain endeavor to rival the creation of nature.—*Post Falls, (Idaho) Panhandle.*

Minnesota still holds her place at the head of the wheat producing states of the United States, with California a close second. Statistics just published show that this State produced, the past year, 45,000,000 bushels of wheat on 3,100,000 acres; California 40,000,000, on 3,200,000 acres and the two Dakotas 42,000,000, on 4,400,000 acres. Minnesota not only raised the most wheat but had the largest yield to the acre, and the quality is acknowledged the finest in world.—*Crookston Times.*

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*With plain die.....\$2.00  
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*With plain die.....\$1.50  
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*No. 1 press .....\$2.50  
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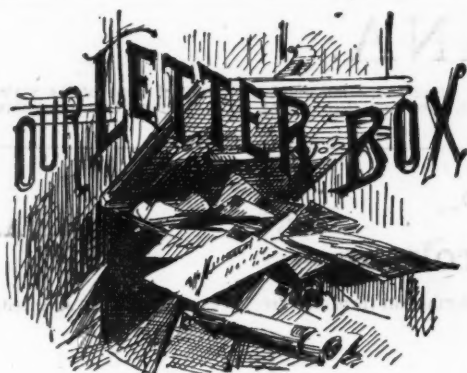
## THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAINS.

In the following list, compiled from many sources by Israel C. Russell, for the New York Tribune, and more or less approximate, as a comparison of authors would show, is given the heights of the loftiest summits of the world:

Everest, in the Himalayas.....	29,000
Aconcagua, in the Andes.....	23,000
Tupungata, in the Andes.....	22,450
Chimborazo, in the Andes.....	21,424
Hindu Kush, Asia.....	20,593
Mount St. Elias, Alaska.....	19,500
Kilimanjaro, Africa.....	17,800
Popocatepetl, Mexico.....	17,853
Orizimba, Mexico.....	17,176
Mount Cook, Alaska.....	16,000
Mount Brown, British Columbia.....	16,000
Mount Crillon, Alaska.....	15,900
Mount Murchison, British Columbia.....	15,789
Mount Blanc, Savoy.....	15,781
Mount Hooker, British Columbia.....	15,700
Mount Fairweather, Alaska.....	15,500
Mount Rosa, Switzerland.....	15,223
Mount Whitney, California.....	14,522
Mount Harvard, Colorado.....	14,462
Mount Tacoma, Washington.....	14,440
Mount Shasta, California.....	14,440
Mount Cook, New Zealand.....	12,460

The mountain peaks of Asia are the highest in the world; following these are the summits of the Andes. The highest peaks of the United States, although far from being the leaders in the list, belong to the first rank of nature's most stupendous works.





### Booming Speculative Town-Sites.

OXFORD, OHIO, June 28th, 1890.

To the Editor of *The Northwest Magazine*:

I am pleased with the style of your publication and must say that the views presented of Spokane Falls are strikingly true, as also an article written by you, which was copied in the *Spokane Falls Review*, on the subject of booming towns in Washington by speculators without any true foundation for their growth. Such operations are nothing more than bunco games, on a par with those carried on by "sharps" in large cities to decoy unsuspecting people. Just such articles would prove beneficial to any new country in thwarting these schemes and saving the country from fever and financial sickness which certainly must follow. The State of Kansas is now going through just such a depression, which will take years to repair. Very truly yours,

H. C. FOULKS.

### Nomenclature of Lake Pend d'Oreille.

Jas. K. Clark, of Butte, sends us a map of Lake Pend d'Oreille, in Idaho, drawn twenty years ago by Seth L. Pope, civil engineer, now of Portland, Oregon, who accompanied the first reconnaissance party for the Northern Pacific Railroad in that region. The Eastern members of that party were Thomas H. Canfield, now of Lake Park, Minn.; Milnor Roberts, afterwards chief engineer of the road, who died many years ago in Brazil; A. Johnson, a son of Edward J. Johnson, the first chief engineer of the N. P., and Samuel Wilkeson, long the secretary of the company, who died recently in New York. Mr. Pope's map is accompanied by an interesting account of the origin of the names of localities around the lake. The highest mountain, seen from Hope across the lake, is Mount Wilkeson, named for the Northern Pacific secretary. The three high mountains in the Cabinet Range, near the mouth of Clarke's Fork, were called Henry's Peak, Jay's Peak and Pitt's Peak, for the three sons of Jay Cooke. West of these peaks is Mount Marion, named for Mr. Canfield's daughter, and then comes Mount Johnson, so called in honor of the chief engineer. Amelia Bay, on the north shore, below the mouth of the river, was named in honor of the wife of Gen. Thomas F. Meagher, the first Governor of Montana. The largest of the three islands at the entrance of this bay is Davidson, named for an old pioneer. The second in size is Moody, and bears the name of Z. F. Moody, who built the first steamboat on the lake, and who was recently Governor of Oregon and now lives at the Dalles. The small island, Mam-a-Loos, meaning drowned man in the Indian language, was named from the incident of finding the body of a drowned man upon its shores. The bay at the extreme south end of the lake bears the name of Meagher. The points or promontories on the shore which have by their names a historical significance are McDonald's Point, at the mouth of the river, named for the old Hudson's Bay Company trader, Angus McDonald, a famous character in Montana, who spent the last years of his life on the Flathead Reservation; Perham Point, Smith Point and Roberts Point, on the south shore—the first two bearing the names of the first presidents of the Northern Pacific and the last that of the chief engineer. At McDonald Point there was visible at the time Mr. Pope

visited it the ruins of the cellar of a house constructed in 1803 by the first white men who crossed the Rocky Mountains in what is now Montana and Idaho. They were two voyageurs of the Hudson's Bay Company, who came by way of the Saskatchewan and Kootenai Rivers, and built the house to shelter them while engaged in trapping. They preceded the Lewis and Clarke expedition by three years.



The July number of the *New England Magazine*, published at Boston, has a well-written and entertaining article on the city of St. Paul, by Conde Hamlin, the author of the article on the same theme in the last *NORTHWEST*. A number of good pictures lend attraction to Mr. Hamlin's article and effectively advertise the beauty and business importance of the city.

Dr. W. J. Hoffman, of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, has reprinted in pamphlet form his article on the *Mythology of the Menomonic Indians*, which appeared in the July number of the *American Anthropologist*. One of the legends he has gathered at first hands from the Indians appears to be in vogue among the Chippewas as well as the Menomones. C. D. O'Brien, the St. Paul lawyer, relates it in a modified form as he had it from a Chippewa on the Brule River. It is called "Manabush and the Birds." O'Brien's version is even more entertaining than that of Dr. Hoffman.

We find *Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia* very useful in editorial work. Its facts are brought down to date and it is condensed and thoroughly practical. The last volume issued is number 21, and embraces subjects from "Jordan" to "Legacy." Among the topics treated in this volume are Jurisprudence, Jury, Jute, the States of Kansas and Kentucky, very full and brought close down to date, Knights of Labor, Latin Language and Literature; also biographical sketches of such noted and interesting characters as Josephus, Junius, Kent and Kant, Clara Louise Kellogg, Mrs. Kemble, George Kennan, Louis Kossuth, Lafayette, Gen. Robert E. Lee. Specimen pages and terms will be sent on application to the publishers, Garretson, Cox & Co., New York, Chicago and Atlanta.

The American Public Health Association has issued in the form of a small bound volume the essay on *Practical Sanitary and Economic Cooking Adapted to Persons of Moderate and Small Means*, for which Henry Lomb, of Rochester, New York, paid a prize of \$500. The author is Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel. The book is full of scientific information on the constituents of food, healthful combinations and preparation and proper methods of cooking to get the best effects for both economy and health, and this is all put in such a simple way that any housekeeper who can read can understand. For copies address Essay Department American Public Health Association, P. O. Drawer 289, Rochester, N. Y. The price is 40 cents bound in cloth; three copies for \$1; ten copies for \$2.

Rudyard Kipling is the bright new star in the firmament of literature. Everybody is reading his *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and half a dozen enterprising American publishers have pirated the book. Kipling is a young Englishman who served in the British civil staff in India. Besides the forty short stories in this, his first volume, his fame, so quickly won, rests upon a few poems of strong dramatic ability. Richard Henry Stoddard, the New York critic, said of him lately: "I do not think there is any doubt that Kipling is the author of the 'Nineteenth Century,' and to my mind he comes closer, in his work, to Lord Byron than any writer

of our time. He has the dainty touch of Byron, with an added literary strength which is all his own, and by next winter he will be the most widely-read author of both continents."

*Edward Burton*, a novel, by Henry Wood, is an interesting indication, among many, of a new drift in literary activity—a reaction from the so-called realistic writing of recent years. The author announces that he believes in the wholesomeness of idealism and optimism. He protests against the pen-photography of the ignoble in human nature which has been the animus of so much of popular current literature. He believes that in the idealization of character lies a promising field too little occupied. The story itself is rather slender, but the characters are types of materialists and idealists contrasted, with a German anarchist thrown in as an extreme but not unnatural product of the combined atheism and materialism of our modern civilization. The hero and heroine are Christian scientists, not of the charlatan kind, but earnest religious and humanitarian people. They set forth the faith of the healing of mind and body by getting in accord with the divine spirit more clearly than has been done in any work with which we are familiar. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price \$1.25.

### THE FUTURE OF OKANOGAN.

John R. Reavis, in an article in the *Spokane Falls Review*, says: I have no doubt whatever that the Okanogan country is soon to be the scene of a very great activity and prosperity. As a mining country it is favored above any that I have yet seen, in having excellent agricultural and horticultural capabilities. Wheat, corn, oats, hay, vegetables of every kind and fruits are grown here with great ease and in great abundance. It is a mountainous country, but everywhere are fertile valleys, many of which are of great extent and are capable of supporting a large and thrifty population. The Conconully, the Loop Loop, the Chilliwhist and many other streams flow into the Okanogan, and through them and by the hundreds of springs that flow everywhere from the mountain sides the country has a perfect water system. Where irrigation is needed there is generally the water at hand to supply the need. This is especially true in the mineral district proper.

Here are grown already fruits and vegetables and farm products enough to supply the home demand. In Spring Coulee, near Ruby City, I saw vegetables and fruit farms that looked like some of those to be seen in Utah. This is amazing when it is known that the whole of the Okanogan Country was part of the Colville Indian reservation up to four years ago. I saw a ranch belonging to a Mr. Davis, on the Okanogan River, about twenty miles from Ruby City, on which were growing 800 apple trees, a peach orchard, an apricot orchard and dozens of varieties of grapes. There were also blackberries, raspberries, strawberries and other small fruits. There are few finer fruit farms in Southern California, and Mr. Davis, who had come from that portion of the country, said he believed the Okanogan Valley was quite as well adapted to fruit growing as his former home. Of course a country of such great and varied resources can not be long without railroad facilities. Its geographical position has so far made it difficult of access, and the people living there have been greatly isolated. They have been without outside capital and without help of any kind, except such as lay in the richness of their mines and soil.

The salt industry in South Kansas is assuming majestic proportions. It is said that the salt taken up at Wellington in that State is the purest in the world. A dozen great salt plants are already in operation and others will soon be established. In north middle Kansas there are extensive marshes that yield the saline efflorescence in large quantities. In a few years all the salt used for ordinary purposes west of the Mississippi River will probably be supplied by Kansas.

## HELENA, MONTANA.

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References: Montana National Bank and First National Bank of Helena.

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### MINING EXPERT.

DR. G. C. SWALLOW offers his services in buying and selling Mines, thinking his long acquaintance with the mines of the country and forty years experience in mining may be useful to operators. He has several valuable mines for sale, and has business connections with several Eastern parties who wish to buy Montana Mines.  
Office, St. Louis Block, No. 19½ Main St., Helena.

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### Real Estate and Loans.

Can place gilt-edged Real Estate Loans at 10 per cent.  
Refer to Thomas Cruse Savings Bank.  
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Paid up Capital, - - - \$150,000  
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AARON HERSHFIELD, Cashier.

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First-class Bonds and Warrants of States, Cities and School Districts bought and sold. Gold Dust, Gold and Silver Bullion purchased. Foreign and Domestic Exchange and Letters of Credit. Time deposits received.

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Rooms 6 &amp; 8 Atlas Building,

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Make specialty of Acre Property and Investments for Non-residents.

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### ARMITAGE & PIATT, Real Estate.

GEO. H. PIATT.

Correspondence solicited in regard to MONTANA and HELENA.

REFERENCES: { First National Bank, Helena.  
Northwest Magazine, St. Paul.  
F. A. Wilcox, 69 Wall St., New York.

Office: Main St., opposite 1st National Bank, HELENA. MONT.

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1,250 GRADUATES.

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The celebrated PERMAN System taught by mail. Send \$3.10 for Manual. Each Department complete and in charge of expert Professor. For full particulars address H. T. ENGELHORN, M. A., Pres., Helena, Montana.

### The City of MONARCH, MONT.,

is situated 150 miles east of Helena and 55 miles south of Great Falls, terminus of the Monarch & Great Falls R. R., running regular passenger and freight trains from Great Falls to Monarch. The city of Monarch is the center of the largest mining district in North America. Within a radius of fifteen miles there are 5,000 mining claims, and it is at Monarch where all the ore from these mines is hauled and loaded on the cars. The total value of these mines are many millions of dollars.

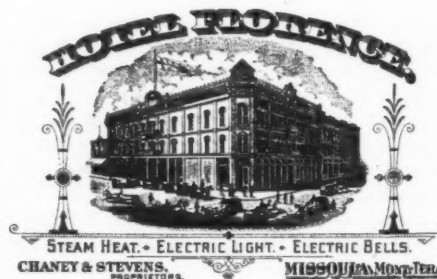
Large reduction works will be erected at Monarch late in the fall, and it is destined to be the greatest distributing and reduction point in Montana.

Lots in the city of Monarch have just been placed on the market and early investors will reap the reward of the largest profits, as the future of Monarch is assured and property will enhance in value quicker and greater than in any other city West.

For maps, plats and full particulars address

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MONARCH, MONTANA.



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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, St. Paul, Minn.



# Northern Pacific RAILROAD LANDS FOR SALE.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has a large quantity of very productive and desirable

## AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS

for sale at LOW RATES and on EASY TERMS. These lands are located along the line in the States and Territories traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad as follows:

In Minnesota,	-	-	Upwards of 1,450,000 Acres
In North Dakota,	-	-	" 6,700,000 Acres
In Montana,	-	-	" 17,600,000 Acres
In Northern Idaho,	-	-	" 1,750,000 Acres
In Washington and Oregon,	-	-	" 9,750,000 Acres

AGGREGATING OVER

**37,000,000 Acres.**

These lands are for sale at the LOWEST PRICES ever offered by any railroad company, ranging chiefly

**FROM \$1.25 TO \$6 PER ACRE**

For the best Wheat Lands, the best diversified Farming Lands, and the best Grazing Lands now open for settlement. In addition to the millions of acres of low priced lands for sale by the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., on easy terms, there is still a larger amount of Government lands lying in alternate sections with the railroad lands, open for entry, free, to settlers, under the Homestead, Pre-emption and Tree Culture laws.

## TERMS OF SALE OF NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. LANDS.

Agricultural land of the company east of the Missouri River, in Minnesota and North Dakota, are sold chiefly at from \$4 to \$6 per acre, Grazing lands at from \$3 to \$4 per acre, and the preferred stock of the company will be received at par in payment. When lands are purchased on five years' time, one-sixth stock or cash is required at time of purchase, and the balance in five equal annual payments in stock or cash, with interest at 7 per cent.

The price of agricultural lands in North Dakota west of the Missouri River, ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$3.50 per acre, and grazing lands from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre. In Montana the price ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$5 per acre for agricultural land, and from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre for grazing lands. If purchased on five years' time, one-sixth cash, and the balance in five equal annual cash payments, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

The price of agricultural lands in Washington and Oregon ranges chiefly from \$2.50 to \$6 per acre. If purchased on five years' time, one-fifth cash. At end of first year the interest only on the unpaid amount. One-fifth of principal and interest due at end of each of next four years. Interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

On Ten Years' Time.—Actual settlers can purchase not to exceed 80 acres of agricultural land in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon on ten years' time at 7 per cent. interest, one-tenth cash at time of purchase and balance in nine equal annual payments, beginning at the end of the second year. At the end of the first year the interest only is required to be paid. Purchasers on the ten-years' credit plan are required to settle on the land purchased and to cultivate and improve the same.

For prices of lands and town lots in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, Eastern Land district of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to  
GEO. W. BOARD, Gen'l Land Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

For prices of lands and town lots in Washington, Idaho and Oregon, Western land district of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to  
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**DO THIS!** Send for the following named illustrated publications, containing sectional land maps, and describing the finest large bodies of fertile AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS now open for settlement in the United States.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company mail free to all applicants the following Illustrated Publications, containing valuable maps, and describing Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. They describe the country, the soil, climate and productions; the agriculture and grazing areas; the mineral districts and timbered sections; the cities and towns; the free Government lands; the low-priced railroad lands for sale, and the natural advantage which the Northern Pacific country offers to settlers. The publications contain a synopsis of the United States land laws, the terms of sale of railroad lands, rates of fare for settlers, and freight rates for household goods and emigrant movables. The publications referred to are as follows:

**A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTH DAKOTA**, showing the Government lands open to settlers, and those taken up, and the railroad lands for sale and those sold in the district covered by the map. It contains descriptive matter concerning the country, soil, climate and productions, and the large areas of unsurpassed agricultural and pastoral lands adapted to diversified farming in connection with stock raising.

**A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO**, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, with descriptive matter relating to this portion of the Northern Pacific country. This region contains large areas of fine agricultural lands and grazing ranges, rich mineral districts and valuable bodies of timber.

**A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF WESTERN AND CENTRAL WASHINGTON**, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, in Central and Western Washington, including the Puget Sound section, with descriptive matter concerning the extensive timber regions, mineral districts and the agricultural and grazing lands.

**A MONTANA MAP**, showing the Land Grant of the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., and the Government surveys in the district covered by the map, with descriptions of the country, its grazing ranges, mineral districts, forests and agricultural sections.

## ALSO SECTIONAL LAND MAPS OF DISTRICTS IN MINNESOTA.

When writing for publications, include the names and addresses of acquaintances, and publications will be sent to them also.

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## THE GRAY'S HARBOR CO.,

OWNING

The Town-site and Water-front

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The New Commercial City

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NOW OFFERS FOR SALE

Building Lots,  
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Manufacturing  
Establishments

And Water-front Privileges in this  
Rapidly Growing Place.

Gray's Harbor is the best natural harbor on the Pacific Coast between Puget Sound and the Bay of San Francisco. There is twenty-six feet of water on the bar at high tide. The entrance is so direct and open that vessels can sail in without a tug or a pilot. With a comparatively small expenditure on the part of the Government a depth of thirty feet can be obtained. An important ocean commerce in lumber now goes out of the Harbor. The new town is situated on the deep water of the Harbor, where there is a broad channel out to the entrance unobstructed by inner bars. It occupies the only natural site for a large commercial town on the entire expanse of the Harbor. A railroad will be built this season to Centralia on the Northern Pacific's main line. The saving in distance for coal and lumber bound to California ports and on wheat bound to European ports will be about 700 miles in favor of cargoes shipped from Gray's Harbor over cargoes shipped from Puget Sound.

Attention is called to map, illustrations and articles on the Gray's Harbor Country in this publication. For further information address

The Gray's Harbor Company,  
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**LARGEST CITY IN EASTERN WASHINGTON.** Largest and best water-power on the Pacific Coast. Important railroad center. Railroads radiate in six directions. Extensive agricultural regions and rich mining districts are tributary to the city. Population 20,000. Two colleges, cable, electric motor and horse railroads. Numerous manufacturing concerns. Wholesale houses, gas and electric light plants and water works. Five National banks and two private banks.

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CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

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**The Browne National Bank,**  
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Capital Stock, \$100,000.  
A General Banking Business Transacted.

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To Spokane Falls, Washington,  
Is centrally located and offers unequalled opportunities  
to parties desiring business or residence property.  
The Union Depot Company's grounds are located in this  
addition. Rapid development inevitable. For full infor-  
mation apply to office of J. J. BROWNE, Browne Block.

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Negotiate First Mortgage Loans on Improved Farm  
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Eight per cent. guaranteed First Mortgages on choice Farms in the fertile Palouse and Big Bend Countries, and on improved City Property in Spokane Falls. •  
**TRIPLE SECURITY.** Will send Mortgage accompanied by Coupon Bond, Borrower's Application, giving description of property, Abstract of Title, and Insurance Policy to  
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Is now the objective point on the Pacific Coast for those  
who desire a mild climate, with all the advantages and  
opportunities to be found in a new State.

## SPOKANE FALLS

Is the metropolis of Eastern Washington. It has grown  
from a town of 3,500 inhabitants in 1885 to a city of 25,000  
people in 1890. It is the commercial center of a vast  
mineral, agricultural and lumbering country, and it is  
fast becoming a great railroad center. Seven railroads  
now radiate from this city in all directions. Two of these  
are transcontinental lines. It has an immense water-  
power, estimated to be 125,000 horse power, which is  
easily utilized, and this alone is making it a great milling  
and manufacturing city.

## MINNEAPOLIS

was made the largest milling center in the world by her  
water-power and here is a waterfall five times greater  
which can be used the year round, for the Spokane River  
never freezes. There is no more promising city in the  
United States to-day than this young, prosperous place.  
Investments in real estate here are now paying, and will  
continue to pay 100 per cent. profit annually, for at least  
two years to come. My long residence in the city of

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has enabled me to gain information regarding the pros-  
pective growth of different localities, as to where the  
most profitable investments can be made, having noted  
the increase in values in that city since 1880. I have a  
large list of business, residence and acre property and  
will furnish maps and printed information regarding this  
city to all who may be interested. Investors can net  
eight per cent. on first class loans placed on brick and  
stone business blocks in this city. Correspondence  
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A specialty made of investments for non-residents.  
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Will purchase Town Lots, Stock Ranches, Farm Lands or  
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Ten years experience in the business.  
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**A COMPLETE "SHANNON LETTER AND  
BILL FILE,"** consists of  
board, double arch, index,  
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**Investments Made for Non-residents.**

**First Mortgage Loans Negotiated.**

**SPOKANE FALLS, WASHINGTON.**

## Icelanders Settling in the West.

As is well known, the Icelanders have been emi-  
grating from their island home during the past few  
years in great numbers. Many of them have settled  
in our great western country, and make hardy, in-

dustrious and successful farmers. The total number  
of persons who have left Iceland in recent years  
must have been very great, considering that the  
average annual excess of births over deaths is 640,  
and the population instead of increasing during the

past four years has fallen from 71,600 to 62,320.  
But this year the exodus is expected to be more  
marked than ever before, and it is said that 200,000  
people, or nearly one quarter of the total population  
will leave the island.





HEADQUARTERS OF UNCLE SAM AT

**SEATTLE,**

The largest City in Population and Wealth in any of the four new States recently admitted, and the Metropolis of **THE NEW STATE OF WASHINGTON**, and the North Pacific Coast. The great Railroad Center and leading Seaport combined; with the Great Northern R. R.; the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern; the Northern Pacific; the Union Pacific; the Canadian Pacific; the Southern Pacific; besides local railroads, all of which have secured or are securing

**TERMINAL FACILITIES IN SEATTLE.**

Population of Seattle in 1880, 3,533; in 1886, 10,400; July 1, 1888, 23,500; July 1, 1889, 35,000; and on Feb. 1, 1890, 43,000. Come and investigate, or send for printed matter to

**ESHELMAN, LLEWELLYN & CO.,**

Investment Brokers,

Seattle, Wash.

**J. A. PLUM & CO.,**

Leading Real Estate and Financial Brokers,  
**PORT TOWNSEND, WASH.**

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION: Merchants Bank, Port Townsend; Merchants National Bank, Tacoma; Dexter, Horton & Co., Bankers, Seattle; Ladd & Tilton, Bankers, Portland.

**PORT TOWNSEND**

Is the third Port of Entry in the United States. More merchant marine entering and clearing than at any other Port save New York and San Francisco. A railroad, supposed to be the Union Pacific, is now being built from Portland, Ore., and the logic of Port Townsend's commanding location is that all roads reaching Puget Sound must ultimately terminate here.

The population of Port Townsend 1887 was 1,800; to-day her population is 8,000. Real Estate values are still very reasonable and no city in the United States offers equal opportunity for profitable investment

**FAIRHAVEN,**

Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Ry.

Recognizing the superiority of its harbor, as well as its nearness to the open sea, and its matchless resources in coal, iron, timber and agriculture, the Great Northern Railway has firmly planted its western terminus at Fairhaven.

The Fairhaven & Southern Railroad (which has been rapidly extended east, north and south to transcontinental connections), has been purchased, together with vast terminal, shipping and other railway facilities, by the Great Northern. All these extensions are still being pushed with the characteristic vigor of the latter company. Lines connecting with the Canadian Pacific on the north and with the Northern, Union and Southern Pacific on the south will be completed this season, while the great main transcontinental line will center all the mammoth interests of its 'round-the-world' traffic at Fairhaven in the Fall of 1891. Meanwhile,

**FAIRHAVEN is destined to be a great Manufacturing and Commercial center,  
Because it has:**

**The finest Harbor on the Pacific Coast; The greatest area of adjacent Agricultural Land;**

**The most magnificent forests of Timber in the World; The finest natural Townsite and Water Front;**

**Immense veins of the best Coal in the West; Mountains of first-class Iron Ore;**

**Quarries of blue Sandstone for building purposes; Lime in immense quantities.**

Fairhaven, only one year old, has miles of modern streets lined with substantial structures, some costing over \$100,000 each; the best system of arc and incandescent electric light in operation and gas lighting and electric street car lines in process; a \$100,000 system of water works already completed; great lumber mills running; iron and steel works under way, and is expending over \$200,000 on docks and terminal facilities at which thirty-five ocean and coastwise steamers already regularly land. Offers the same opportunity for investors that Tacoma presented a few years ago, by which scores of people have made their hundreds of thousands out of the investment of a few hundred dollars. Further information, personal or by mail, free at the office of

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Fairhaven, Washington.

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**WESTERN TERMINUS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.** Situated near the head of Puget Sound, on the tide-water of the Pacific Ocean. Ships more lumber and coal than any other port on the Pacific Coast, and more wheat than any other port except San Francisco. Direct importations of tea and other Asiatic commodities. Population, 25,000. Numerous important manufacturing industries. Large jobbing houses. Steam and electric motor street railways. Three colleges. Waterworks, gas and electric light.

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### MANNING, BOGLE & HAYS, Real Estate and Loans, TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

**We guarantee 10 per cent. Interest on all Money placed by us.**

Having had large experience, and keeping thoroughly posted in relative values of property in and around the city of Tacoma, gives us advantages not enjoyed by many others, in placing money for safe investments.

#### READ THIS.

We make a specialty of investing funds for non-residents. There are many enterprising persons who would like to invest in property that is rapidly advancing in value, but whose business prevents them from giving it personal attention. We exercise special care in making such investments and are prepared to give a satisfactory guarantee of 10 per cent. interest on the money we so invest. We have never made an investment for a non-resident that has not proven entirely satisfactory.

Full information furnished on application. Free carriage to show the city to visitors and investors.

References: National Bank of Commerce, Traders Bank of Tacoma.

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### ORTING, Queen of the Puyallup Valley,

On the N. P. R. R. Cascade Division, 18 miles from Tacoma.

A Railroad Center. A Hop and Farming Center. A Timber, Mineral and Business Center. Good Schools, Manufactories, Water Works and graded streets. For particulars, maps, etc. write

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[3417.]

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Paid up Capital, - - - - \$100,000  
Surplus, - - - - - 60,000

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### Tacoma National Bank, TACOMA, WASH.

Paid up Capital, \$300,000. Surplus, \$100,000.

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Special attention paid to collections.

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Bank Building Cor. Pacific Ave. and Eleventh St.

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Asst. Cashier, R. J. DAVIS.

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W. J. Thompson, Geo. F. Orchard, Nelson Bennett, R. J. Davis.

Deposits (large and small) of individuals, firms, or banks receive careful attention. Correspondence in regard to Tacoma invited. Interest on time deposits.

### TACOMA REALTY.

We have for sale elegant Improved and Unimproved City and Addition Properties, Farm, Hop, Garden, Fruit and Timber Lands, Water Fronts, Coal, Iron, Gold, Silver and Copper Mines. Properties ranging on our lists from \$100.00 to \$250,000.

Call upon or address E. F. RUSSELL & CO.,  
916 A Street, Opp. the "Tacoma."

THE SECURITY BANK OF TACOMA, TACOMA, WASH.

Capital, \$100,000. Paid in, \$60,000

Transacts a General Banking Business.

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### Tacoma Building & Savings Association.

SAVINGS BANK. Paid up Capital, \$100,000.  
GUARANTEED MORTGAGE BONDS.  
Correspondence with Eastern investors solicited.

### E. F. RUSSELL & CO.,

### Real Estate and Mining Brokers,

916 A Street, opposite "The Tacoma."

We have carefully selected Farm Lands, Timber Tracts, Business, Residence Properties and Building Lots on sale.

Agts. for the RUSSELL ROASTING & OXIDIZING FURNACE.

Our long residence and acquaintance on the Pacific Coast, give us superior knowledge and advantages for imparting reliable information to non-residents.

### FAIRHAVEN, On Bellingham Bay, the Tacoma of the North.

Fairhaven is destined to become a great manufacturing and commercial center. All information personally or by mail, free at the office of

THE FAIRHAVEN LAND CO., Fairhaven, Washington.

### F. C. AMBRIDGE & CO.,

### Investments, Loans Negotiated, etc.

Correspondence Solicited.

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### E. N. OUIMETTE,

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1314 Pacific Avenue, - TACOMA, WASH.

EBEN PIERCE, Pres. E. S. CALLENDAR, Sec.  
Capital, \$100,000.

### Pierce Loan and Investment Co.,

TACOMA, WASH.

Invest in Real Estate for Non-residents in sums of \$100 and upwards, with a special guarantee as to profits if so desired. First Mortgage Loans at 8, 9, 10 per cent. in gold. Correspondence solicited.

A mystery of the Arctic regions may be cleared up next year, if the season is open. This mystery is: Where do the whales go when ice begins to set in along the Alaskan Coast? Whalers know they go eastward, and it is supposed they congregate about

the mouth of the great Mackenzie River, but this and the region to the northeast of the river's mouth are practically unknown territory. The Pacific Steam Whaling Company, of San Francisco, has just purchased a strong steamer, which will be sent to the

Arctic next Spring with orders to push through to the mouth of the Mackenzie. The reason for this is that whalebone is rising in price, and this season's catch showed that the whales are rapidly decreasing in their usual feeding grounds.



# TACOMA,

The Western Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad; the Head of Navigation, and the Only Wheat Shipping Port on Puget Sound.

The Wholesale and Manufacturing Centre of the Pacific Northwest.

Look at the following evidences of its growth: **Population in 1880, 720. Population Jan. 1, 1890, 30,000 to 35,000.**

Assessed value of property in 1880 .....	\$517,927
Assessed value of property in 1888 .....	\$5,000,000
Assessed value of property in 1889 .....	\$20,000,000
Real Estate Transfers for 1885 .....	\$667,000
Real Estate Transfers for 1888 .....	\$8,855,598
Real Estate Transfers for 1889 .....	\$15,000,000
Banks in 1880 .....	1
Banks Jan. 1st, 1890 .....	10
Bank Clearances for 1889 .....	\$25,000,000
Wholesale business for 1889 .....	\$9,000,000
Value of manufacturing products for 1889 .....	\$6,000,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887 .....	\$1,000,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1888 .....	\$3,148,572
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1889 .....	\$5,821,195
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887 .....	\$90,000
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1888 .....	\$263,200
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1889, over .....	\$700,000

Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887 .....	\$250,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1888 .....	\$506,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1889 .....	\$750,000
Coal shipped in 1889 .....	(Tons) 56,300
Coal shipped in 1889 .....	(Tons) 180,940
Crop of Hops in 1881 .....	(Bales) 6,098
Crop of Hops in 1889 .....	(Bales) 40,000
Lumber exported in 1889 .....	(Feet) 107,326,280
Wheat shipped in 1889 .....	(Bushels) 1,457,478
Private Schools in 1889 .....	4
Public Schools in 1880 .....	2
Public Schools in 1889 .....	9
Value of Public School Property, 1889 .....	\$264,480
Value of Private School Property, 1889 .....	250,000
Regular Steamers in 1880 .....	6
Regular Steamers in 1889 .....	67

TACOMA is the only natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon is aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

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\$10 Cash, balance in Monthly Payments of \$10.

Ten per cent. discount for cash. A large list of inside property always on hand.

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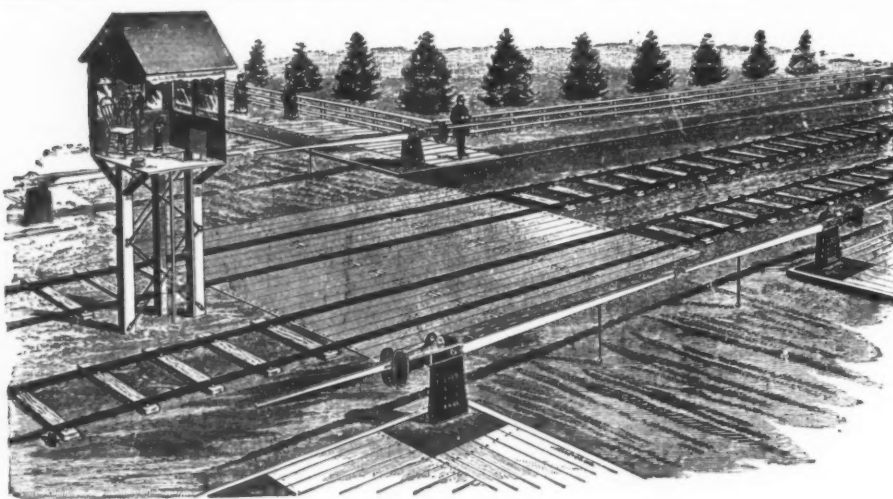
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To Capitalists: TACOMA, ORTING, LAKE VIEW ACREAGE. Why loan money at 6 per cent. when you can buy 5, 10, or 20 acre tracts in ORTING, TACOMA or LAKE VIEW on which you can triple your money annually and take no chances. I am no agent. Where I put my money, you can put yours. References: Henry Hewitt, Jr.; Hon. Frank Allen, Judge; Merchants National Bank, Tacoma.

**WILD RICE AND WILD DUCKS**—Recently quite a demand has sprung up for wild rice. It is used in planting along the shores of the Great South Bay and Chesapeake Bay as a means of attracting the ducks, who are very fond of it. It grows in the far West, in the Ogibway Indian country, and it is used there for food. When the grain becomes ripe two squaws get into a canoe; one sits in the stern and the other takes her place in the bow. The wild rice being an aquatic plant, it grows beside the water and in the water. The Indians therefore pull down the spears, and with a stick knock off the grain into the canoe. Ducks will find the grain wherever it happens to be growing, and it has been found a sure bait for them, and it is now kept by several large dealers in seeds. —*Brooklyn Standard Union.*

In a cargo of 900,000 feet shipped to Wales by the Port Blakely, Washington, mill company there were 430 feet of timber 16x16 and 24x24 from sixty to ninety feet in length.



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Union Pacific R. R. Co.,  
Denver, Texas & Fort Worth R. R. Co., } Denver, Col.  
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Northern Pacific, Tacoma, Wash.  
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Locomotive Steel, Fire Box and Boiler Plates, Ingots, Blooms, Billets and Slabs.  
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Used by the principal railroads in the United States and warranted unexcelled.

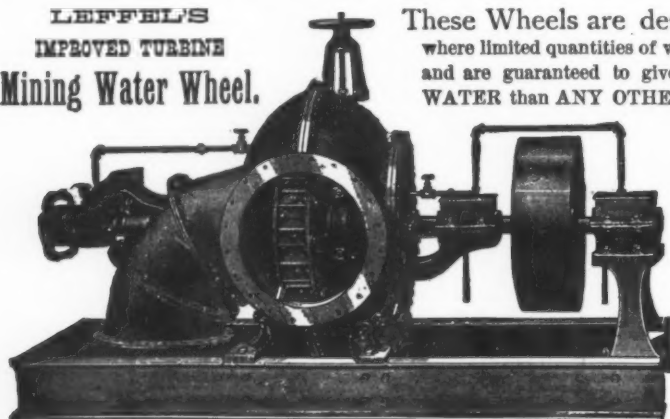
"CROWN" Stay Bolt and Bar Iron.  
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QUALITY OUR SPECIALTY.  
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Estimates furnished on application, for Wheels specially built and adapted to suit any particular case.

Fine Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

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**JAS. LEFFEL & CO.,**

Springfield, Ohio

Or 110 Liberty St., N. Y.

## NORTHERN PACIFIC EARNINGS.

Approximate Gross Earnings of the Northern Pacific Railroad Co. for Month of June.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, 17 BROAD STREET. }  
NEW YORK, July 3, 1890. }

	1889.	1890.	Increase.
Miles: Main Line	3,451.37	3,612.83	161.46
and Branches..	\$1,797,376.61	\$1,839,618.00	\$42,241.39
Month of June, '90.	\$1,797,376.61	\$1,839,618.00	\$42,241.39

GEO. S. BAXTER, Treasurer.

## Tacoma Investments.

Investors and home seekers can double their money in and near Tacoma and Orting, Wash., by investing in corner lots and acreage.

W. S. TAYLOR, 1128 Pacific Ave., Tacoma.

Refer to Henry Hewitt, Jr., Traders Bank, Tacoma.

## The Hedrick Route to Kansas City and St. Louis;

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway from St. Paul and Minneapolis.

"Solid Vestibuled Trains to Kansas City,"

"Double Daily Pullman Service to St. Louis,"

"Through Coaches to St. Louis,"

"Through Coaches to Kansas City on Morning and Evening Trains,"

"Elegant Day Coaches,"

"Magnificent Lunch Cars,"

"Pullman's Best Sleepers,"

"The Shortest and Quickest Line,"

"The Best Route to Kansas City,"

"The Best Route to St. Louis,"

"The Best Route to Colorado,"

"To Kansas, to California,"

"To the West and Southwest."

Do not fail to try it. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway guarantees its excellence. Secure accommodations from the Company's agents in St. Paul and Minneapolis or from any coupon ticket agent in the Northwest.

## There was a Moral Lesson in It.

It was agreed by everybody in the car that she was the homeliest woman they ever saw, and the man in the seat with her probably noticed the sly glances and heard some of the whispered exclamations. He became restless and uneasy, and by and by got up and walked back to where a couple of drummers sat, and said:

"Boys, she's my wife."

"Yes," responded one.

"I allow that she's homely 'nuff to scare a hungry bear out of a hog pen, but it's all my fault."

"Indeed!"

"And I'll tell you the story, because there is a great moral lesson in it. We was engaged to be married. I took her into Sarycuse to a Fourth of July, there she met Bill Prime, an old beau of hers, and to make me jealous, as some gals will, you know, she agreed to ride home with him. It hit me hard, as you may believe, and so I went out to the stable and drove tacks into Bill's harness. When they came to start out the horse ran away. Bill jumped out and didn't get a scratch, but Mary stayed till the buggy struck a bridge and was all smashed up. She lost twelve teeth, had her nose broken, her mouth torn out at the corner, an eye coked up, her toes turned in, her tongue bit half in two, and the color of her hair changed to the brindle you now see before you."

"I see the moral lesson."

"Not yet, you don't! That came in when I tried to give her the shake and crawl out of the marriage. Her old dad put on the screws, and I had to come to time or lose my farm, and so I walked chalk. The great moral lesson is, never get mad at your best gal. If you do get mad don't make a fule of yourself. That's all, boys, and I hope the warning will sink deep into your hearts."





# VULCANIZED FIBRE CO.,

## WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

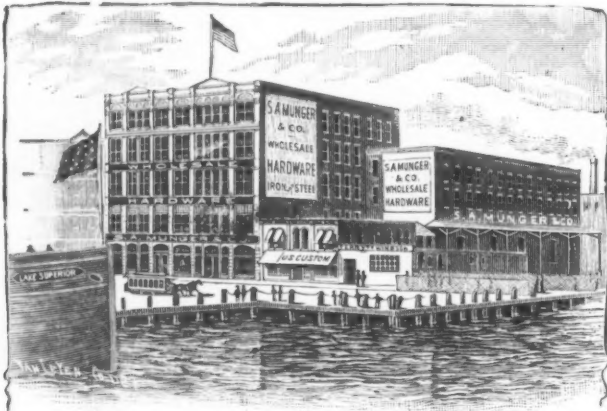
Dust-guards for R. R. Cars, "Steel-clad" Fibre Track Washers, Flexible Fibre Pump Valves, Oil and Water Packings, Axel Washers, etc. Hard Fibre for **Electrical Insulation, and General Mechanical Uses.**

Write for Catalogue to New York Office, No. 14 Dey St.

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

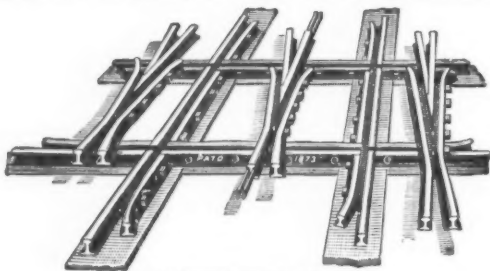
Wholesale  
**HARDWARE,  
CUTLERY,  
IRON, STEEL,**  
AND  
**Railway Supplies.**

### ELLIOT FROG & SWITCH CO.,

**RIGID FROGS.**

Lap Switches.

Rails of any Weight or Section Desired  
Carried in Stock.



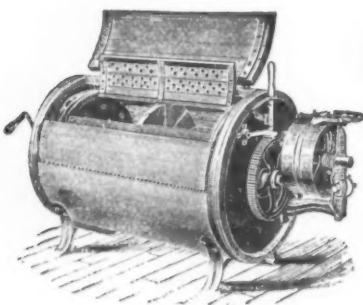
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Split Switches.

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LAUNDRIES, HOTELS AND INSTITUTIONS  
Supplied with Complete Steam Outfits.

References: Palmer House, Chicago; Land & River Improvement Co., West Superior; Northern Pacific R. R. Co., St. Paul.

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**REPEATING AIR RIFLE** 655 shots  
Walnut Stock, Adjustable Sights,  
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MACK'S INJECTOR,  
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GAS AND STEAM FITTING SUPPLIES.  
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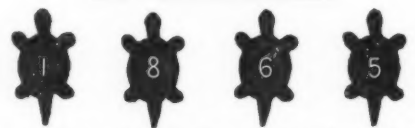
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All Kinds of Mill Waste,  
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Parties are making an offer to sell to Railroad Companies my Patent Standard Ticket Punch, patented July, 1882. They are counterfeiters. Parties purchasing them make themselves liable. The true CROCKER PUNCH is made only by me and stamped L. O. CROCKER, EAST BRAintree, MASS. None others genuine. Please send for circular. Price, \$24 per Dozen.

**I WILL** gladly send to any one **FREE**, who may apply, a recipe that will positively cure Liquor Drinking or Drunkenness. Perfectly harmless. Can be given secretly if desired. Address M. A. NILES, Box 1929, Boston, Mass.

**WEAK** nervous sufferers from youthful folly, loss of manhood, weakness of body, mind, etc. I will mail you a copy of the "Magic Mirror," FREE, contains the mode of a simple and certain means of cure. Address Dr. F. B. Clarke, East Haddam, Conn.

**G. G. G.**

"God's Giant Globules," Strongest Invigorant Known. Restore "Lost Vigor" in 5 days. Druggists or by mail \$1.00. Send particulars to WILCOX SPECIFIC MEDICINE CO., Phila., Pa.

### FOR MEN ONLY!

**A POSITIVE CURE** For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind; Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 47 States, Territories, and Foreign Countries. You can write them. Book, full explanation, and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address **ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.**



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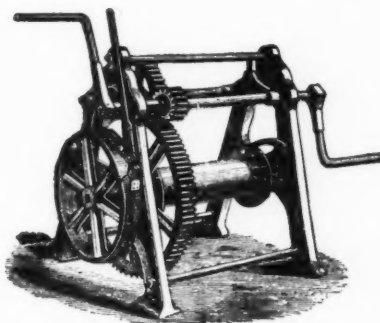
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Distinct Grades especially adapted for

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Successors to CARY, OGDEN & PARKER, CHICAGO, Manufacturers of

## Highest Grades of PAINTS and COLORS on the Market

For Exterior and Interior Decoration. Descriptive Circulars on application.

"Don't marry a young man to save him," says Mrs. C. J. A. Jump and we jump at the same conclusion. If every young woman would follow this advice what a vast amount of misery and suffering would be avoided; how many less ignorant and destitute children would be thrust into the world to grow up

criminals and drunkards; what a large percentage of the divorce court business would never be heard of. We trust every woman who reads this will not destroy her happiness and wreck her life simply for the reason that she hopes to reform some slave to drink. —Albert Lea Enterprise.

## CURRENT ANECDOTES.

## HE LIVED NEAR THE POLE.

Blinks—"Hello, old fellow! What's wrong? Look completely used up.

Jinks—"Yes. Been to the Polar regions since I saw you."

Blinks—"Impossible! I thought you were kept at home with a colicky baby.

Jinks—"That's just it. Up all night. Been living in the land of the midnight son.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

## ECONOMIZING IN POSTAGE STAMPS.

One day last week a gentleman sent his coachman to the neighboring village for fifty cents' worth of two-cent stamps. After the usual time had elapsed John returned from his tramp of two miles. His face wore a self-satisfied look when he came into his employer's presence.

"Got the stamps, John?"

"Yes, sir," the man replied, handing over a bunch of one-cent stamps.

"I said two-cent stamps, John, and you've got ones."

"Yes, sir," and the smile widened, "I asked for fifty cents' worth o' stamps, and the postmaster, says he, 'one cent or two cents?' 'Do you sell one-cent stamps' says I? 'Yes,' said he. 'Well,' says I, 'if yer can buy stamps for a cent, what's the use of payin' two cents?' an' I bought the one-cent stamps, sir."

Of course John's master was charmed with his thrift. Pittsburg Dispatch.

## A WOODEN INDIAN JOKE.

On the old Province House, in Boston, some sixty years ago there was a figure of an Indian which did duty as a vane. He was represented in the act of discharging an arrow from his bow. The boys in our school had a "sell" which was regularly played off on every new boy that entered. He was told that the Indian fired off twelve arrows every time he heard the clock strike twelve.

The new boy could not exactly tell how a wooden Indian could fire off even one arrow, to say nothing of a dozen of them, and he watched to see the wonderful sight. He did not see it. He was indignant at the trick played upon him when all the fellows laughed at him.

"He did not fire off any twelve arrows!" protested the victim.

"What did I tell you?" asked the salesman of the joke.

"You said he fired off twelve arrows when he heard the clock strike twelve."

"So he does, when he hears it; but he is deaf, and he never hears the clock."

This pleasantry may be transferred to the parlor. Procure the figure of a man, a dog, a rooster or any other animal.

"You see this rooster and I assure you that he is a very wonderful bird, for he not only crows early in the morning, but also when he hears the clock strike. It is ten o'clock now, we will suppose, and I am going to strike the hour on this tumbler with my pencil. When he hears it he will crow ten times. Don't you believe it?"

"No, I do not."

"Don't you?"

"I am sure I don't."

You strike the hour and your victims are sold. Played with or without forfeits.—Ottawa Optic.

## HE TOOK THE WHOLE LINE.

It was Monday morning and Mrs. Washday was in a great hurry, so she sent Mr. Washday to the corner grocery for a weekly portion of soap-powder. This made Washday as irritable and erratic as an escaped lunatic from Bloomingdale. He rushed into the corner grocery and shouted at the top of his voice: "Wife wants some of that ar' washo—scuro—boro—line! Confound it! what is that name?"

"You mean Washoline?"

"No. Maybe it was Vaseline."

"Probably it was scourene."

"It might have been Ivorine."

"Possibly; but wasn't it Ollene?"

"I guess it was Pearline."

"Are you sure it wasn't Boraxine?"

"She might have said Glycerine."

"Didn't she say Sudrine?"

"Is there a Rubbleine?"

"No, nor a Crystalline."

"Zounds and death, man! Give me the whole line of 'ines' and I'll take 'em all home and let the old woman have her choice." And Mr. Washday rushed out of the corner grocery store with his vest unbuttoned and frothing at the mouth.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Pretty Sunday School Teacher—"Oh, and so you have an older brother, Jimmy? How old is he?" Apt scholar: "I dunno; but he's just started swearin'."

AN AWFUL ALTERNATIVE.—Friddles: "Did I ever tell you that story about my uncle and the snake?" Swaddies: "You did, my boy, and I'd rather believe it than hear it again."

He (as they stand on the balcony—"It is very bright within and very dreary without, is it not?"

She—"Without what?"

He (inspired)—"You."

Little Johnny—"Yes, pa, at Sunday school to-day the teacher told us that the streets of heaven are paved with gold and that the walls of the city are of precious stones."

Pa (to himself)—"Another one of those out-of-town real estate speculation schemes, probably. But they don't catch me again, not this year."

Flossy—"I don't care, I think Jack Townley is real mean!" Annette—"Why Flossy?" Flossy—"He wrote to me from Florida, saying he had shot an alligator seven feet long; and said when he shot another he would have a pair of slippers made for me."

Fakir—"Neckties, suspenders—" Brooklyn Man (haughtily)—"Do I look like a man who'd wear a twenty-cent necktie?" Fakir—"Vell, I haf some for ten cents, mister."

She (enthusiastically)—"Oh, George, don't you think the greatest joy in life is the pursuit of the good, the true and the beautiful?" He—"That's what I am here for."

Ponsonby—"I understand that Digby's wife is deaf and dumb." Snaggs—"That so? I wonder if she converses with her fingers." Ponsonby—"Guess so. Digby is about the baldest man I ever saw."

"What have you been doing since I saw you?" said a Congressman to one of his constituents. "I've been editing a paper." "Get any body to take it?" "Yes; the sheriff."

Jones—"What! a new daughter at your house? If she grows up to resemble your wife she'll be a belle." Smith—"Yes, I suppose she will, for she bellers now."

Mr. Greeley once illustrated a point in his political experience with the story of the drover who, obliged to dispose of a herd of swine at a loss and asked what he got out of the enterprise, answered: "I had the company of the hogs."

"What is sweeter than to have a friend you can trust?" asked Fawkins.

"To have a friend who will trust you," remarked Dawkins.

"You shouldn't find fault with my temper," said she. "When we were married, you know, you took me for better or for worse." "I know it," was the reply, "but I had a hope of striking something like a general average."

Mamma (to Tommy)—"I'm sure you and your sister quarreled over that orange and that James had to interfere. Whose part did he take?" Tommy—"Whose part? He took the whole orange."

Rastus—"Wish I cud get a drink 'round h'ar. I'm powerful thirsty." Jasper—"Well, dars sum fine watah millions up de road." Rastus—"What ob dat? Dars no chance to get one ob dem." Jasper—"No, dat's so; but if yo jes look at dem dey'll make your mouf watah."

"Do you consider marriage a failure?" asked the Summer boarder of a farmer who had taken him in. "Young feller," he replied impressively, "I've been married four times an' every time to a woman who owned a farm j'min mine."

Prison Warden (to new prisoner)—"We always like to assign the prisoners to the trades with which they are most familiar and shall be happy to do so in your case."

What is your trade?" Prisoner—"I am a commercial traveler."

Literary Old Maid—"There is a line of poetry that runs 'There never ending Spring abides.' Do you know who wrote it?" Billy Sharp—"I do not know his name, but I think he must have been the advertising agent of the Waterbury Watch Company."

Tommy—"Paw, what is the difference between 'impelled' and 'compelled'?" Mr. Figg—"Why—er— it—I was impelled to marry your mother, and now I am compelled to live with her. Quite a difference!"

Parson Widemouf—"Deacon Slumgullion, I whush yo'd make a p'int ter beat de chu'oh nex' Sund'y. I see gwan gib yer suffin f'm de ax ob de Postles." Deacon S.—"Well, parson, ef yo'll jus' tak de ax an' chop de saumon in two, I reckon hit'll gree mo' wid de patience er de congregation."

DAINTILY EXPRESSED.—Old Brer Jackson: "Dat ar gal yoah Mose am keepin' comp'ny wif am mos' white; ain't she, Mrs. Johnson?" Old Mam Johnson: "Why, yes; she am pooty light fo' a brunette."

Dr. Squills—"There is nothing serious, sir: your wife has merely bit a little skin off the end of her tongue." Mr. Henpeck—"End of her tongue, great Scott! I didn't know there was any end to it."

AGGRAVATING A DISEASE.—Dr. Smith: "Your blood is impoverished. I shall have to prescribe some iron for you." Mr. Jodes: "Don't, doctor. My wife says I look rustier than any other man in town already."

Young Johnson (of Johnson & Co.)—"Oh, yes, Brown is not a bad fellow, but he's terribly sarcastic. The other day I asked him to fix me up a nice motto to go over the counter. What do you think he wrote?" Chorus—"Give it up—what?" "Honest Tea is the Best Policy."

Lecturer on Colorado—"Where else in the world will you find in one spot, outside of our State, such products as marble, iron, fire-clay, chalk, copper, lead, slate, fruits of all kinds, hemp, flax, all manner of grains, and—but why enumerate them? Where else will you find all these things? Where, I say?" Man in the audience (impatiently): "In my boy's pocket."



IN A RESTAURANT.—"What are you doing, Arabella?" "I am looking in the glass, mother." "How can you so forget yourself as to look in a public mirror which hundreds of common people have used?"



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